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THE SPECTATOR.



No. 215. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1711.

—*Ingenuas didicissè fideliter artes
Emolliat mores, nec sinit esse feros.* OVID.

Ingenuous arts, where they an entrance find,
Softens the manners, and subdues the mind.

I CONSIDER a human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties, till the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein, that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education, which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us, that a statue lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter, and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education

is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero, the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred, and have brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations, and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to see courage exerting itself in fierceness, resolution in obstinacy, wisdom in cunning, patience in sullenness and despair.

Men's passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by reason. When one hears of negroes, who, upon the death of their masters, or upon changing their service, hang themselves upon the next tree, as it frequently happens in our American plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expresses itself in so dreadful a manner? What might not that savage greatness of soul, which appears in these poor wretches on many occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated? And what colour of excuse can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our species? that we should not put them upon the common foot of humanity, that we should only set an insignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the prospects of happiness in another world as well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it.

Since I am engaged on this subject, I can not forbear mentioning a story which I have lately

heard, and which is so well attested that I have no manner of reason to suspect the truth of it. I may call it a kind of wild tragedy, that passed about twelve years ago at St. Christopher's, one of our British Leeward islands. The negroes, who were the persons concerned in it, were all of them the slaves of a gentleman who is now in England.

This gentleman among his negroes had a young woman, who was looked upon as a most extraordinary beauty by those of her own complexion. He had at the same time two young fellows who were likewise negroes and slaves, remarkable for the comeliness of their persons, and for the friendship which they bore to one another. It unfortunately happened that both of them fell in love with the female negro above-mentioned, who would have been very glad to have taken either of them for her husband, provided they could agree between themselves which should be the man. But they were both so passionately in love with her, that neither of them could think of giving her up to his rival; and at the same time were so true to one another, that neither of them would think of gaining her without his friend's consent. The torments of these two lovers were the discourse of the family to which they belonged, who could not forbear observing the strange complication of passions which perplexed the hearts of the poor negroes, that often dropped expressions of the uneasiness they underwent, and how impossible it was for either of them ever to be happy.

After a long struggle between love and friendship, truth and jealousy, they one day took a walk together into a wood, carrying their mistress

along with them; where, after abundance of lamentations, they stabbed her to the heart, of which she immediately died. A slave, who was at his work not far from the place where this astonishing piece of cruelty was committed, hearing the shrieks of the dying person, ran to see what was the occasion of them. He there discovered the woman lying dead upon the ground, with the two negroes on each side of her, kissing the dead corpse, weeping over it, and beating their breasts in the utmost agonies of grief and despair. He immediately ran to the English family with the news of what he had seen; who, upon coming to the place, saw the woman dead, and the two negroes expiring by her, with wounds they had given themselves.

We see in this amazing instance of barbarity what strange disorders are bred in the minds of those men, whose passions are not regulated by virtue, and disciplined by reason. Though the action which I have recited is in itself full of guilt and horror, it proceeded from a temper of mind, which might have produced very noble fruits, had it been informed and guided by a suitable education.

It is therefore an unspeakable blessing to be born in those parts of the world where wisdom and knowledge flourish; though it must be confessed, there are, even in these parts, several poor, uninstructed persons, who are but little above the inhabitants of those nations of which I have been here speaking; as those who have had the advantages of a more liberal education rise above one another by several different degrees of perfection. For, to return to our statue in the block of mar-

ble, we see it sometimes only begun to be chipped, sometimes rough hewn, and but just sketched into a human figure; sometimes we see the man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and features; sometimes we find the figure wrought up to a great elegance, but seldom meet with any to which the hand of a Phidias or Praxiteles could not give several nice touches and finishings.

Discourses of morality, and reflections upon human nature, are the best means we can make use of to improve our minds, and gain a true knowledge of ourselves, and consequently to recover our souls out of the vice, ignorance, and prejudice, which naturally cleave to them. I have all along professed myself in this paper a promoter of these great ends; and I flatter myself that I do from day to day contribute something to the polishing of men's minds; at least my design is laudable, whatever the execution may be. I must confess I am not a little encouraged in it, by many letters which I receive from unknown hands in approbation of my endeavours; and must take this opportunity of returning my thanks to those who write them, and excusing myself for not inserting several of them in my papers, which I am sensible would be a very great ornament to them. Should I publish the praises which are so well penned, they would do honour to the persons who write them; but my publishing of them would, I fear, be a sufficient instance to the world that I did not deserve them.

ADDISON.

C.

No. 216. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7

*Siquidem hercle possis, nil prius, neque fortius:
Verum si incipies, neque perficies naviter,
Atque, ubi pati non poteris, cum nemo expetet,
Infectâ pace, ultrò ad eam venies, indicans
Te amare, et ferre non posse: actum est, ilicet,
Peristi: eludet, ubi te victum senserit. TER. Eun.*

If indeed you can keep to your resolution, you will act a noble and a manly part; but if, when you have set about it, your courage fails you, and you make a voluntary submission, acknowledging the violence of your passion and your inability to hold out any longer, all's over with you: you are undone, and may go hang yourself: she will insult over you, when she finds you her slave.

TO THE SPECTATOR.

‘SIR,

‘THIS is to inform you that Mr. Freeman had no sooner taken coach, but his lady was taken with a terrible fit of the vapours, which, it is feared, will make her miscarry, if not endanger her life; therefore, dear sir, if you know of any receipt that is good against this fashionable reigning distemper, be pleased to communicate it for the good of the public, and you will oblige yours,

‘A. NOEWILL.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘The uproar was so great, as soon as I had read the Spectator concerning Mrs. Freeman, (No. 212) that after many revolutions in her temper, of raging, swooning, railing, fainting, pitying herself, and reviling her husband, upon an accidental coming in of a neighbouring lady (who says

she has writ to you also,) she had nothing left for it but to fall in a fit. I had the honour to read the paper to her, and have a pretty good command of my countenance and temper on such occasions; and soon found my historical name to be Tom Meggot in your writings, but concealed myself till I saw how it affected Mrs. Freeman.—She looked frequently at her husband, as often at me; and she did not tremble as she filled tea till she came to the circumstance of Armstrong's writing out a piece of Tully for an opera tune: then she burst out, she was exposed, she was deceived, she was wronged, and abused. The tea-cup was thrown into the fire; and without taking vengeance on her spouse, she said to me, that I was a pretending coxcomb, a meddler, that knew not what it was to interpose in so nice an affair as between a man and his wife. To which Mr. Freeman—"Madam, were I less fond of you than I am, I should not have taken this way of writing to the Spectator, to inform a woman whom God and nature has placed under my direction, with what I request of her; but since you are so indiscreet as not to take the hint which I gave you in that paper, I must tell you, madam, in so many words, that you have for a long and tedious space of time acted a part unsuitable to the sense you ought to have of the subordination in which you are placed. And I must acquaint you once for all, that the fellow without, ha, Tom! (and here the footman entered and answered—madam) Sirrah, do you not know my voice? Look upon me when I speak to you: I say, madam, this fellow here is to know of me myself, whether I am at leisure to see company or not. I am, from this

hour, master of this house; and my business in it, and every where else, is to behave myself in such a manner as it shall be hereafter an honour to you to bear my name; and your pride, that you are the delight, the darling, and ornament of a man of honour, useful and esteemed by his friends; and I no longer one that has buried some merit in the world, in compliance to a froward humour which has grown upon an agreeable woman by his indulgence." Mr. Freeman ended this with a tenderness in his aspect and a downcast eye, which showed he was extremely moved at the anguish he saw her in; for she sat swelling with passion, and her eyes firmly fixed on the fire; when I, fearing he would lose all again, took upon me to provoke her out of that amiable sorrow she was in, to fall upon me: upon which I said, very seasonably for my friend, that indeed Mr. Freeman was become the common talk of the town: and that nothing was so much a jest, as when it was said in company, Mr. Freeman has promised to come to such a place. Upon which the good lady turned her softness into downright rage, and threw the scalding tea-kettle upon your humble servant; flew into the middle of the room, and cried out she was the unfortunatest of all women: others kept family dissatisfactions for hours of privacy and retirement; no apology was to be made to her, no expedient to be found, no previous manner of breaking what was amiss in her; but all the world was to be acquainted with her errors, without the least admonition. Mr. Freeman was going to make a softening speech, but I interposed. Look you, madam, I have nothing to say to this matter, but you ought to consider

you are now past a chicken: this humour, which was well enough in a girl, is insufferable in one of your motherly character.' With that she lost all patience, and flew directly at her husband's periwig. I got her in my arms, and defended my friend: he making signs at the same time that it was too much: I beckoning, nodding, and frowning over her shoulder, that he was lost if he did not persist. In this manner she flew round and round the room in a moment, till the lady I spoke of above, and servants entered; upon which she fell on a couch as breathless. I still kept up my friend: but he, with a very silly air, bid them bring the coach to the door, and we went off, I being forced to bid the coachman drive on. We were no sooner come to my lodgings, but all his wife's relations came to inquire after him: and Mrs. Freeman's mother writ a note, wherein she thought never to have seen this day, and so forth.

'In a word, sir, I am afraid we are upon a thing we have no talents for; and I can observe already my friend looks upon me rather as a man that knows a weakness of him, that he is ashamed of, than one who has rescued him from slavery. Mr. Spectator, I am but a young fellow, and if Mr. Freeman submits, I shall be looked upon as an incendiary, and never get a wife as long as I breathe. He has indeed sent word home he shall lie at Hampstead to night: but I believe, fear of the first onset after this rupture has too great a place in this resolution. Mrs. Freeman has a very pretty sister; suppose I deliver him up, and article with the mother for her for bringing him home. If he has not courage to stand it (you are

a great casuist,) is it such an ill thing to bring myself off as well as I can? What makes me doubt my man is, that I find he thinks it reasonable to expostulate at least with her; and Captain Sentry will tell you, if you let your orders be disputed, you are no longer a commander. I wish you could advise me how to get clear of this business handsomely. Yours,

‘TOM MEGGOT.’
T.

STEELE.



No. 217. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8.

*Tunc fœmina simplex,
Et pariter toto repetitur clamor ab antro.* JUV. SAT.

Then, unrestrain'd by rules of decency,
Th' assembled females raise a general cry.

I SHALL entertain my reader to-day with some letters from my correspondents. The first of them is the description of a club, whether real or imaginary I can not determine, but am apt to fancy that the writer of it, whoever she is, has formed a kind of nocturnal orgie out of her own fancy: whether this be so or not her letter may conduce to the amendment of that kind of persons who are represented in it, and whose characters are frequent enough in the world.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘In some of your first papers you were pleased to give the public a very diverting account of several clubs and nocturnal assemblies; but I am a

member of a society which has wholly escaped your notice, I mean a club of she-romps. We take each a hackney-coach, and meet once a-week in a large upper-chamber, which we hire by the year for that purpose; our landlord and his family, who are quiet people, constantly contriving to be abroad on our club night. We are no sooner come together than we throw off all that modesty and reservedness with which our sex are obliged to disguise themselves in public places. I am not able to express the pleasure we enjoy from ten at night till four in the morning, in being as rude as you men can be for your lives. As our play runs high, the room is immediately filled with broken fans, torn petticoats, lappets or head-dresses, flounces, furbelows, garters, and worked aprons.—I had forgot to tell you at first, that besides the coaches we come in ourselves, there is one which stands always empty to carry off our *dead men*, for so we call all those fragments and tatters with which the room is strewed, and which we pack up together in bundles, and put into the aforesaid coach. It is no small diversion for us to meet the next night at some member's chamber, where every one is to pick out what belonged to her from the confused bundle of silks, stuffs, laces, and ribands. I have hitherto given you an account of our diversion on ordinary club-nights; but must acquaint you further, that once a month we *demolish a prude*, that is, we get some queer formal creature in among us, and unrig her in an instant. Our last month's prude was so armed and fortified in whalebone and buckram, that we had much ado to come at her; but you would have died with laughing to have seen

how the sober awkward thing looked when she was forced out of her intrenchments. In short, sir, it is impossible to give you a true notion of our sport, unless you would come one night amongst us; and though it be directly against the rules of our society to admit a male visitant, we repose so much confidence in your silence and taciturnity, that it was agreed by the whole club, at our last meeting, to give you entrance for one night, as a spectator.

‘I am, your humble servant,

‘KITTY TERMAGANT.

‘P. S. We shall demolish a *prude* next Thursday.’

Though I thank Kitty for her kind offer, I do not at present find in myself any inclination to venture my person with her and her romping companions. I should regard myself as a second Clodius, intruding on the mysterious rites of the *Bona Dea*, and should apprehend being demolished as much as the *prude*.

The following letter comes from a gentleman, whose taste I find is much too delicate to endure the least advance towards romping. I may perhaps hereafter improve upon the hint he has given me, and make it the subject of a whole Spectator; in the mean time, take it as it follows, in his own words:

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘It is my misfortune to be in love with a young creature who is daily committing faults, which, though they give me the utmost uneasiness, I

know not how to reprove her for, or even acquaint her with. She is pretty, and dresses well, is rich, and good-humoured; but either wholly neglects, or has no notion of that, which polite people have agreed to distinguish by the name of delicacy. After our return from a walk the other day, she threw herself into an elbow-chair, and professed, before a large company, that *she was all over in a sweat*. She told me this afternoon that her *stomach ached*: and was complaining yesterday at dinner of something that *stuck in her teeth*. I treated her with a basket of fruit last summer, which she ate so very greedily as almost made me resolve never to see her more. In short, sir, I begin to tremble whenever I see her about to speak or move. As she does not want sense, if she takes these hints, I am happy; if not, I am more than afraid, that these things, which shock me even in the behaviour of a mistress, will appear insupportable in that of a wife.

‘I am, sir, yours, &c.’

My next letter comes from a correspondent whom I can not but very much value, upon the account which she gives of herself.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I am happily arrived at a state of tranquillity, which few people envy, I mean that of an old maid; therefore being wholly unconcerned in all that medley of follies which our sex is apt to contract from their silly fondness of yours, I read your raileries on us without provocation. I can say with Hamlet,

“——Man delights not me,
Nor woman neither.”

‘Therefore, dear sir, as you never spare your own sex, do not be afraid of reproving what is ridiculous in ours, and you will oblige, at least one woman, who is

‘Your humble servant,
‘SUSANNA FROST.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I am wife to a clergyman, and can not help thinking that in your tenth or tythe character of womankind (see No. 209) you meant myself: therefore I have no quarrel against you for the other nine characters.

‘Your humble servant,
‘A. B.’
X.

BUDGELL.



No. 218. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9.

Quid de quoque viro, et cui dicas, sæpe caveto. HOR.

—————Have a care
Of whom you talk, to whom, and what, and where.
POOLEY.

I HAPPENED the other day, as my way is, to stroll into a little coffee-house beyond Aldgate; and as I sat there, two or three very plain sensible men were talking of the Spectator. One said he had that morning drawn the great benefit ticket; another wished he had; but a third shook his head, and said it was a pity that the writer

of that paper, was such a sort of man, that it was no great matter whether he had or no. 'He is, it seems,' said the good man, 'the most extravagant creature in the world; has run through vast sums, and yet been in continual want; a man, for all he talks so well of economy, unfit for any of the offices of life, by reason of his profuseness. It would be an unhappy thing to be his wife, his child, or his friend; and yet he talks as well of those duties of life as any one.' Much reflection has brought me to so easy a contempt for every thing which is false, that this heavy accusation gave me no manner of uneasiness, but at the same time it threw me into deep thought upon the subject of fame in general; and I could not but pity such as were so weak as to value what the common people say out of their own talkative temper, to the advantage or diminution of those whom they mention, without being moved either by malice or good-will. It would be too long to expatiate upon the sense all mankind have of fame, and the inexpressible pleasure which there is in the approbation of worthy men to all who are capable of worthy actions; but methinks one may divide the general word *fame* into three different species, as it regards the different orders of mankind, who have any thing to do with it. Fame, therefore, may be divided into glory, which respects the hero; reputation, which is preserved by every gentleman; and credit, which must be supported by every tradesman. These possessions in fame are dearer than life to these characters of men, or rather are the life of those characters. Glory, while the hero pursues great and noble enterprises, is impregnable; and all

the assailants of his renown do but show their pain and impatience of its brightness, without throwing the least shade upon it. If the foundation of a high name be virtue and service, all that is offered against it is but rumour, which is too short-lived to stand up in competition with glory, which is everlasting.

Reputation, which is the portion of every man who would live with the elegant and knowing part of mankind, is as stable as glory, if it be as well founded: and the common cause of human society is thought concerned when we hear a man of good behaviour calumniated: besides which, according to a prevailing custom amongst us, every man has his defence in his own arm; and reproach is soon checked, put out of countenance, and overtaken by disgrace.

The most unhappy of all men, and the most exposed to the malignity, or wantonness of the common voice, is the trader. Credit is undone in whispers. The tradesman's wound is received from one who is more private and more cruel than the ruffian with the lantern and dagger. The manner of repeating a man's name,—As, 'Mr. Cash, oh! do you leave your money at his shop? Why, do you know Mr. Searoom? He is indeed a general merchant.' I say, I have seen, from the iteration of a man's name, hiding one thought of him, and explaining what you hide, by saying something to his advantage when you speak, a merchant hurt in his credit; and him who, every day he lived, literally added to the value of his native country, undone by one who was only a burden and a blemish to it. Since every body who knows the world is sensible of this great

evil, how careful ought a man to be in his language of a merchant? It may possibly be in the power of a very shallow creature to lay the ruin of the best family in the most opulent city: and the more so, the more highly he deserves of his country; that is to say, the further he places his wealth out of his hands, to draw home that of another climate.

In this case an ill word may change plenty into want, and by a rash sentence a free and generous fortune may, in a few days, be reduced to beggary. How little does a giddy prater imagine, that an idle phrase to the disfavour of a merchant, may be as pernicious in the consequence as the forgery of a deed to bar an inheritance would be to a gentleman? Land stands where it did before a gentleman was calumniated, and the state of a great action is just as it was before calumny was offered to diminish it, and there is time, place, and occasion expected to unravel all that is contrived against those characters; but the trader, who is ready only for probable demands upon him, can have no armour against the inquisitive, the malicious, and the envious, who are prepared to fill the cry to his dishonour. Fire and sword are slow engines of destruction in comparison of the babbler in the case of the merchant.

For this reason I thought it an imitable piece of humanity, of a gentleman of my acquaintance, who had great variety of affairs, and used to talk with warmth enough against gentlemen by whom he thought himself ill dealt with; but he would never let any thing he urged against a merchant with whom he had any difference, except in a court of justice. He used to say, that to speak

ill of a merchant, was to begin his suit with judgment and execution. One can not, I think, say more on this occasion, than to repeat, that the merit of the merchant is above that of all other subjects; for while he is untouched in his credit, his hand-writing is a more portable coin for the service of his fellow-citizens, and his word the gold of Ophir to the country wherein he resides.

STEELE.

T.



No. 219. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10.

Vix ea nostra voco.—— OVID.

These I scarce call our own.

THERE are but few men who are not ambitious of distinguishing themselves in the nation or country where they live, and of growing considerable among those with whom they converse. There is a kind of grandeur and respect, which the meanest and most insignificant part of mankind endeavour to procure in the little circle of their friends and acquaintance. The poorest mechanic, nay, the man who lives upon common alms, gets him his set of admirers, and delights in that superiority which he enjoys over those who are in some respects beneath him. This ambition, which is natural to the soul of man, might, methinks, receive a very happy turn; and if it were rightly directed, contribute as much to a person's advantage as it generally does to his uneasiness and disquiet.

I shall therefore put together some thoughts on this subject, which I have not met with in other writers; and shall set them down as they have occurred to me, without being at the pains to connect or methodise them.

All superiority and pre-eminence that one man can have over another, may be reduced to the notion of quality, which, considered at large, is either that of fortune, body, or mind. The first is that which consists in birth, title, or riches; and is the most foreign to our natures, and what we can the least call our own, of any of the three kinds of quality. In relation to the body, quality arises from health, strength, or beauty; which are nearer to us, and more a part of ourselves, than the former. Quality, as it regards the mind, has its rise from knowledge and virtue, and is that which is more essential to us, and more intimately united with us, than either of the other two.

The quality of fortune, though a man has less reason to value himself upon it than on that of the body or mind, is, however, the kind of quality which makes the most shining figure in the eye of the world.

As virtue is the most reasonable and genuine source of honour, we generally find in titles an intimation of some particular merit that should recommend men to the high stations which they possess. Holiness is ascribed to the pope; majesty to kings; serenity or mildness of temper, to princes; excellence or perfection, to ambassadors; grace to archbishops; honour to peers; worship or venerable behaviour, to magistrates; and reverence, which is of the same import as the former to the inferior clergy.

In the founders of great families, such attributes of honour are generally correspondent with the virtues of the person to whom they are applied; but in the descendants they are too often the marks rather of grandeur than of merit. The stamp and denomination still continues, but the intrinsic value is frequently lost.

The death-bed shows the emptiness of titles in a true light. A poor dispirited sinner lies trembling under the apprehension of the state he is entering on; and is asked by a grave attendant, how his holiness does? Another hears himself addressed to under the title of Highness or Excellency, who lies under such mean circumstances of mortality as are the disgrace of human nature. Titles, at such a time, look rather like insults and mockery than respect.

The truth of it is, honours are in this world under no regulation; true quality is neglected, virtue is oppressed, and vice triumphant. The last day will rectify this disorder, and assign to every one a station suitable to the dignity of his character; ranks will be then adjusted, and precedence set right.

Methinks we should have an ambition, if not to advance ourselves in another world, at least to preserve our post in it, and outshine our inferiors in virtue here, that they may not be put above us in a state which is to settle the distinction for eternity.

Men, in scripture, are called *strangers and sojourners upon earth*, and life a *pilgrimage*. Several Heathen, as well as Christian authors, under the same kind of metaphor, have represented the world as an inn, which was only designed

to furnish us with accommodations in this our passage. It is therefore very absurd to think of setting up our rest before we come to our journey's end, and not rather to take care of the reception we shall there meet, than to fix our thoughts on the little conveniencies and advantages which we enjoy one above another in the way to it.

Epictetus makes use of another kind of allusion, which is very beautiful, and wonderfully proper to incline us to be satisfied with the post in which Providence has placed us. 'We are here,' says he, 'as in a theatre, where every one has a part allotted to him. The great duty which lies upon a man is to act his part in perfection. We may indeed say, that our part does not suit us, and that we could act another better. But this,' says the philosopher, 'is not our business. All that we are concerned in is to excel in the part which is given us. If it be an improper one, the fault is not in us, but in him who has cast our several parts, and is the great disposer of the drama.'

The part which was acted by this philosopher himself was but a very indifferent one; for he lived and died a slave. His motive to contentment in this particular, receives a very great enforcement from the above-mentioned consideration, if we remember that our parts in the other world will be new cast, and that mankind will be there ranged in different stations of superiority and pre-eminence in proportion as they have here excelled one another in virtue, and performed in their several posts of life, the duties which belong to them.

There are many beautiful passages in the little apocryphal book entitled, *The Wisdom of Solomon*, to set forth the vanity of honour, and the like temporal blessings, which are in so great repute among men, and to comfort those who have not the possession of them. It represents, in very warm and noble terms, this advancement of a good man in the other world, and the great surprise which it will produce among those who are his superiors in this.—‘Then shall the righteous man stand in great boldness before the face of such as have afflicted him, and made no account of his labours. When they see it, they shall be troubled with terrible fear, and shall be amazed at the strangeness of his salvation, so far beyond all that they looked for. And they, repenting and groaning for anguish of spirit, shall say within themselves, This was he whom we had some time in derision, and a proverb of reproach. We fools accounted his life madness, and his end to be without honour. How is he numbered among the children of God, and his lot is among the saints!’

If the reader would see the description of a life that is passed away in vanity and among the shadows of pomp and greatness, he may see it very finely drawn in the same place.* In the mean time, since it is necessary, in the present constitution of things, that order and distinction should be kept in the world, we should be happy if those who enjoy the upper stations in it would endeavour to surpass others in virtue as much as in rank, and by their humanity and condescen-

* Ch. v. 8—14.

sion make their superiority easy and acceptable to those who are beneath them, and if, on the contrary, those who are in meaner posts of life, would consider how they may better their condition hereafter, and by a just deference and submission to their superiors, make them happy in those blessings with which Providence has thought fit to distinguish them.

ADDISON.

C



No. 220. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 12.

Rumoresque serit varios— VIRG.

A thousand rumours spreads.

‘ SIR,

‘ Why will you apply to my father for my love? I can not help it if he will give you my person; but I assure you it is not in his power, nor even in my own, to give you my heart. Dear sir, do but consider the ill consequence of such a match; you are fifty-five, I twenty-one. You are a man of business, and mightily conversant in arithmetic, and making calculations; be pleased therefore to consider what proportion your spirits bear to mine; and when you have made a just estimate of the necessary decay on one side, and the redundancy on the other, you will act accordingly. This perhaps is such language as you may not expect from a young lady, but my happiness is at stake, and I must talk plainly. I mortally hate you; and so as you and my father agree, you may take

me or leave me: but if you will be so good as never to see me more, you will for ever oblige,

‘ Sir, your most humble servant,
‘ HENRIETTA.’

‘ MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ There are so many artifices and modes of false wit, and such a variety of humour discovers itself among its votaries, that it would be impossible to exhaust so fertile a subject, if you would think fit to resume it. The following instances may, if you think fit, be added by way of appendix to your discourses on that subject. (No. 58, 63).

‘ That feat of poetical activity mentioned by Horace, of an author who could compose two hundred verses while he stood upon one leg, has been imitated, as I have heard, by a modern writer; who, priding himself on the hurry of his invention, thought it no small addition to his fame to have each piece minuted with the exact number of hours or days it costs him in the composition. He could taste no praise till he had acquainted you in how short a space of time he had deserved it; and was not so much led to an ostentation of his art as of his despatch.

——— *Accipe, si vis,
Accipiam tabulas; detur nobis locus, hora,
Custodes: videamus uter plus scribere possit.* HOR.

Here’s pen and ink, and time and place; let’s try
Who can write most, and fastest, you or I. CREECH.

‘ This was the whole of his ambition; and therefore I can not but think the flights of this rapid author very proper to be opposed to those labo-

rious nothings which you have observed were the delight of the German wits, and in which they so happily got rid of such a tedious quantity of their time.

‘I have known a gentleman of another turn of humour, who despising the name of an author, never printed his works, but contracted his talent, and by the help of a very fine diamond which he wore on his little finger, was a considerable poet upon glass. He had a very good epigrammatic wit; and there was not a parlour or tavern window where he visited or dined for some years, which did not receive some sketches or memorials of it. It was his misfortune at last to lose his genius and his ring to a sharper at play, and he has not attempted to make a verse since.

‘But of all contractions or expedients for wit, I admire that of an ingenious projector whose book I have seen. This virtuoso being a mathematician, has, according to his taste, thrown the art of poetry into a short problem, and contrived tables by which any one, without knowing a word of grammar or sense, may, to his great comfort, be able to compose, or rather to erect, Latin verses.* His tables are a kind of poetical logarithms, which being divided into several squares, and all inscribed with so many incoherent words, appear to the eye somewhat like a fortune-telling

* This is no fiction of the Spectator’s, as might naturally be imagined. There was a projector of this kind named John Peter, who published a very thin pamphlet in 8vo. entitled “Artificial Versifying, a new way to make Latin Verses, London, 1678.” I believe it is a plan of his scheme which is given in Nat. Bailey’s Dictionary, folio, under the word Hexameter.

screen. What a joy must it be to the unlearned operator, to find that these words, being carefully collected and writ down in order, according to the problem, start of themselves into hexameter and pentameter verses? A friend of mine, who is a student in astrology, meeting with this book, performed the operation by the rules there set down: he showed his verses to the next of his acquaintance, who happened to understand Latin; and being informed they described a tempest of wind, very luckily prefixed them, together with a translation, to an almanack he was just then printing, and was supposed to have foretold the last great storm.

‘I think the only improvement beyond this, would be that which the late Duke of Buckingham* mentioned to a stupid pretender to poetry, as the project of a Dutch mechanic, viz. a mill to make verses. This being the most compendious method of all which have yet been proposed, may deserve the thoughts of our modern virtuosi who are employed in new discoveries for the public good, and it may be worth the while to consider, whether in an island where few are content without being thought wits, it will not be a common benefit, that wit as well as labour should be made cheap.

‘I am, sir,
‘Your humble servant, &c.’†

* George Villiers, author of the *Rehearsal*, who died in 1687. Dean Swift seems to have borrowed from thence his wooden engine for making books, in *Gulliver's Travels*, pt. 3. ch. 5.

† By Mr. Hughes.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I often dine at a gentleman’s house where there are two young ladies, in themselves very agreeable, but very cold in their behaviour, because they understand me for a person that is to break my mind, as the phrase is, very suddenly to one of them. But I take this way to acquaint them, that I am not in love with either of them, in hopes that they will use me with that agreeable freedom and indifference which they do all the rest of the world, and not to drink to one another only, but sometimes cast a kind look, with their service, to, sir,

‘Your humble servant.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I am a young gentleman, and take it for a piece of good breeding to pull off my hat when I see any thing peculiarly charming in any woman, whether I know her or not. I take care that there is nothing ludicrous or arch in my manner, as if I were to betray a woman into a salutation by way of jest or humour; and yet, except I am acquainted with her, I find she ever takes it for a rule, that she is to look upon this civility and homage I pay to her supposed merit as an impertinence or forwardness which she is to observe and neglect. I wish, sir, you would settle the business of salutation; and please to inform me how I shall resist the sudden impulse I have to be civil to what gives an idea of merit; or tell these creatures how to behave themselves in return to the esteem I have for them. My affairs are such that your decision will be a favour to me, if it be only to save the unnecessary

expense of wearing out my hat so fast as I do at present.

‘I am, sir, yours,
‘T. D.’

‘P. S. There are some that do know me and won’t bow to me.’

BY HUGHES AND OTHERS.



No. 221. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 13.

—*Ab ovo*

Usque ad mala—

HOB. SAT.

From eggs which first are set upon the board,
To apples ripe, with which it last is stor’d.

WHEN I have finished any of my speculations, it is my method to consider which of the ancient authors have touched upon the subject that I treat of. By this means I meet with some celebrated thought upon it, or a thought of my own expressed in better words, or some similitude for the illustration of my subject. This is what gives birth to the motto of a speculation, which I rather choose to take out of the poets than the prose writers, as the former generally give a finer turn to a thought than the latter, and by couching it in few words, and in harmonious numbers, make it more portable to the memory.

My reader is therefore sure to meet with at least one good line in every paper, and very often finds his imagination entertained by a hint that awakens in his memory some beautiful passage of a classic author.

It was a saying of an ancient philosopher,* which I find some of our writers have ascribed to Queen Elizabeth, who perhaps might have taken occasion to repeat it, that a good face is a letter of recommendation. It naturally makes the beholders inquisitive into the person who is the owner of it, and generally prepossesses them in his favour. A handsome motto has the same effect. Besides that, it always gives a supernumerary beauty to a paper, and is sometimes in a manner necessary when the writer is engaged in what may appear a paradox to vulgar minds, as it shows that he is supported by good authorities, and is not singular in his opinion.

I must confess, the motto is of little use to an unlearned reader, for which reason I consider it only as a word for the wise. But as for my unlearned friends, if they can not relish the motto, I take care to make provision for them in the body of my paper. If they do not understand the sign that is hung out, they know very well by it, that they may meet with entertainment in the house; and I think I was never better pleased than with a plain man's compliment, who upon his friend's telling him that he would like the Spectator much better if he understood the motto, replied, that good wine needs no bush.

I have heard of a couple of preachers in a country town, who endeavoured which should outshine one another, and draw together the greatest congregation. One of them being well versed in the fathers, used to quote every now and then a Latin sentence to his illiterate hearers, who it

* Aristotle, or as some think, Diogenes.

seems, found themselves so edified by it, that they flocked in greater numbers to this learned man than to his rival. The other, finding his congregation mouldering every Sunday, and hearing at length what was the occasion of it, resolved to give his parish a little Latin in his turn; but being unacquainted with any of the fathers, he digested into his sermons the whole book of *Quæ Genus*, adding, however, such explications to it, as he thought might be for the benefit of his people. He afterwards entered upon *As in Præ-senti*, which he converted in the same manner to the use of his parishioners. This, in a very little time, thickened his audience, filled his church, and routed his antagonist.

The natural love to Latin which is so prevalent in our common people, makes me think that my speculations fare never the worse among them for that little scrap which appears at the head of them; and what the more encourages me in the use of quotations in an unknown tongue, is, that I hear the ladies, whose approbation I value more than that of the whole learned world, declare themselves in a more particular manner pleased with my Greek mottos.

Designing this day's work for a dissertation upon the two extremities of my paper, and having already despatched my motto, I shall, in the next place, discourse upon those single capital letters which are placed at the end of it, and which have afforded great matter of speculation to the curious. I have heard various conjectures upon this subject. Some tell us that C is the mark of those papers that are written by the Clergyman, though others ascribe them to the Club in

general: that the papers marked with R were written by my friend Sir Roger; that L signifies the Lawyer, whom I have described in my second speculation; and that T stands for the Trader, or merchant: but the letter X, which is placed at the end of some few of my papers, is that which has puzzled the whole town, as they can not think of any name which begins with that letter, except Xenophon and Xerxes, who can neither of them be supposed to have had any hand in these speculations.

In answer to these inquisitive gentlemen, who have many of them made inquiries of me by letter, I must tell them the reply of an ancient philosopher, who carried something hidden under his cloak. A certain acquaintance desiring him to let him know what it was he covered so carefully; *I cover it* (says he) *on purpose that you should not know*. I have made use of the obscure marks for the same purpose. They are, perhaps, little amulets or charms to preserve the paper against the fascination and malice of evil eyes, for which reason I would not have my readers surprised, if hereafter he sees any of my papers marked with a Q, a Z, a Y, an &c. or with the word *Abracadabra*.*

I shall, however, so far explain myself to the reader, as to let him know that the letter C, L, and X, are cabalistical, and carry more in them

* A noted charm for agues, said to have been invented by Basilides, a heretic of the second century, who taught that very sublime mysteries were contained in the number 365, (viz. not only the days of the year, but the different orders of celestial beings, &c) to which number the Hebrew letters that compose the word Abracadabra are said to amount.

than it is proper for the world to be acquainted with. Those who are versed in the philosophy of Pythagoras, and swear by the *Tetrachtys*, that is, the number four, will know very well that the number ten, which is signified by the letter X, and which has so much perplexed the town, has in it many particular powers; that it is called by Platonic writers the complete number; that one, two, three, and four put together, make up the number ten; and that ten is all. But these are not mysteries for ordinary readers to be let into. A man must have spent many years in hard study before he can arrive at the knowledge of them.

We had a rabbinical divine in England, who was chaplain to the earl of Essex, in queen Elizabeth's time, that had an admirable head for secrets of this nature. Upon his taking the doctor of divinity's degree, he preached before the university of Cambridge, upon the first verse of the first chapter of the first book of Chronicles, 'in which,' says he, 'you have the three following words,

‘ Adam, Sheth, Enosh.’

He divided this short text into many parts; and by discovering several mysteries in each word, made a most learned and elaborate discourse. The name of this profound preacher was Dr. Alabaster, of whom the reader may find a more particular account in Dr. Fuller's book of English worthies.* This instance will, I hope,


* It seems the word Adam signifies in the Hebrew language, man; Sheth signifies placed; and Enosh, misery; hence this profound doctor (to use the words of the histo-

convince my readers, that there may be a great deal of fine writing in the capital letters which bring up the rear of my paper, and give them some satisfaction in that particular. But as for the full explication of these matters, I must refer them to time, which discovers all things.*

ADDISON.

C.

rian referred to) "mined for a mystical meaning," and dug out this moral inference, that "Man is placed in misery or pain." See Fuller's *Worthies of Suffolk*, p. 70.

* In Steele's dedication of "The Drummer" to Mr. Congreve, we find the following passage.—'The editor [of Addison's Works, in 4to, Mr. Thomas Tickell] will not let me or any body else obey Mr. Addison's commands in hiding any thing he desires should be concealed. The circumstance of marking *his* Spectators (which I did not know till I had done with the work) I made my own act; because I thought it too great a sensibility in my friend, and thought it, since it was done, better to suppose it marked by me than the author himself, the real state of which this zealot rashly and injudiciously exposes. I ask the reader, whether any thing but an earnestness to disparage me, could provoke the editor in behalf of Mr. Addison to say, that he marked it out of caution against me, when I had taken upon me to say it was I that did it out of tenderness to him. It may be hence conjectured, that Steele put the  as a mark to distinguish Addison's papers in the Guardian.

No. 222. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14.

*Cur alter fratrum cessare, et ludere, et ungi,
Præferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus—* HOR.

Why, of two brothers, one his pleasure loves,
Prefers his sports to Herod's fragrant groves. CREECH.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THERE is one thing I have often looked for in your papers, and have as often wondered to find myself disappointed; the rather because I think it a subject every way agreeable to your design, and by being left unattempted by others, it seems reserved as a proper employment for you; I mean a disquisition, from whence it proceeds, that men of the brightest parts, and most comprehensive genius, completely furnished with talents for any province in human affairs; such as by their wise lessons of economy to others, have made it evident that they have the justest notions of life, and of true sense in the conduct of it:—from what unhappy contradictory cause it proceeds, that persons thus finished by nature and by art should so often fail in the management of that which they so well understand, and want the address to make a right application of their own rules. This is certainly a prodigious inconsistency in behaviour, and makes much such a figure in morals as a monstrous birth in naturals; with this difference only, which greatly aggravates the wonder, that it happens much more frequently; and what a blemish does it cast upon wit and *learning* in the general account of the world? *And in how disadvantageous a light does it ex-*

pose them to the busy class of mankind, that there should be so many instances of persons who have so conducted their lives, in spite of these transcendant advantages, as neither to be happy in themselves, nor useful to their friends; when every body sees it was entirely in their own power to be eminent in both these characters? For my part, I think there is no reflection more astonishing, than to consider one of these gentlemen spending a fair fortune, running in every body's debt without the least apprehension of a future reckoning, and at last leaving, not only his own children, but possibly those of other people, by his means, in starving circumstances; while a fellow whom one would scarce suspect to have a human soul, shall perhaps raise a vast estate out of nothing, and be the founder of a family capable of being very considerable in their country, and doing many illustrious services to it. That this observation is just, experience has put beyond all dispute. But, though the fact be so evident and glaring, yet the causes of it are still in the dark; which makes me persuade myself, that it would be no unacceptable piece of entertainment to the town, to inquire into the hidden sources of so unaccountable an evil. I am, sir,

‘ Your most humble servant.’

What this correspondent wonders at, has been matter of admiration ever since there was any such thing as human life. Horace reflects upon this inconsistency very agreeably in the character of Tigellius, (see No. 162) whom he makes a mighty pretender to economy, and tells you, *you might one day hear him speak the most phi-*

losophic things imaginable concerning being contented with a little, and his contempt of every thing but mere necessities, and in half a week after spend a thousand pounds. When he says this of him with relation to expense, he describes him as unequal to himself in every other circumstance of life. And, indeed, if we consider lavish men carefully, we shall find it always proceeds from a certain incapacity of possessing themselves, and finding enjoyment in their own minds. Mr. Dryden has expressed this very excellently in the character of Zimri.*

‘A man so various, that he seem’d to be
Not one, but all mankind’s epitome.
Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong,
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
In something new to wish, or to enjoy!
In squand’ring wealth was his peculiar art:
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.’

This loose state of the soul hurries the extravagant from one pursuit to another; and the reason that his expenses are greater than another’s is, that his wants are also more numerous. But what makes so many go on in this way to their life’s end is, that they certainly do not know how contemptible they are in the eyes of the rest of mankind, or rather, that indeed they are not so contemptible as they deserve. Tully says, it is the greatest wickedness to lessen your paternal

* Intended to characterize the Duke of Buckingham.

estate. And if a man would thoroughly consider how much worse than banishment it must be to his child, to ride by the estate which should have been his, had it not been for his father's injustice to him, he would be smitten with the reflection more deeply than can be understood by any but one who is a father. Sure there can be nothing more afflicting, than to think it had been happier for his son to have been born of any other man living than himself.

It is perhaps not much thought of, but it is certainly a very important lesson, to learn how to enjoy ordinary life, and to be able to relish your being, without the transport of some passion, or gratification of some appetite. For want of this capacity, the world is filled with whetters, tipplers, cutters, sippers, and all the numerous train of those who, for want of thinking, are forced to be ever exercising their feeling or tasting. It would be hard on this occasion to mention the harmless smokers of tobacco and takers of snuff.

The lower part of mankind, whom my correspondent wonders should get estates, are the more immediately formed for that pursuit. They can expect distant things without impatience, because they are not carried out of their way either by violent passions or keen appetite to any thing. To men addicted to delights, business is an interruption; to such as are cold to delights, business is an entertainment. For which reason it was said to one who commended a dull man for his application, 'No thanks to him; if he had no business, he would have nothing to do.'

STEELE.

T.

No. 223. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15.

*O suavis anima! qualem te dicam bonam
Antehac fuisse, tales cùm sint reliquix!** PHÆDR.

O sweet soul! how good must you have been heretofore,
when your remains are so delicious?

WHEN I reflect upon the various fate of those multitudes of ancient writers who flourished in Greece and Italy, I consider time as an immense ocean, in which many noble authors are entirely swallowed up, many very much shattered and damaged, some quite disjointed and broken into pieces, while some have wholly escaped the common wreck; but the number of the last is very small.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto. VIRG.

One here and there floats on the vast abyss.

Among the mutilated poets of antiquity, there is none whose fragments are so beautiful as those of Sappho. They give us a taste of her way of writing, which is perfectly conformable with that extraordinary character we find of her, in the remarks of those great critics who were conversant with her works when they were entire. One may see, by what is left of them, that she follow-

* "In applying to the poetical remains of Sappho the two lines of Phædras contained in this motto, Mr. Addison has hit upon one of the most elegant and happy applications that perhaps ever was made from any classic author." Ess. on the Genius of Pope.

ed nature in all her thoughts, without descending to those little points, conceits, and turns of wit, with which many of our modern lyrics are so miserably infected. Her soul seems to have been made up of love and poetry; she felt the passion in all its warmth, and described it in all its symptoms. She is called by ancient authors the tenth muse; and by Plutarch is compared to Cacus, the son of Vulcan, who breathed out nothing but flame. I do not know, by the character that is given of her works, whether it is not for the benefit of mankind that they are lost. They are filled with such bewitching tenderness and rapture, that it might have been dangerous to have given them a reading.

An inconstant lover, called Phæon, occasioned great calamities to this poetical lady. She fell desperately in love with him, and took a voyage into Sicily in pursuit of him, he having withdrawn himself thither on purpose to avoid her. It was in that island, and on this occasion, she is supposed to have made the hymn to Venus, with a translation of which I shall present my reader. Her hymn was ineffectual for procuring that happiness which she prayed for in it. Phaon was still obdurate, and Sappho so transported with the violence of her passion, that she was resolved to get rid of it at any price.

There was a promontory in Acarnania, called Leucate, on the top of which was a little temple dedicated to Apollo. In this temple it was usual for despairing lovers to make their vows in secret, and afterwards to fling themselves from the top of the precipice into the sea, where they were sometimes taken up alive. This place was there-

fore called *The Lover's Leap*; and whether or no the fright they had been in, or the resolution that could push them to so dreadful a remedy, or the bruises which they often received in their fall, banished all the tender sentiments of love, and gave their spirits another turn, those who had taken this leap were observed never to relapse into that passion. Sappho tried the cure, but perished in the experiment.

After having given this short account of Sappho, so far as it regards the following ode, I shall subjoin the translation of it as it was sent me by a friend,* whose admirable pastorals and winter-piece have been already so well received. The reader will find in it that pathetic simplicity which is so peculiar to him, and so suitable to the ode he has here translated. This ode in the Greek (besides those beauties observed by Madam Dacier) has several harmonious turns in the words, which are not lost in the English. I must farther add, that the translation has preserved every image and sentiment of Sappho, notwithstanding it has all the ease and spirit of an original. In a word, if the ladies have a mind to know the manner of writing practised by the so much celebrated Sappho, they may here see it in its genuine and natural beauty, without any foreign or affected ornaments.

* Ambrose Philips.—The author of the “Essay on the writings of Pope,” thinks both this and Philips’s translation in No. 229 were revised and altered by Addison himself.—The winter piece may be seen in *Tatler*, Vol. I, No. 12, and see *Spectator*, No. 336.

A HYMN TO VENUS.

I.

‘O Venus! beauty of the skies,
To whom a thousand temples rise,
Gaily false in gentle smiles,
Full of love perplexing wiles;
O, goddess! from my heart remove
The wasting cares and pains of love.

II.

‘If ever thou hast kindly heard
A song in soft distress preferr’d,
Propitious to my tuneful vow,
O gentle goddess! hear me now,
Descend, thou bright, immortal guest,
In all thy radiant charms confest.

III.

‘Thou once didst leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above:
The car thy wanton sparrows drew,
Hovering in air they lightly flew;
As to my bower they wing’d their way,
I saw their quiv’ring pinions play.

IV.

‘The birds dismiss’d (while you remain)
Bore back their empty car again:
Then you with looks divinely mild,
In every heavenly feature smil’d,
And ask’d what new complaints I made,
And why I call’d you to my aid?

V.

‘What frenzy in my bosom rag’d,
And by what cure to be assuag’d?
What gentle youth I would allure,
Whom in my artful toils secure?
Who does thy tender heart subdue,
Tell me, my Sappho, tell me who?

VI.

‘ Though now he shuns thy longing arms,
He soon shall court thy slighted charms:
Though now thy off’rings he despise,
He soon to thee shall sacrifice:
Though now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
And be thy victim in his turn.

VII.

‘ Celestial visitant, once more
Thy needful presence I implore!
In pity come and ease my grief,
Bring my distemper’d soul relief,
Favour thy suppliant’s hidden fires,
And give me all my heart desires.’

Madam Dacier observes, there is something very pretty in that circumstance of this ode, wherein Venus is described as sending away her chariot upon her arrival at Sappho’s lodgings, to denote that it was not a short, transient visit which she intended to make her. This ode was preserved by an eminent Greek critic,* who inserted it entire in his works, as a pattern of perfection in the structure of it.

Longinus has quoted another ode of this great poetess, which is likewise admirable in its kind, and has been translated by the same hand with the foregoing one. I shall oblige my reader with it in another paper. (229). In the meanwhile I can not but wonder, that these two finished pieces have never been attempted before by any of our own countrymen. But the truth of it is, the compositions of the ancients, which have not in them any of those unnatural witticisms that are the delight

* Dionysius of Halicarnassus, de Structura Orationis.

of ordinary readers, are extremely difficult to render it into another tongue, so as the beauties of the original may not appear weak and faded in the translation.

ADDISON.

C.



No. 224. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16.

—*Fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru*
Non minus ignotos generosis— HOR.

—Glory's shining chariot swiftly draws,
 With equal whirl, the noble and the base. CREECH.

IF we look abroad upon the great multitude of mankind, and endeavour to trace out the principles of action in every individual, it will, I think, seem highly probable that ambition runs through the whole species, and that every man, in proportion to the vigour of his complexion, is more or less actuated by it. It is indeed no uncommon thing to meet with men who, by the natural bent of their inclinations, and without the discipline of philosophy, aspire not to the heights of power and grandeur; who never set their hearts upon a numerous train of clients and dependencies, nor other gay appendages of greatness; who are contented with a competency, and will not molest their tranquillity to gain an abundance; but it is not therefore to be concluded that such a man is not ambitious; his desires may have cut out another channel, and determined him to other pursuits; the motive, however, may be still the same;

and in these cases likewise the man may be equally pushed on with the desire of distinction.

Though the pure consciousness of worthy actions abstracted from the views of popular applause, be to a generous mind an ample reward, yet the desire of distinction was doubtless implanted in our natures to an additional incentive to exert ourselves in virtuous excellence.

This passion, indeed, like all others, is frequently perverted to evil and ignoble purposes; so that we may account for many of the excellencies and follies of life upon the same innate principle, to wit, the desire of being remarkable; for this, as it has been differently cultivated by education, study, and converse, will bring forth suitable effects, as it falls in with an ingenuous disposition, or a corrupt mind: it does accordingly express itself in acts of magnanimity or selfish cunning, as it meets with a good or a weak understanding. As it has been employed in embellishing the mind, or adorning the outside, it renders the man eminently praiseworthy or ridiculous. Ambition therefore is not to be confined only to one passion or pursuit: for as the same humours, in constitutions otherwise different, affect the body after different manners, so the same aspiring principle within us, sometimes breaks forth upon one object, sometimes upon another.

It can not be doubted, but that there is as great desire of glory, in a ring of wrestlers or cudgel-players, as in any other more refined competition for superiority. No man that could avoid it, would ever suffer his head to be broken but out of a principle of honour. This is the secret spring that pushes them forward; and the superiority

which they gain above the undistinguished many, does more than repair those wounds they have received in the combat. It is Mr. Waller's opinion, that Julius Cæsar, had he not been master of the Roman empire, would in all probability have made an excellent wrestler.

Great Julius, on the mountains bred,
A flock perhaps or herd had led;
He that the world subdu'd, had been
But the best wrestler on the green.

That he subdued the world, was owing to the accidents of art and knowledge: had he not met with those advantages, the same sparks of emulation would have kindled within him, and prompted him to distinguish himself in some enterprise of a lower nature. Since therefore no man's lot is so unalterably fixed in this life, but that a thousand accidents may either forward or disappoint his advancement, it is, methinks, a pleasant and inoffensive speculation, to consider a great man as divested of all the adventitious circumstances of fortune, and to bring him down in one's imagination to that low station of life, the nature of which bears some distant resemblance to that high one he is at present possessed of. Thus one may view him exercising in miniature those talents of nature, which being drawn out by education to their full length, enable him for the discharge of some important employment. On the other hand, one may raise uneducated merit to such a pitch of greatness as may seem equal to the possible extent of his improved capacity.

Thus nature furnishes a man with a general appetite of glory, education determines it to this or

that particular object. The desire of distinction is not, I think, in any instance more observable than the variety of outsides and new appearances which the modish part of the world are obliged to provide, in order to make themselves remarkable; for any thing glaring and particular, either in behaviour or apparel, is known to have this good effect, that it catches the eye, and will not suffer you to pass over the person so adorned without due notice and observation. It has, likewise, upon this account, been frequently resented as a very great slight, to leave any gentleman out of a lampoon or satire, who has as much right to be there as his neighbour, because it supposes the person not eminent enough to be taken notice of. To this passionate fondness for distinction are owing various frolicsome and irregular practices, as sallying out into nocturnal exploits, breaking of windows, singing of catches, beating the watch, getting drunk twice a day, killing a great number of horses; with many other enterprises of the like fiery nature: for certainly many a man is more rakish and extravagant than he would willingly be, were there not others to look on and give their approbation.

One very common, and, at the same time, the most absurd ambition that ever showed itself in human nature, is that which comes upon a man with experience and old age, the season when it might be expected he should be wisest; and therefore it can not receive any of those lessening circumstances which do, in some measure, excuse the disorderly ferments of youthful blood: I mean the passion for getting money, exclusive of the character of the provident father, the af-

fectionate husband, or the generous friend. It may be remarked, for the comfort of honest poverty, that this desire reigns most in those who have but few good qualities to recommend them. This is a weed that will grow in a barren soil. Humanity, good nature, and the advantages of a liberal education, are incompatible with avarice. It is strange to see how suddenly this abject passion kills all the noble sentiments and generous ambitions that adorn human nature; it renders the man who is over-run with it a peevish and cruel master, a severe parent, an unsociable husband, a distant and mistrustful friend. But it is more to the present purpose, to consider it as an absurd passion of the heart rather than as a vicious affection of the mind. As there are frequent instances to be met with of a proud humility, so this passion, contrary to most others, affects applause, by avoiding all show and appearance; for this reason it will not sometimes endure even the common decencies of apparel. 'A covetous man will call himself poor, that you may sooth his vanity by contradicting him.' Love and the desire of glory, as they are the most natural, so they are capable of being refined into the most delicate and rational passions. It is true, the wise man, who strikes out of the secret paths of a private life, for honour and dignity, allured by the splendour of a court, and the unfelt weight of public employment, whether he succeeds in his attempts or no, usually comes near enough to this painted greatness to discern the daubing: he is then desirous of extricating himself out of the hurry of life, that he may pass away the remainder of his days in tranquillity and retirement.

It may be thought then but common prudence in a man not to change a better state for a worse, nor ever to quit that which he knows he shall take up again with pleasure: and yet, if human life be not a little moved with the gentle gales of hopes and fears, there may be some danger of its stagnating in an unmanly indolence and security. It is a known story of Domitian, that after he had possessed himself of the Roman empire, his desires turned upon catching flies. Active and masculine spirits, in the vigour of youth, neither can nor ought to remain at rest; if they debar themselves from aiming at noble objects, their desires will move downwards, and they will feel themselves actuated by some low and abject passion. Thus if you cut off the top branches of a tree, and will not suffer it to grow any higher, it will not therefore cease to grow, but will quickly shoot out at the bottom. The man, indeed, who goes into the world only with the narrow views of self-interest, who catches at the applause of an idle multitude, as he can find no solid contentment at the end of his journey, so he deserves to meet with disappointments in his way: but he who is actuated by a noble principle, whose mind is so far enlarged as to take in the prospect of his country's good; who is enamoured with that praise which is one of the fair attendants of virtue, and values not those acclamations which are not seconded by the impartial testimony of his own mind; who repines not at the low station which Providence has at present allotted him, but yet would willingly advance himself by justifiable means to a more rising and advantageous ground; such a man is warmed with

a generous emulation; it is a virtuous movement in him to wish and to endeavour that his power of doing good may be equal to his will.

The man who is fitted out by nature, and sent into the world with great abilities, is capable of doing great good or mischief in it. It ought therefore to be the care of education to infuse into the untainted youth early notions of justice and honour, that so the possible advantages of good parts may not take an evil turn, nor be perverted to base and unworthy purposes. It is the business of religion and philosophy not so much to extinguish our passions, as to regulate and direct them to valuable well chosen objects: when these have pointed out to us which course we may lawfully steer, it is no harm to set out all our sail; if the storms and tempests of adversity should rise upon us, and not suffer us to make the haven where we would be, it will however prove no small consolation to us in these circumstances that we have neither mistaken our course, nor fallen into calamities of our own procuring.

Religion, therefore, (were we to consider it no farther than as it interposes in the affairs of this life) is highly valuable, and worthy of great veneration, as it settles the various pretensions, and otherwise interfering interests of mortal men, and thereby consults the harmony and order of the great community; as it gives a man room to play his part, and exert his abilities; as it animates to actions truly laudable in themselves, in their effects beneficial to society; as it inspires rational ambition, correct love, and elegant desire.

HUGHES.

Z.

No. 225. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17.

Nullum numen abest si sit prudentia—— JUV.

Prudence supplies the want of every good.

I HAVE often thought if the minds of men were laid open, we should see but little difference between that of the wise man and that of the fool. There are infinite reveries, numberless extravagancies, and a perpetual train of vanities which pass through both. The great difference is, that the first knows how to pick and cull his thoughts for conversation, by suppressing some and communicating others; whereas the other lets them all indifferently fly out in words. This sort of discretion, however, has no place in private conversation between intimate friends. On such occasions the wisest men very often talk like the weakest; for indeed the talking with a friend is nothing else but thinking aloud.

Tully has therefore very justly exposed a precept delivered by some ancient writers, that a man should live with his enemy in such a manner as might leave him room to become his friend; and with his friend in such a manner, that if he became his enemy, it should not be in his power to hurt him. The first part of this rule, which regards our behaviour towards an enemy, is indeed very reasonable, as well as very prudential; but the latter part of it, which regards our behaviour towards a friend, savours more of cunning than of discretion, and would cut a man off from the *greatest pleasures of life*, which are the freedoms

of conversation with a bosom friend. Besides that, when a friend is turned into an enemy, and (as the son of Sirach calls him)* a bewrayer of secrets, the world is just enough to accuse the perfidiousness of the friend, rather than the indiscretion of the person who confided in him.

Discretion does not only show itself in words, but in all the circumstances of action; and is like an under agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary concerns of life.

There are many more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none so useful as discretion; it is this indeed which gives a value to all the rest, which sets them at work in their proper times and places, and turns them to the advantage of the person who is possessed of them. Without it learning is pedantry, and wit impertinence; virtue itself looks like weakness; the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in errors, and active to his own prejudice.

Nor does discretion only make a man the master of his own parts, but of other men's. The discreet man finds out the talents of those he converses with, and knows how to apply them to proper uses. Accordingly, if we look into particular communities and divisions of men, we may observe that it is the discreet man, not the witty, nor the learned, nor the brave, who guides the conversation, and gives measures to the society. A man with great talents, but void of discretion, is like Polyphemus in the fable, strong and blind, endued with an irresistible force, which, for want of sight, is of no use to him.

* *Eccl. vi. 9.—xxvii. 17.*

Though a man has all other perfections, and wants discretion, he will be of no great consequence in the world; but if he has this single talent in perfection, and but a common share of others, he may do what he pleases in his particular station of life.

At the same time that I think discretion the most useful talent a man can be master of, I look upon cunning to be the accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous minds. Discretion points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of attaining them: cunning has only private selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views, and like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon, cunning is a kind of short-sightedness that discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the person who possesses it; cunning, when it is once detected, loses its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even those events which he might have done had he passed only for a plain man. Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life, cunning is a kind of instinct, that only looks out after our immediate interest and welfare. Discretion is only found in men of strong sense and good understandings: cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves, and in persons who are but the fewest removes from them. In short, cunning is only the mimic of discretion, and may pass upon weak men, in the same man-

ner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.

The cast of mind which is natural to a discreet man, makes him look forward into futurity, and consider what will be his condition millions of ages hence, as well as what it is at present. He knows that the misery or happiness which is reserved for him in another world, lose nothing of their reality by being placed at so great a distance from him.—The objects do not appear little to him because they are remote. He considers that those pleasures and pains which lie hid in eternity, approach nearer to him every moment, and will be present with him in their full weight and measure as much as those pains and pleasures which he feels at this very instant. For this reason he is careful to secure to himself that which is the proper happiness of his nature, and the ultimate design of his being. He carries his thoughts to the end of every action, and considers the most distant as well as the most immediate effects of it. He supersedes every little prospect of gain and advantage which offers itself here, if he does not find it consistent with his views of an hereafter. In a word, his hopes are full of immortality, his schemes are large and glorious, and his conduct suitable to one who knows his true interest, and how to pursue it by proper methods.

I have, in this essay upon discretion, considered it both as an accomplishment and as a virtue, and have therefore described it in its full extent; not only as it is conversant about worldly affairs, but as it regards our whole existence; not only as it is the guide of a mortal creature, but as it is in

general the director of a reasonable being. It is in this light that discretion is represented by the wise man, who sometimes mentions it under the name of discretion, and sometimes under that of wisdom. It is indeed (as described in the latter part of this paper) the greatest wisdom, but at the same time in the power of every one to attain. Its advantages are infinite, but its acquisition easy, or, to speak of her in the words of the apocryphal writer, whom I quoted in my last Saturday's paper:* "Wisdom is glorious and never fadeth away, yet she is easily seen of them that love her, and found of such as seek her. She preventeth them that desire her, in making herself first known unto them. He that seeketh her early, shall have no great travel, for he shall find her sitting at his doors. To think therefore upon her, is the perfection of wisdom; and whoso watcheth for her shall quickly be without care. For she goeth about seeking such as are worthy of her, sheweth herself favourably unto them in the ways, and meeteth them in every thought.'

ADDISON.

C.



No. 226. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 19.†

—*Mutum est pictura poema.* HOR.

A picture is a poem without words.

I HAVE very often lamented, and hinted my sorrow in several speculations, that the art of paint

* Wisdom of Sol. Ch. vi. v. 12.

† "Do you read the Spectators? I never do; they never come in my way; I go to no coffee-houses. They say

ing is made so little use of to the improvement of our manners. When we consider that it places the action of the person represented in the most agreeable aspect imaginable, that it does not only express the passion or concern as it sits upon him who is drawn, but has under those features the height of the painter's imagination, what strong images of virtue and humanity might we not expect would be instilled into the mind from the labours of the pencil? This is a poetry which would be understood with much less capacity, and less expense of time, than what is taught by writings; but the use of it is generally perverted, and that admirable skill prostituted to the basest and most unworthy ends. Who is the better man for beholding the most beautiful Venus, the best wrought Bacchanal, the images of sleeping Cupids, languishing nymphs, or any of the representations of gods, goddesses, demi-gods, satyrs, Polyphemes, sphinxes, or fawns? But if the virtues and vices, which are sometimes pretended to be represented under such drafts, were given us by the painter in the characters of real life, and the persons of men and women, whose actions have rendered them laudable or infamous, we should not see a good history piece without receiving an instructive lecture. There needs no other proof of this truth, than the testimony of every reasonable creature who has seen the cartoons in her majesty's gallery at Hampton-court: these are representations of no less actions than

abundance of them are very pretty; they are going to be printed in small volumes; I'll bring them over with me."

Letter of Swift to Mrs. Johnson, dated Nov. 18, 1711.

those of our blessed Saviour and his apostles. As I now sit and recollect the warm images which the admirable Raphael has raised, it is impossible, even from the faint traces in one's memory, of what one has not seen these two years, to be unmoved at the horror and reverence which appear in the whole assembly when the mercenary man fell down dead; at the amazement of the man born blind when he first receives his sight; or at the graceless indignation of the sorcerer when he is struck blind. The lame, when they first find strength in their feet, stand doubtful of their new vigour. The heavenly apostles appear acting these great things with a deep sense of the infirmities which they relieve, but no value of themselves who administer to their weakness. They know themselves to be but instruments; and the generous distress they are painted in when divine honours are offered to them, is a representation in the most exquisite degree of the beauty of holiness. When St. Paul is preaching to the Athenians, with what wonderful art are almost all the different tempers of mankind represented in that elegant audience! . You see one credulous of all that is said, another wrapt up in deep suspense, another saying there is some reason in what he says, another angry that the apostle destroys a favourite opinion which he is unwilling to give up, another wholly convinced and holding out his hands in rapture, while the generality attend, and wait for the opinion of those who are of leading characters in the assembly. I will not pretend so much as to mention that chart on which is drawn the appearance of our blessed Lord after his resurrection. Present authority, late suffer-

ings, humility and majesty, despotic command, and divine love, are at once seated in his celestial aspect. The figures of the eleven apostles are all in the same passion of admiration, but discover it differently, according to their characters. Peter receives his master's orders on his knees with an admiration mixed with a more particular attention: the two next with a more open ecstasy, though still constrained by the awe of the divine presence; the beloved disciple, whom I take to be the right of the two first figures, has in his countenance wonder drowned in love; and the last personage, whose back is towards the spectators, and his side towards the presence, one would fancy to be St. Thomas, as abashed by the conscience of his former diffidence: which perplexed concern it is possible Raphael thought too hard a task to draw, but by this acknowledgment of the difficulty to describe it.

The whole work is an exercise of the highest piety in the painter: and all the touches of a religious mind are expressed in a manner much more forcible than can possibly be performed by the most moving eloquence. These invaluable pieces are very justly in the hands of the greatest and most pious sovereign in the world; and can not be the frequent object of every one at their own leisure: but as an engraver is to the painter what a printer is to an author, it is worthy her majesty's name that she has encouraged that noble artist, Monsieur Dorigny, to publish these works of Raphael.* We have of this gentleman a piece

* This paper was intended by Steele to promote a proposed subscription to enable Signor Nicola Dorigny (who

of the Transfiguration, which, I think, is held a work second to none in the world.

Methinks it would be ridiculous in our people of condition, after their large bounties to foreigners of no name or merit, should they overlook this occasion of having, for a trifling subscription, a work which it is impossible for a man of sense to behold, without being warmed with the noblest sentiments that can be inspired by love, admiration, compassion, contempt of this world, and expectation of a better.

It is certainly the greatest honour we can do our country to distinguish strangers of merit who apply to us with modesty and diffidence, which generally accompanies merit. No opportunity of this kind ought to be neglected; and a modest behaviour should alarm us to examine whether we do not lose something excellent under that disadvantage in the possessor of that quality. My skill in paintings, where one is not directed by the passion of the pictures, is so inconsiderable, that I am in very great perplexity when I offer to speak of any performances of painters of landscapes, buildings, or single figures. This makes me at a loss how to mention the pieces which Mr. Boul exposes to sale by auction on Wednesday next, in Chandois-street. But having heard him commended, by those who have bought of him heretofore, for great integrity in his dealing, and overheard him himself, though a laudable painter, say nothing of his own was fit to come into the room with those he had to

had been invited from Rome) to copy and engrave the cartoons of Raphael.

sell; I feared I should lose an occasion of serving a man of worth in omitting to speak of his auction.

STEELE.

T.



No. 227. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20.

Ω μοι ἦγε τί πάθος; τί ὁ δυσσοός; οὐχ ὑπακούεις;
 Τὰν Βαίταν ἀποδύς εἰς κύματα τὴν ἀλιύμαι
 Ὡπὲρ τῶς θυγῆος σκοπιάζεται Ὀλπίς ὁ γρηπύς
 Κῆκα μὴ πῶθ' ἀνῶ, το γὰρ μαντίον ἄδ' ἔτετυκ' αἶ. THEOCR.

IN my last Thursday's paper, I made mention of a place called *The Lover's Leap*, which I find has raised a great curiosity among several of my correspondents. I there told them that this leap was used to be taken from a promontory of Leucas. This Leucas was formerly a part of Acarnania, being joined to it by a narrow neck of land, which the sea has, by length of time, overflowed and washed away; so that at present Leucas is divided from the continent, and is a little island in the Ionian sea. The promontory of this island, from whence the lover took his leap, was formerly called Leucate. If the reader has a mind to know both the island and the promontory by their modern titles, he will find in his map the ancient island of Leucas under the name of St. Mauro; and the ancient promontory of Leucate under the name of the cape of St. Mauro.

Since I am engaged thus far in antiquity, I must observe, that Theocritus, in the motto prefixed to my paper, describes one of his despair-

ing shepherds addressing himself to his mistress after the following manner: 'Alas! what will become of me? wretch that I am! Will you not hear me? I'll throw off my clothes and take a leap into that part of the sea which is so much frequented by Olpis the fisherman. And though I should escape with my life, I know you will be pleased with it.' I shall leave it with the critics to determine whether the place which this shepherd so particularly points out, was not the above-mentioned Leucate, or at least some other lover's leap, which was supposed to have had the same effect. I can not believe, as all the interpreters do, that the shepherd means nothing farther here than that he would drown himself, since he represents the issue of his leap as doubtful, by adding, that if he should escape with life, he knows his mistress would be pleased with it; which is, according to our interpretation, that she would rejoice any way to get rid of a lover who was so troublesome to her.

After this short preface, I shall present my reader with some letters which I have received upon this subject. This first is sent me by a physician.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'The lover's leap, which you mention in your 223d paper, was generally, I believe, a very effectual cure for love, and not only for love, but for all other evils. In short, sir, I am afraid it was such a leap as that which Hero took to get rid of her passion for Leander. A man is in no danger of breaking his heart who breaks his neck to prevent it. I know very well the wonders which

ancient authors relate concerning this leap; and in particular, that very many persons who tried it, escaped, not only with their lives, but their limbs. If by this means they got rid of their love, though it may in part be ascribed to the reasons you give for it, why may we not suppose that the cold bath into which they plunged themselves had also some share in their cure? A leap into the sea, or into any creek of salt waters, very often gives a new motion to the spirits, and a new turn to the blood; for which reason we prescribe it in distempers which no other medicine will reach. I could produce a quotation out of a very venerable author, in which the frenzy produced by love is compared to that which is produced by the biting of a mad dog. But as this comparison is a little too coarse for your paper, and might look as if it were cited to ridicule the author who has made use of it, I shall only hint at it, and desire you to consider whether, if the frenzy produced by these two different causes be of the same nature, it may not very properly be cured by the same means. I am, sir, your most humble servant, and well-wisher, ÆSCULAPIUS.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I am a young woman crossed in love. My story is very long and melancholy. To give you the heads of it: A young gentleman, after having made his applications to me for three years together, and filled my head with a thousand dreams of happiness, some few days since married another. Pray, tell me, in what part of the world your promontory lies, which you call the lover's *leap*, and whether one may go to it by land? But

alas, I am afraid it has lost its virtue, and that a woman of our times would find no more relief in taking such a leap, than in singing a hymn to Venus. (See No. 223.) So that I must cry out with Dido in *Dryden's Virgil*,

Ah! cruel heaven, that made no cure for love.'

' Your disconsolate servant,

' ATHENAIS.'

MISTER SPIC TATUR,

' My heart is so full of lofes and passions for Mrs. Gwinifred, and she is so pettish and over-run with cholers against me, that if I had the good happiness to have my dwelling (which is placed by my creat-cranfather upon the pottom of an hill) no farther distance but twenty mile from the lofer's leap, I would indeed endeafour to preak my neck upon it on purpose. Now, good Mister Spictatur of Crete Pritain, you must know it, there is in Caenarvonshire a fery pig mountain, the clory of all Wales, which is named Pen-mainmaure, and you must also know, it is no creat journey on foot from me; but the road is stony and bad for shooes. Now there is upon the forehead of this mountain a fery high rock (like a parish steeple) that cometh a huge deal over the sea; so when I am in my melancholies, and I do throw myself from it, I do tesire my fery good frind to tell me in his Spictatur, if I shall be cure of my griefous lofes; for there is the sea clear as the class, and as creen as the leek; then likewise if I be drown, and preak my neck, if Mrs. Gwinifred will not lose me afterwards. Pray *be speedy in your answers*, for I am in creat haste,

and it is my tesires to do my pusiness without loss of time. I remain, with cordial affections, your ever losing friend,

‘DAVYTH AP SHENKYN.

‘P. S. My law-suits have brought me to London, but I have lost my causes; and so have made my resolutions to go down and leap before the frosts begin; for I am apt to take colds.’

Ridicule, perhaps, is a better expedient against love than sober advice; and I am of opinion that Hudibras and Don Quixote may be as effectual to cure the extravagancies of this passion as any of the old philosophers. I shall therefore publish, very speedily, the translation of a little Greek manuscript, which is sent me by a learned friend. It appears to have been a piece of those records which were kept in the temple of Apollo, that stood upon the promontory of Leucate. The reader will find it to be a summary account of several persons who tried the lover’s leap, and of the success they found in it. As there seem to be in it some anachronisms, and deviations from the ancient orthography, I am not wholly satisfied myself that it is authentic, and not rather the production of one of those Grecian sophisters, who have imposed upon the world several spurious works of this nature. I speak this by way of precaution, because I know there are several writers of uncommon erudition, who would not fail to expose my ignorance, if they caught me tripping in a matter of so great moment.

ADDISON.

VOL. V.—5

C.

No. 228. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21.

Percunctatorem fugito, nam garrulus idem est. HOR.

Shun the inquisitive and curious man;
For what he hears he will relate again. POOLY.

THERE is a creature who has all the organs of speech, a tolerable good capacity for conceiving what is said to it, together with a pretty proper behaviour in all the occurrences of common life, but naturally very vacant of thought in itself, and therefore forced to apply itself to foreign assistances. Of this make is that man who is very inquisitive. You may often observe, that though he speaks as good sense as any man, upon any thing with which he is well acquainted, he can not trust to the range of his own fancy to entertain himself upon that foundation, but goes on still to new inquiries. Thus, though you know he is fit for the most polite conversation, you shall see him very well contented to sit by a jockey, giving an account of the many revolutions in his horse's health, what potion he made him take, how that agreed with him, how afterwards he came to his stomach and his exercise, or any the like impertinence; and be as well pleased as as if you talked to him on the most important truths. This humour is far from making a man unhappy, though it may subject him to raillery; for he generally falls in with a person who seems to be born for him, which is your talkative fellow. It is so ordered, that there is a secret bent, as natural as the meeting of different sexes, in these two characters, to supply each other's wants.

I had the honour the other day to sit in a public room and saw an inquisitive man look with an air of satisfaction upon the approach of one of these talkers. The man of ready utterance sat down by him, and rubbing his head, leaning on his arm, and making an uneasy countenance, he began; 'There is no manner of news to-day. I can not tell what is the matter with me, but I slept very ill last night; whether I caught cold or no, I know not, but I fancy I do not wear shoes thick enough for the weather, and I have coughed all this week: it must be so, for the custom of washing my head winter and summer with cold water, prevents any injury from the season entering that way; so it must come in at my feet: but I take no notice of it; as it comes so it goes. Most of our evils proceed from too much tenderness; and our faces are naturally as little able to resist the cold as other parts. The Indian answered very well to an European, who asked him how he could go naked; I am all face.'

I observed this discourse was as welcome to my general inquirer as any other of more consequence could have been; but somebody calling our talker to another part of the room, the inquirer told the next man who sat by him, that Mr. Such-a-one, who was just gone from him, used to wash his head in cold water every morning; and so repeated almost *verbatim* all that had been said to him. The truth is, the inquisitive are the funnels of conversation; they do not take in any thing for their own use, but merely to pass it to another: they are the channels through which all the good and evil that is spoken in town are conveyed. Such as are offended at them, or

think they suffer by their behaviour, may themselves mend that inconvenience; for they are not a malicious people, and if you will supply them, you may contradict any thing they have said before by their own mouths. A farther account of a thing is one of the gratefulest goods that can arrive to them; and it is seldom that they are more particular than to say, the town will have it, or I have it from a good hand; so that there is room for the town to know the matter more particularly, and for a better hand to contradict what was said by a good one.

I have not known this humour more ridiculous than in a father, who has been earnestly solicitous to have an account how his son has passed away his leisure hours: if it be in a way thoroughly insignificant, there can not be a greater joy than an inquirer discovers in seeing him follow so hopefully his own steps: but this humour among men is most pleasant when they are saying something which is not wholly proper for a third person to hear, and yet is in itself indifferent. The other day there came in a well-dressed young fellow, and two gentlemen of this species immediately fell a whispering his pedigree. I could overhear, by breaks, 'She was his aunt;' then an answer, 'Ay, she was of the mother's side:' then again, in a little lower voice, 'His father wore generally a darker wig;' answer, 'Not much; but this gentleman wears higher heels to his shoes.'

As the inquisitive, in my opinion, are such merely from a vacancy in their own imaginations, there is nothing, methinks, so dangerous as to *communicate* secrets to them: for the same tem-

per of inquiry makes them as impertinently communicative: but no man, though he converses with them, need put himself in their power, for they will be contented with matters of less moment as well. When there is fuel enough, no matter what it is.—Thus the ends of sentences in the newspapers, as, ‘this wants confirmation,’ ‘this occasions many speculations,’ and ‘time will discover the event,’ are read by them: and considered not as mere expletives.

One may see now and then this humour accompanied with an insatiable desire of knowing what passes, without turning it to any use in the world but merely their own entertainment. A mind which is gratified this way is adapted to humour and pleasantry, and formed for an unconcerned character in the world; and, like myself, to be a mere spectator. This curiosity, without malice or self-interest, lays up in the imagination a magazine of circumstances which can not but entertain when they are produced in conversation. If one were to know, from the man of the first quality to the meanest servant, the different intrigues, sentiments, pleasures, and interests of mankind, would it not be the most pleasing entertainment imaginable to enjoy so constant a farce, as the observing mankind much more different from themselves in their secret thoughts and public actions, than in their night-caps and long periwigs?

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘Plutarch tells us, that Caius Gracchus the Roman, was frequently hurried by his passion into *so loud and tumultuous* a way of speaking, and

so strained his voice, as not to be able to proceed. To remedy this excess, he had an ingenious servant, by name Licinius, always attending him with a pitch-pipe or instrument to regulate the voice; who, whenever he heard his master begin to be high, immediately touched a soft note, at which it is said, Caius would presently abate and grow calm.

‘ Upon recollecting this story, I have frequently wondered that this useful instrument should have been so long discontinued, especially since we find that this good office of Licinius has preserved his memory for many hundred years: which, methinks, should have encouraged some one to have revived it, if not for the public good, yet for his own credit. It may be objected that our loud talkers are so fond of their own noise, that they would not take it well to be checked by their servants: but granting this to be true, surely any of their hearers have a very good title to play a soft note in their own defence. To be short, no Licinius appearing, and the noise increasing, I was resolved to give this late long vacation to the good of my country; and I have at length, by the assistance of an ingenious artist, who works for the Royal Society, almost completed my design, and shall be ready, in a short time, to furnish the public with what number of these instruments they please, either to lodge at coffee-houses, or carry for their own private use. In the mean time, I shall pay that respect to several gentlemen, who I know will be in danger of offending against this instrument, to give them notice of it by private letters, in which I shall only write, *Get a Licinius*.

‘I should now trouble you no longer, but that I must not conclude without desiring you to accept one of these pipes; which shall be left for you with Buckley; and which I hope will be serviceable to you, since, as you are silent yourself, you are most open to the insults of the noisy.

‘I am, sir, &c.

‘W. B.’

‘I had almost forgot to inform you, that, as an improvement in this instrument, there will be a particular note, which I call a hush note; and this is to be made use of against a long story, swearing, obscenity, and the like.

STEELE.

T.



No. 229. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22

—*Spirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commissi calores
Æolix fidibus puellæ.* HOR.

Sappho's charming lyre
Preserves her soft desire,
And tunes our ravish'd souls to love. CREECH.

AMONG the many famous pieces of antiquity which are still to be seen at Rome, there is the trunk of a statue which has lost the arms, legs and head; but discovers such an excellent workmanship in what remains of it, that Michael Angelo declared he had learned his whole art from it. Indeed, he studied it so attentively, that he made most of his statues, and even his pictures,

in that *gusto*, to make use of the Italian phrase; for which reason this maimed statue is still called Michael Angelo's school.

A fragment of Sappho, which I design for the subject of this paper, is in as great reputation among the poets and critics, as the mutilated figure abovementioned is among the statuaries and painters. Several of our countrymen, and Mr. Dryden in particular, seem very often to have copied after it, in their dramatic writings, and in their poems upon love.

Whatever might have been the occasion of this ode, the English reader will enter into the beauties of it, if he supposes it to have been written in the person of a lover sitting by his mistress. I shall set to view three different copies of this beautiful original; the first is a translation by Catullus, the second by Monsieur Boileau, and the last by a gentleman whose translation of the hymn to Venus has been so deservedly admired. (See No. 223.)

AD LESBIAM.

'Ille mî par esse Deo videtur,
Ille, si fas est, superare divos,
Qui sedens adversus identidem te
Spectat, et audit.

'Dulce ridentem; misero quod omnis
Eripit sensus mihi: nam simul te,
Lesbia, adspexi, nihil est super mî
Quod loquar amens.

'Lingua sed torpet: tenuis sub artus
Flamma dimanat: sonitu suo pte
Tinniunt aures: gemina teguntur
Lumina nocte.'

My learned reader will know very well the reason why one of these verses is printed in italic letters:* and if he compares this translation with the original, will find that the three first stanzas are rendered almost word for word, and not only with the same elegance, but with the same short turn of expression which is so remarkable in the Greek, and so peculiar to the Sapphic ode. I can not imagine for what reason Madam Dacier has told us, that this ode of Sappho is preserved entire in Longinus; since it is manifest to any one who looks into that author's quotation of it, that there must at least have been another stanza, which is not transmitted to us.

The second translation of this fragment which I shall here cite is that of Monsieur Boileau.

‘Heureux! qui près de toi, pour toi seule soupire:
Qui jouit du plaisir de t’entendre parler:
Qui te voit quelquefois doucement lui sourire.
Les dieux, dans son bonheur, peuvent-ils l’égalér’

‘Je sens de veine en veine une subtile flamme
Courir par tout mon corps, si-tôt que je te vois:
Et dans les doux transports où s’égare mon ame,
Je ne sçaurois trouver de langue, ni de voix.

‘Un nuage confus se répand sur ma vuë,
Je n’entens plus, je tombe en de douces langueurs;
Et pâle, sans haleine, interdite, esperduë,
Un frisson me saisit, je tremble, je me meurs.’

* It is wanting in the old copies, and has been supplied by conjecture as above. But in a curious edition of Catullus, published at Venice in 1738, said to be printed from an ancient MS. newly discovered, this line is given thus
———‘Voce loquendum.’

The reader will see that this is rather an imitation than a translation. The circumstances do not lie so thick together, and follow one another with that vehemence and emotion as in the original. In short, Monsieur Boileau has given us all the poetry, but not all the passion, of this famous fragment. I shall, in the last place, present my reader with the English translation.

I.

‘Blest as th’ immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

II.

‘’Twas this depriv’d my soul of rest,
And rais’d such tumults in my breast;
For while I gaz’d, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

III.

‘My bosom glow’d; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
O’er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

IV.

‘In dewy damps my limbs were chill’d;
My blood with gentle horrors thrill’d;
My feeble pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sunk, and died away.’

Instead of giving any character of this last translation, I shall desire my learned reader to look into the criticisms which Longinus has made upon the original. By that means he will know to which of the translations he ought to give the preference. I shall only add, that this transla-

tion is written in the very spirit of Sappho, and as near the Greek as the genius of our language will possibly suffer.

Longinus has observed, that this description of love in Sappho is an exact copy of nature; and that all the circumstances which follow one another in such a hurry of sentiments, notwithstanding they appear repugnant to each other, are really such as happen in the frenzies of love.

I wonder that not one of the critics or editors, through whose hands this ode has passed, has taken occasion from it to mention a circumstance related by Plutarch. That author, in the famous story of Antiochus, who fell in love with Stratonice, his mother-in-law, and (not daring to discover his passion) pretended to be confined to his bed by sickness, tells us, that Erasistratus the physician, found out the nature of his distemper by those symptoms of love which he had learned from Sappho's writings. . Stratonice was in the room of the love-sick prince when these symptoms discovered themselves to his physician; and it is probable, that they were not very different from those which Sappho here describes in a lover sitting by his mistress. The story of Antiochus is so well known, that I need not add the sequel of it, which has no relation to my present subject.

ADDISON.

C.

No. 230. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23.

Homines ad deos nullâ re proprius accedunt, quàm salutem hominibus dando.

Men resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow-creatures.

HUMAN nature appears a very deformed or a very beautiful object, according to the different lights in which it is viewed. When we see men of inflamed passions, or of wicked designs, tearing one another to pieces by open violence, or undermining each other by secret treachery, when we observe base and narrow ends pursued by ignominious and dishonest means; when we behold men mixed in society as if it were for the destruction of it—we are even ashamed of our species, and out of humour with our own being. But in another light, when we behold them mild, good and benevolent, full of a generous regard for the public prosperity, compassionating each other's distresses, and relieving each other's wants,—we can hardly believe they are creatures of the same kind. In this view, they appear gods to each other, in the exercise of the noblest power, that of doing good, and the greatest compliment we have ever been able to make to our own being, has been, by calling this disposition of mind, humanity. We can not but observe a pleasure arising in our own breast upon the seeing or hearing of a generous action, even when we are wholly disinterested in it. I can not give a more proper instance of this, than by a letter from Pliny, in which he recommends a friend in the

most handsome manner; and methinks, it would be a great pleasure to know the success of this epistle, though each party concerned in it has been so many hundred years in his grave.

‘TO MAXIMUS.

‘What I should gladly do for any friend of yours, I think I may now with confidence request for a friend of mine. Arrianus Maturius is the most considerable man of his country; when I call him so, I do not speak with relation to his fortune, though that is very plentiful: but to his integrity, justice, gravity, and prudence; his advice is useful to me in business, and his judgment in matters of learning: his fidelity, truth and good understanding are very great: besides this, he loves me as you do, than which I can not say any thing that signifies a warmer affection. He has nothing that is aspiring: and though he might rise to the highest order of nobility, he keeps himself in an inferior rank: yet I think myself bound to use my endeavours to serve and promote him: and would therefore find the means of adding something to his honours while he neither expects nor knows it; nay, though he should refuse it. Something, in short, I would have for him that may be honourable, but not troublesome: and I entreat that you will procure him the first thing of this kind that offers, by which you will not only oblige me, but him also; for though he does not covet it, I know he will be as grateful in acknowledging your favour as if he had asked it.’*

* So far was written by Hughes.

BY STEELE.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘The reflections in some of your papers on the servile manner of education now in use, have given birth to an ambition which, unless you discountenance it, will, I doubt, engage me in a very difficult, though not ungrateful adventure. I am about to undertake, for the sake of the British youth, to instruct them in such a manner, that the most dangerous page in Virgil or Homer may be read by them with much pleasure, and with perfect safety to their persons.

‘Could I prevail so far as to be honoured with the protection of some few of them (for I am not hero enough to rescue many), my design is to retire with them to an agreeable solitude; though within the neighbourhood of a city, for the convenience of their being instructed in music, dancing, drawing, designing, or any other such accomplishments, which it is conceived may make as proper diversions for them, and almost as pleasant, as the little sordid games which dirty school-boys are so much delighted with. It may easily be imagined, how such a pretty society, conversing with none beneath themselves, and sometimes admitted, as perhaps not unentertaining parties, amongst better company, commended and caressed for their little performances, and turned by such conversations to a certain gallantry of soul, might be brought early acquainted with some of the most polite English writers. Thus having given them some tolerable taste of books, they would make themselves masters of the Latin tongue by methods far easier than those in Lilly,

with as little difficulty or reluctance as young ladies learn to speak French or to sing Italian operas. When they had advanced thus far, it would be time to form their taste something more exactly: one that had any true relish of fine writing, might, with great pleasure both to himself and them, run over together with them the best Roman historians, poets and orators, and point out their more remarkable beauties; give them a short scheme of chronology, a little view of geography, medals, astronomy, or what else might best feed the busy inquisitive humour so natural to that age. Such of them as had the least spark of genius, when it was once awakened by the shining thoughts and great sentiments of those admired writers, could not, I believe, be easily withheld from attempting that more difficult sister-language, whose exalted beauties they would have heard so often celebrated as the pride and wonder of the whole learned world. In the meanwhile, it would be requisite to exercise their style in writing any light pieces that ask more of fancy than of judgment: and that frequently in their native language, which every one, methinks, should be most concerned to cultivate, especially letters, in which a gentleman must have so frequent occasions to distinguish himself. A set of genteel good-natured youths fallen into such a manner of life, would form almost a little academy, and doubtless prove no such contemptible companions, as might not often attempt a wiser man to mingle himself in their diversions, and draw them into such serious sports as might prove nothing less instructing than the gravest lessons. I doubt not but it might be made some of their favourite

plays, to contend which of them should recite a beautiful part of a poem or oration most gracefully, or sometimes to join in acting a scene of Terence, Sophocles, or our own Shakspeare.—The cause of Milo might again be pleaded before more favourable judges, Cæsar a second time be taught to tremble, and another race of Athenians be afresh enraged at the ambition of another Philip. Amidst these noble amusements, we could hope to see the early dawnings of their imagination daily brighten into sense, their innocence improve into virtue, and their unexperienced good nature directed to a generous love of their country. I am, &c.

STEELE.

T.



No. 231. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24.

O pudor! O pietas! MARTIAL.

O modesty! O piety!

LOOKING over the letters which I have lately received from my correspondents, I met with the following one, which is written with such a spirit of politeness, that I could not but be very much pleased with it myself, and question not but it will be as acceptable to the reader.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘You, who are no stranger to public assemblies, can not but have observed the awe they often strike on such as are obliged to exert any talent before them. This is a sort of elegant dis-

tress, to which ingenuous minds are the most liable, and may therefore deserve some remarks in your paper. Many a brave fellow, who has put his enemy to flight in the field, has been in the utmost disorder upon making a speech before a body of his friends at home. One would think there was some kind of fascination in the eyes of a large circle of people, when darting all together upon one person. I have seen a new actor in a tragedy so bound up by it as to be scarce able to speak or move; and have expected he would have died above three acts before the dagger or cup of poison were brought in. It would not be amiss, if such an one were at first introduced as a ghost, or a statue, until he recovered his spirits, and grew fit for some living part.

‘As this sudden desertion of one’s self shows a diffidence which is not displeasing, it implies at the same time the greatest respect to an audience that can be. It is a sort of mute eloquence, which pleads for their favour much better than words could do; and we find their generosity naturally moved to support those who are in so much perplexity to entertain them. I was extremely pleased with a late instance of this kind at the opera of *Almahide*, in the encouragement given to a young singer, whose more than ordinary concern on her first appearance recommended her no less than her agreeable voice and just performance. Mere bashfulness, without merit, is awkward; and merit, without modesty, insolent. But modest merit has a double claim to acceptance, and generally meets with as many patrons as beholders. I am, &c.’*

* This letter was written by Mr. John Hughes.

It is impossible that a person should exert himself to advantage in an assembly, whether it be his part either to sing or speak; who lies under too great oppressions of modesty. I remember, upon talking with a friend of mine concerning the force of pronunciation, our discourse led us into the enumeration of the several organs of speech which an orator ought to have in perfection, as the tongue, the teeth, the lips, the nose, the palate and the wind-pipe. Upon which, says my friend, you have omitted the most material organ of them all, and that is the forehead.

But notwithstanding an excess of modesty obstructs the tongue, and renders it unfit for its offices, a due proportion of it is thought so requisite to an orator, that rhetoricians have recommended it to their disciples as a particular in their art. Cicero tells us, that he never liked an orator who did not appear in some little confusion at the beginning of his speech; and confesses that he himself never entered upon an oration without trembling and concern. It is indeed a kind of deference which is due to a great assembly; and seldom fails to raise a benevolence in the audience towards the person who speaks. My correspondent has taken notice, that the bravest men often appear timorous on these occasions, as indeed we many observe, that there is generally no creature more impudent than a coward.

—*Lingua melior, sed frigida bello*
Dextera—

VIRG.

Bold at the council board;
But cautious in the field, he shunn'd the sword. DRYDEN.

A bold tongue and a feeble arm are the qualifi-

cations of Drances, in Virgil; as Homer, to express a man both timorous and saucy, makes use of a kind of point, which is very rarely to be met with in his writings: namely, that he had the eyes of a dog, but the heart of a deer.*

A just and reasonable modesty does not only recommend eloquence, but sets off every great talent which a man can be possessed of. It heightens all the virtues which it accompanies: like the shades in paintings, it raises and rounds every figure, and makes the colours more beautiful, though not so glaring, as they would be without it.

Modesty is not only an ornament, but also a guard to virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate feeling in the soul, which makes her shrink and withdraw herself from every thing that has danger in it. It is such an exquisite sensibility, as warns her to shun the first appearance of every thing which is hurtful.

I can not at present recollect either the place or time of what I am going to mention; but I have read somewhere in the history of ancient Greece, that the women of the country were seized with an unaccountable melancholy, which disposed several of them to make away with themselves. The senate, after having tried many expedients to prevent this self-murder, which was so frequent among them, published an edict, that if any woman whatever should lay violent hands upon herself, her corpse should be exposed naked in the street, and dragged about the city in the most public manner. This edict immediately put a stop to the practice which was before so common.

* *Iliad*. i. 225.

We may see in this instance the strength of female modesty, which was able to overcome the violence even of madness and despair. The fear of shame in the fair sex was in those days more prevalent than that of death.

If modesty has so great an influence over our actions, and is in many cases so impregnable a fence to virtue, what can more undermine morality than that politeness which reigns among the unthinking part of mankind, and treats as unfashionable the most ingenuous part of our behaviour, which recommends impudence as good breeding, and keeps a man always in countenance, not because he is innocent, but because he is shameless?

Seneca thought modesty so great a check to vice, that he prescribes to us the practice of it in secret, and advises us to raise it in ourselves upon imaginary occasions, when such as are real do not offer themselves; for this is the meaning of his precept, that when we are by ourselves, and in our greatest solitudes, we should fancy that Cato stands before us, and sees every thing we do. In short, if you banish modesty out of the world, she carries away with her half the virtue that is in it.

After these reflections on modesty, as it is a virtue, I must observe, that there is a vicious modesty, which justly deserves to be ridiculed, and which those persons very often discover who value themselves most upon a well-bred confidence. This happens when a man is ashamed to act up to his reason, and would not, upon any consideration, be surprised in the practice of those duties, for the performance of which he

Eunica, a maid of Paphos, aged nineteen, in love with Eurybates. Hurt in the fall, but recovered.

N. B. This was the second time of her leaping.

Hesperus, a young man of Tarentum, in love with his master's daughter. Drowned, the boats not coming in soon enough to his relief.

Sappho, the Lesbian, in love with Phaon, arrived at the temple of Apollo, habited like a bride in garments as white as snow. She wore a garland of myrtle on her head, and carried in her hand the little musical instrument of her own invention. After having sung a hymn to Apollo, she hung up her garland on one side of his altar, and her harp on the other. She then tucked up her vestments like a Spartan virgin, and amidst thousands of spectators, who were anxious for her safety, and offered up vows for her deliverance, marched directly forwards to the utmost summit of the promontory, where after having repeated a stanza of her own verses, which we could not hear, she threw herself off the rock with such an intrepidity as was never before observed in any who had attempted that dangerous leap. Many who were present related, that they saw her fall into the sea, from whence she never rose again; though there were others who affirmed, that she never came to the bottom of her leap, but that she was changed into a swan as she fell, and that they saw her hovering in the air under that shape. But whether or no the whiteness and fluttering of her garments might not deceive those who looked upon her, or whether she might not really be metamorphosed into that musical and melancholy bird, is still a doubt among the Lesbians.

Alcæus, the famous lyric poet, who had for some time been passionately in love with Sappho, arrived at the promontory of Leucate that very evening, in order to take the leap upon her account; but hearing that Sappho had been there before him, and that her body could be no where found, he very generously lamented her fall, and is said to have written his hundred and twenty-fifth ode upon that occasion.

Leaped in this Olympiad 250.

Males . . . 124

Females . . . 126

Cured 120

Males . . . 51

Females . . . 69

ADDISON.

C.



No. 234. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28

Vellem in amicitia sic erraremus.

HOR.

I wish this error in our friendship reign'd. CREECH.

You very often hear people, after a story has been told with some entertaining circumstances, tell it over again with particulars that destroy the jest, but give light into the truth of the narration.

This sort of veracity, though it is impertinent, has something amiable in it, because it proceeds from the love of truth, even in frivolous occasions. If such honest amendments do not promise an agreeable companion, they do a sincere

ed for Bombyca the musician: got rid of his passion with the loss of his right leg and arm, which were broken in the fall.

Melissa, in love with Daphnis, very much bruised, but escaped with life.

Cynisca, the wife of Æschines, being in love with Lycus; and Æschines, her husband, being in love with Eurilla; (which had made this married couple very uneasy to one another for several years) both the husband and the wife took the leap by consent; they both of them escaped, and have lived very happily together ever since.

Larissa, a virgin of Thessaly, deserted by Plexippus, after a courtship of three years; she stood upon the brow of the promontory for some time, and after having thrown down a ring, a bracelet, and a little picture, with other presents which she had received from Plexippus, she threw herself into the sea, and was taken up alive.

N. B. Larissa, before she leaped, made an offering of a silver Cupid in the temple of Apollo.

Simætha, in love with Daphnis the Myndian, perished in the fall.

Charixus, the brother of Sappho, in love with Rhodope the courtesan, having spent his whole estate upon her, was advised by his sister to leap in the beginning of his amour, but would not hearken to her till he was reduced to his last talent; being forsaken by Rhodope, at length resolved to take the leap. Perished in it.

Æridæus, a beautiful youth of Epirus, in love with Praxinoë, the wife of Thespiis, escaped without damage, saving only that two of his fore-teeth were struck out, and his nose a little flatted.

Cleora, a widow of Ephesus, being inconsola-

ble for the death of her husband, was resolved to take this leap in order to get rid of her passion for his memory; but being arrived at the promontory, she there met with Dimmachus the Milesian, and, after a short conversation with him, laid aside the thoughts of her leap, and married him in the temple of Apollo.

N. B. Her widow's weeds are still seen hanging up in the western corner of the temple.

Olphis the fisherman, having received a box on the ear from Thestylis the day before, and being determined to have no more to do with her, leaped and escaped with life.

Atalanta, an old maid, whose cruelty had several years before driven two or three despairing lovers to this leap; being now in the fifty-fifth year of her age, and in love with an officer of Sparta, broke her neck in the fall.

Hipparchus, being passionately fond of his own wife, who was enamoured of Bathyllus, leaped, and died of his fall; upon which, his wife married her gallant.

Tettyx, the dancing-master, in love with Olympia, an Athenian matron, threw himself from the rock with great agility, but was crippled in the fall.

Diagoras, the usurer, in love with his cook-maid: he peeped several times over the precipice, but his heart misgiving him, he went back, and married her that evening.

Cinædus, after having entered his own name in the Pythian records, being asked the name of the person whom he leaped for, and being ashamed to discover it, he was set aside, and not suffered to leap.

wards himself. I shall endeavour to obey the will of my Lord and Master: and therefore if an industrious man shall submit to the hardest labour and coarsest fare rather than endure the shame of taking relief from the parish, or asking it in the street, this is the hungry, the thirsty, the naked; and I ought to believe, if any man is come hither for shelter against persecution or oppression, this is the stranger, and I ought to take him in. If any countrymen of our own is fallen into the hands of infidels, and lives in a state of miserable captivity, this is the man in prison, and I should contribute to his ransom. I ought to give to an hospital of invalids, to recover as many useful subjects as I can; but I shall bestow none of my bounties upon an almshouse of idle people, and, for the same reason, I shall not think it a reproach to me, if I had withheld my charity from those common beggars. But we prescribe better rules than we are able to practise: we are ashamed not to give into the mistaken customs of our country: but, at the same time, I can not but think it a reproach worse than that of common swearing, that the idle and the abandoned are suffered, in the name of heaven and all that is sacred, to extort from Christian and tender minds a supply to a profligate way of life, that is always to be supported, but never relieved.'

MARTYN.

Z.

No. 233. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 27

— *Tanquam hæc sint nostri medicina furoris,
Aut Deus ille malis hominum mitescere discat.* VIRG.

As if by these my sufferings I could ease, .
Or by my pains the god of love appease. DRYDEN.

I SHALL, in this paper, discharge myself of the promise I have made to the public, (No. 227) by obliging them with a translation of the little Greek manuscript, which is said to have been a piece of those records that were preserved in the temple of Apollo, upon the promontory of Leucate. It is a short history of the Lover's Leap, and is inscribed, An account of persons, male and female, who offered up their vows in the temple of the Pythian Apollo, in the forty-sixth Olympiad, and leaped from the promontory of Leucate into the Ionian sea, in order to cure themselves of the passion of love.

This account is very dry in many parts, as only mentioning the name of the lover who leaped, the person he leaped for, and relating, in short, that he was either cured, or killed, or maimed by the fall. It indeed gives the names of so many who died by it, that it would have looked like a bill of mortality had I translated it at full length; I have therefore made an abridgment of it, and only extracted such particular passages as have something extraordinary, either in the case, or in the cure, or in the fate, of the person which is mentioned in it. After this short preface take the account as follows.

Battus, the son of Menalcas the Sicilian, leap

the greatest part of the price of every thing that is useful; and if, in proportion with the wages, the prices of all other things should be abated, every labourer, with less wages, would still be able to purchase as many necessaries of life; where then would be the inconvenience? But the price of labour may be reduced by the addition of more hands to a manufacture, and yet the wages of persons remain as high as ever. The admirable Sir William Petty has given examples of this in some of his writings: one of them, as I remember, is that of a watch, which I shall endeavour to explain so as shall suit my present purpose. It is certain that a single watch could not be made so cheap in proportion by only one man as a hundred watches by a hundred; for, as there is vast variety in the work, no one person could equally suit himself to all the parts of it; the manufacture would be tedious, and at last, but clumsily performed: but, if a hundred watches were to be made by a hundred men, the cases may be assigned to one, the dials to another, the wheels to another, the springs to another, and every other part to a proper artist: as there would be no need of perplexing any one person with too much variety, every one would be able to perform his single part with greater skill and expedition, and the hundred watches would be finished in one fourth part of the time of the first one, and every one of them at one fourth part of the cost, though the wages of every man were equal. The reduction of the price of the manufacture would increase the demand of it; all the same hands would be still employed, and as well paid. The same rule will hold in the clothing,

the shipping, and all other trades whatsoever. And thus, an addition of hands to our manufactures will only reduce the price of them; the labourer will still have as much wages, and will consequently be enabled to purchase more conveniences of life; so that every interest of the nation would receive a benefit from the increase of our working people.

‘ Besides, I see no occasion for this charity to common beggars, since every beggar is an inhabitant of a parish, and every parish is taxed to the maintenance of their own poor. For my own part, I can not be mightily pleased with the laws which have done this, which have provided better to feed than employ the poor. We have a tradition from our forefathers, that after the first of those laws was made, they were insulted with that famous song,—

‘ Hang sorrow, and cast away care,
The parish is bound to find us,’ &c.

And if we will be so good-natured as to maintain them without work, they can do no less in return than sing us ‘ The Merry Beggars.’

‘ What then? Am I against all acts of charity? God forbid! I know of no virtue in the gospel that is in more pathetic expressions recommended to our practice. “ I was hungry, and ye gave me no meat; thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; naked, and ye clothed me not; a stranger, and ye took me not in; sick and in prison, and ye visited me not.” Our blessed Saviour treats the exercise or neglect of charity towards a poor man as the performance or breach of this duty to

ney, with the blessings and acclamations of these people.

‘ Well then (says Sir Andrew,) we go off with the prayers and good wishes of the beggars, and perhaps too our healths will be drunk at the next ale-house: so all we shall be able to value ourselves upon is that we have promoted the trade of the victualler and the excises of the government. But how few ounces of wool do we see upon the backs of these poor creatures? And when they shall next fall in our way, they will hardly be better drest; they must always live in rags to look like objects of compassion. If their families too are such as they are represented, it is certain they can not be better clothed, and must be a great deal worse fed; one would think potatoes should be all their bread, and their drink the pure element; and then what goodly customers are the farmers like to have for their wool, corn and cattle? Such customers, and such a consumption, can not choose but advance the landed interest, and hold up the rents of the gentlemen!

‘ But of all men living, we merchants, who live by buying and selling, ought never to encourage beggars. The goods which we export are indeed the product of the lands; but much the greatest part of their value is the labour of the people: but how much of these people’s labour shall we export whilst we hire them to sit still? The very alms they receive from us are the wages of idleness. I have often thought that no man should be permitted to take relief from the parish, or to ask it in the street, till he has first purchased as much as possible of his own livelihood by the

labour of his own hands; and then the public ought only to be taxed to make good the deficiency. If this rule was strictly observed, we should see every where such a multitude of new labourers as would, in all probability, reduce the prices of all our manufactures. It is the very life of merchandise to buy cheap and sell dear. The merchant ought to make his outset as cheap as possible, that he may find the greater profit upon his returns; and nothing will enable him to do this like the reduction of the price of labour upon all our manufactures. This too would be the ready way to increase the number of our foreign markets: the abatement of the price of the manufacture would pay for the carriage of it to more distant countries; and this consequence would be equally beneficial both to the landed and trading interests. As so great an addition of labouring hands would produce this happy consequence both to the merchant and the gentleman, our liberality to common beggars, and every other obstruction to the increase of labourers, must be equally pernicious to both.'

Sir Andrew then went on to affirm, 'That the reduction of the prices of our manufactures by the addition of so many new hands, would be no inconvenience to any man:' but observing I was something startled at the assertion, he made a short pause, and then resumed the discourse. 'It may seem (says he) a paradox, that the price of labour should be reduced without an abatement of wages, or that wages can be abated without any inconvenience to the labourer, and yet nothing is more certain than that both these things may happen. The wages of the labourers make

was sent into the world. Many an impudent libertine would blush to be caught in a serious discourse, and would scarce be able to show his head, after having disclosed a religious thought. —Decency of behaviour, all outward show of virtue and abhorrence of vice, are carefully avoided by this set of shame-faced people, as what would disparage their gaiety of temper, and infallibly bring them to dishonour. This is such a poor-ness of spirit, such a despicable cowardice, such a degenerate, abject state of mind, as one would think human nature incapable of, did we not meet with frequent instances of it in ordinary conversation.

There is another kind of vicious modesty which makes a man ashamed of his person, his birth, his profession, his poverty, or the like misfortunes, which it was not in his choice to prevent, and is not in his power to rectify. If a man appears ridiculous by any of the afore-mentioned circumstances, he becomes much more so by being out of countenance for them. They should rather give him occasion to exert a noble spirit, and to palliate those imperfections which are not in his power, by those perfections which are; or, to use a very witty allusion of an eminent author, he should imitate Cæsar, who, because his head was bald, covered that defect with laurels.

ADDISON.

C.

No. 232. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 26.

Nihil largiundo gloriam adeptus est. SALLUST.

By bestowing nothing he acquired glory.

My wise and good friend, Sir Andrew Freeport, divides himself almost equally between the town and the country; his time in town is given up to the public, and the management of his private fortune, and after every three or four days spent in this manner, he retires for as many to his seat, within a few miles of the town, to the enjoyment of himself, his family and his friend. Thus business and pleasure, or rather in Sir Andrew, labour and rest, recommend each other: they take their turns, with so quick a vicissitude, that neither becomes a habit, or takes possession of the whole man, nor is it possible he should be surfeited with either. I often see him at our club in good humour, and yet sometimes too with an air of care in his looks; but in his country retreat he is always unbent, and such a companion as I would desire; and therefore I seldom fail to make one with him when he is pleased to invite me.

The other day, as soon as we were got into his chariot, two or three beggars on each side hung upon the doors, and solicited our charity with the usual rhetoric of a sick wife or husband at home, three or four helpless little children, all starving with cold and hunger. We were forced to part with some money to get rid of their importunity; and then we proceeded on our jour

friend; for which reason one should allow them so much of our time, if we fall into their company, as to set us right in matters that can do us no manner of harm, whether the facts be one way or the other. Lies, which are told out of arrogance and ostentation, a man should detect in his own defence, because he should not be triumphed over; lies which are told out of malice he should expose, both for his own sake and that of the rest of mankind, because every man should rise against a common enemy; but the officious liar, many have argued, is to be excused, because it does some man good, and no man hurt. The man who made more than ordinary speed from a fight in which the Athenians were beaten, and told them they had obtained a complete victory, and put the whole city into the utmost joy and exultation, was checked by the magistrates for his falsehood; but excused himself by saying, ‘O Athenians! am I your enemy because I gave you two happy days?’ This fellow did to a whole people what an acquaintance of mine does every day he lives, in some eminent degree to particular persons. He is ever lying people into good humour, and as Plato said it was allowable in physicians to lie to their patients to keep up their spirits, I am half doubtful whether my friend’s behaviour is not as excusable. His manner is to express himself surprised at the cheerful countenance of a man whom he observes diffident of himself, and generally by that means makes his lie a truth. He will, as if he did not know any thing of the circumstance, ask one whom he knows at variance with another, what is the meaning that Mr. Such-a-one, naming his adversary,

does not applaud him with that heartiness which formerly he has heard him? 'He said, indeed,' continues he, 'I would rather have that man for my friend than any man in England; but for an enemy'—This melts the person he talks to, who expected nothing but downright raillery from that side. According as he sees his practice succeed, he goes to the opposite party, and tells him, 'he can not imagine how it happens that some people know one another so little; you spoke with so much coldness of a gentleman who said more good of you, than, let me tell you, any man living deserves.' The success of one of these incidents was, that the next time that one of the adversaries spied the other, he hems after him in the public street, and they must crack a bottle at the next tavern, that used to turn out of the other's way to avoid one another's eye-shot. He will tell one beauty she was commended by another; nay, he will say she gave the woman he speaks to the preference in a particular for which she herself is admired. The pleasantest confusion imaginable is made through the whole town by my friend's indirect offices; you shall have a visit returned after half a year's absence, and mutual railing at each other every day of that time. They meet, with a thousand lamentations for so long a separation, each party naming herself for the greatest delinquent, if the other can possibly be so good as to forgive her, which she has no reason in the world, but from the knowledge of her goodness, to hope for. Very often a whole train of railers of each side tire their horses in setting matters right which they have said during the *war between the parties*; and a whole circle of

acquaintance are put into a thousand pleasing passions and sentiments, instead of the pangs of anger, envy, detraction, and malice.

The worst evil I ever observed this man's falsehood occasion, has been, that he turned detraction into flattery. He is well skilled in the manners of the world; and by overlooking what men really are, he grounds his artifices upon what they have a mind to be. Upon this foundation, if two distant friends are brought together, and the cement seems to be weak, he never rests till he finds new appearances to take off all remains of ill-will, and that by new misunderstandings they are thoroughly reconciled.

‘TO THE SPECTATOR.

‘SIR,

‘*Devonshire, Nov. 14, 1711.*

‘There arrived in this neighbourhood two days ago one of your gay gentlemen of the town, who, being attended at his entry with a servant of his own, besides a countryman he had taken up for a guile, excited the curiosity of the village to learn whence and what he might be. The countryman (to whom they applied as most easy of access) knew little more than that the gentleman came from London to travel and see fashions, and was, as he heard say, a free-thinker; what religion that might be he could not tell; and for his own part, if they had not told him the man was a freethinker, he should have guessed, by his way of talking, he was little better than a heathen; excepting only that he had been a good gentleman to him, and made him drunk twice in

one day, over and above what they had bargained for.

‘ I do not look upon the simplicity of this, and several odd inquires with which I shall not trouble you, to be wondered at, much less can I think that our youths of fine wit and enlarged understandings have any reason to laugh. There is no necessity that every ’squire in Great Britain should know what the word free-thinker stands for; but it were much to be wished that they who value themselves upon that conceited title were a little better instructed in what it ought to stand for; and that they would not persuade themselves a man is really and truly a free-thinker, in any tolerable sense, merely by virtue of his being an atheist or an infidel of any other distinction. It may be doubted, with good reason, whether there ever was in nature a more abject, slavish, and bigoted generation than the tribe of *beaux esprits*, at present so prevailing in this island. Their pretension to be free-thinkers is no other than rakes have to be free-livers, and savages to be free men; that is, they can think whatever they have a mind to, and give themselves up to whatever conceit the extravagancy of their inclination or their fancy shall suggest; they can think as wildly as they talk and act, and will not endure that their wit should be controlled by such formal things as decency and common sense: deduction, coherence, consistency, and all the rules of reason, they accordingly disdain, as too precise and mechanical for men of a liberal education.

‘ This, as far as I could ever learn from their writings, or my own observation, is a true account of the *British free-thinker*. Our visitant here, who

gave occasion to this paper, has brought with him a new system of common sense, the particulars of which I am not yet acquainted with, but will lose no opportunity of informing myself whether it contain any thing worth Mr. Spectator's notice. In the mean time, sir, I can not but think it would be for the good of mankind, if you would take this subject into your consideration, and convince the hopeful youth of our nation, that licentiousness is not freedom; or, if such a paradox will not be understood, that a prejudice towards atheism is not impartiality. I am, sir, your most humble servant,

‘PHILONOUS.’

STEELE.

T.



No 235. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29.

—*Populares*

Vincentem strepitus—

HOR.

Awes the tumultuous noises of the pit. ROSCOMMON.

THERE is nothing which lies more within the province of a spectator than public shows and diversions; and, as among these, there are none which can pretend to vie with those elegant entertainments that are exhibited in our theatres, I think it particularly incumbent on me to take notice of every thing that is remarkable in such numerous and refined assemblies.

It is observed, that of late years there has been a certain person in the upper gallery of the play-house, who, when he is pleased with any thing that is acted upon the stage, expresses his approbation by a loud knock upon the benches or the

wainscot, which may be heard over the whole theatre. This person is commonly known by the name of the *trunk-maker in the upper gallery*. Whether it be that the blow he gives on these occasions resembles that which is often heard in the shops of such artizans, or that he was supposed to have been a real trunk-maker, who, after the finishing of his day's work, used to unbend his mind at these public diversions, with his hammer in his hand, I can not certainly tell. There are some, I know, who have been foolish enough to imagine it is a spirit which haunts the upper gallery, and from time to time makes those strange noises; and the rather because he is observed to be louder than ordinary every time the ghost of Hamlet appears. Others have reported, that it is a dumb man, who has chosen this way of uttering himself when he is transported with any thing he sees or hears. Others will have it to be the playhouse thunderer, that exerts himself after this manner in the upper gallery, when he has nothing to do upon the roof.

But having made it my business to get the best information I could in a matter of this moment, I find that the trunk-maker, as he is commonly called, is a large black man, whom nobody knows. He generally leans forward on a huge oaken plant, with great attention to every thing that passes upon the stage. He is never seen to smile; but upon hearing any thing that pleases him, he takes up his staff with both hands, and lays it upon the next piece of timber that stands in his way, with exceeding vehemence: after which he composes himself in his former posture, till such time as something new sets him again at work.

It has been observed, his blow is so well timed, that the most judicious critic could never except against it. As soon as any shining thought is expressed in the poet, or any uncommon grace appears in the actor, he smites the bench or wainscot. If the audience does not concur with him, he smites a second time; and if the audience is not yet awakened, looks round him with great wrath, and repeats the blow a third time, which never fails to produce the clap. He sometimes lets the audience begin the clap of themselves, and at the conclusion of their applause ratifies it with a single thwack.

He is of so great use to the playhouse, that it is said a former director of it, upon his not being able to pay his attendance by reason of sickness, kept one in pay to officiate for him till such time as he recovered: but the person so employed, though he laid about him with incredible violence, did it in such wrong places, that the audience soon found out that it was not their old friend the trunk-maker.

It has been remarked, that he has not yet exerted himself with vigour this season. He sometimes plies at the opera; and, upon Nicolini's first appearance, was said to have demolished three benches in the fury of his applause. He has broken half a dozen oaken plants upon Dogget,* and seldom goes away from a tragedy of Shak-

* An admirable comic actor, many years joint manager of the playhouse with Wilkes and Cibber: and known to the present day, by the annual coat and badge, which he bequeathed as a prize to be rowed for by young watermen of the river Thames, on the first of August.

speare without leaving the wainscot extremely shattered.

The players do not only connive at his obstreperous approbation, but very cheerfully repair, at their own cost, whatever damages he makes. They had once a thought of erecting a kind of wooden anvil for his use, that should be made of a very sounding plank, in order to render his strokes more deep and mellow: but as this might not have been distinguished from the music of a kettle-drum, the project was laid aside.

In the meanwhile, I can not but take notice of the great use it is to an audience, that a person should thus preside over their heads, like the director of a concert, in order to awaken their attention, and beat time to their applauses; or, to raise my similie, I have sometimes fancied the trunk-maker in the upper gallery to be like Virgil's ruler of the winds, seated upon the top of a mountain, who, when he struck his sceptre upon the side of it, roused a hurricane, and set the whole cavern in an uproar. (*Æneid* i. 85.)

It is certain the trunk-maker has saved many a good play, and brought many a graceful actor into reputation, who would not otherwise have been taken notice of. It is very visible, as the audience is not a little abashed, if they find themselves betrayed into a clap, when their friend in the upper gallery does not come into it; so the actors do not value themselves upon the clap, but regard it as a mere *brutum fulmen*, or empty noise, when it has not the sound of the oaken plant in it. I know it has been given out by those who are enemies to the trunk-maker, that he has sometimes been bribed to be in the inter-

est of a bad poet, or a vicious player; but this is a surmise which has no foundation: his strokes are always just, and his admonitions seasonable; he does not deal about his blows at random, but always hits the right nail upon the head. The inexpressible force wherewith he lays them on, sufficiently shows the evidence and strength of his conviction. His zeal for a good author is indeed outrageous, and breaks down every fence and partition, every board and plank, that stands within the expression of his applause.

As I do not care for terminating my thoughts in barren speculations, or in reports of pure matter of fact, without drawing something from them for the advantage of my countrymen, I shall take the liberty to make an humble proposal, that whenever the trunk-maker shall depart this life, or whenever he shall have lost the spring of his arm by sickness, old age, infirmity, or the like, some able-bodied critic should be advanced to this post, and have a competent salary settled on him for life, to be furnished with bamboos for operas, crab-tree cudgels for comedies, and oaken plants for tragedy, at the public expense. And to the end that this place should be always disposed of according to merit, I would have none preferred to it who has not given convincing proofs both of a sound judgment and a strong arm, and who could not, upon occasion, either knock down an ox or write a comment upon Horace's Art of Poetry. In short, I would have him a due composition of Hercules and Apollo, and so rightly qualified for this important office, that the trunk maker may not be missed by our posterity.

ADDISON

C.

No. 236. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30.

—*Dare jura maritis.*

HOB

With laws connubial tyrants to restrain.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘You have not spoken in so direct a manner upon the subject of marriage as that important case deserves. It would not be improper to observe upon the peculiarity in the youth of Great Britain, of railing and laughing at that institution: and when they fall into it, from a profligate habit of mind, being insensible of the satisfaction in that way of life, and treating their wives with the most barbarous disrespect.

‘Particular circumstances and cast of temper, must teach a man the probability of mighty uneasiness in that state (for unquestionably some there are whose very dispositions are strangely averse to conjugal friendship;) but no one, I believe, is by his own natural complexion prompted to tease and torment another for no reason but being nearly allied to him; and can there be any thing more base, or serve to sink a man so much below his own distinguishing characteristic (I mean reason,) than returning evil for good in so open a manner as that of treating a helpless creature with unkindness, who has had so good an opinion of him to believe what he said relating to one of the greatest concerns of life, by delivering her happiness in this world to his care and protection? Must not that man be abandoned, even to all manner of humanity, who can deceive

a woman with appearances of affection and kindness, for no other end but to torment her with more ease and authority? Is any thing more unlike a gentleman, than when his honour is engaged for the performing his promises, because nothing but that can oblige him to it, to become afterwards false to his word, and be alone the occasion of misery to one whose happiness he but lately pretended was dearer to him than his own? Ought such a one to be trusted in his common affairs? or treated but as one whose honesty consisted only in his incapacity of being otherwise?

‘There is one cause of this usage, no less absurd than common, which takes place among the more unthinking men; and that is, the desire to appear to their friends free and at liberty, and without those trammels they have so much ridiculed. To avoid this they fly into the other extreme, and grow tyrants that they may seem masters. Because an uncontrollable command of their own actions is a certain sign of entire dominion, they will not so much as recede from the government, even in one muscle of their faces. A kind look they believe would be fawning, and a civil answer yielding the superiority. To this we must attribute an austerity they betray in every action; what but this can put a man out of humour in his wife’s company, though he is so distinguishingly pleasant every where else? The bitterness of his replies, and the severity of his frowns to the tenderest of wives, clearly demonstrate, that an ill grounded fear of being thought too submissive is at the bottom of this, as I am willing to call it, affected moroseness; but if it be such, only put on to convince his acquaintance

of his entire dominion, let him take care of the consequence, which will be certain, and worse than the present evil; his seeming indifference will by degrees grow into real contempt; and if it doth not wholly alienate the affections of his wife for ever from him, make both him and her more miserable than if it really did so.

‘However inconsistent it may appear, to be thought a well-bred person has no small share in this clownish behaviour: a discourse therefore relating to good-breeding towards a loving and tender wife would be of great use to this sort of gentleman. Could you but once convince them, that to be civil at least is not beneath the character of a gentleman, nor even tender affection towards one who would make it reciprocal, betrays any softness or effeminacy that the most masculine disposition need be ashamed of; could you satisfy them of the generosity of voluntary civility, and the greatness of soul that is conspicuous in benevolence without immediate obligations; could you recommend to people’s practice the saying of the gentleman quoted in one of your speculations, “That he thought it incumbent upon him to make the inclinations of a woman of merit go along with her duty;” could you (I say) persuade these men of the beauty and reasonableness of this sort of behaviour—I have so much charity for some of them at least, to believe you would convince them of a thing they are only ashamed to allow; besides, you would recommend that state in its truest, and consequently its most agreeable colours; and the gentlemen who have for any time been such professed enemies to it, when occasion should serve, would return you

their thanks for assisting their interest in prevailing over their prejudices.—Marriage in general would by this means be a more easy and comfortable condition; the husband would be no where so well satisfied as in his own parlour, nor the wife so pleasant as in the company of her husband; a desire of being agreeable in the lover would be increased in the husband, and the mistress be more amiable by becoming the wife. Besides all which, I am apt to believe we should find the race of men grow wiser as their progenitors grew kinder, and the affection of their parents would be conspicuous in the wisdom of their children; in short, men would in general be much better humoured than they are, did not they so frequently exercise the worst turns of their temper where they ought to exert the best.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I am a woman who left the admiration of this whole town, to throw myself (for love of wealth) into the arms of a fool. When I married him, I could have had any one of several men of sense who languished for me; but my case is just. I believed my superior understanding would form him into a tractable creature. But, alas, my spouse has cunning and suspicion, the inseparable companions of little minds; and every attempt I make to divert, by putting on an agreeable air, a sudden cheerfulness, or kind behaviour, he looks upon as the first act towards an insurrection against his undeserved dominion over me. Let every one who is still to choose, and hopes to govern a fool, remember

‘TRISTISSA.’

‘ *St. Martin’s, November 25.*

‘ MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ This is to complain of an evil practice, which I think very well deserves a redress, though you have not as yet taken any notice of it: if you mention it in your paper, it may perhaps have a very good effect. What I mean is the disturbance some people give to others at church, by their repetition of the prayers after the minister, and that not only in the prayers, but also the absolution, and the commandments fare no better, which are in a particular manner the priest’s office. This I have known done in so audible a manner, that sometimes their voices have been as loud as his. As little as you would think it, this is frequently done by people seemingly devout. This irreligious inadvertency is a thing extremely offensive; but I do not recommend it as a thing I give you liberty to ridicule, but hope it may be amended by the bare mention.

‘ Sir, your very humble servant, T. S.’
STEELE. T.



No. 237. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1.

Visu carentem magna pars veri latet. SENECA in Œdip.

Truth is in a great measure concealed from the blind.

It is very reasonable to believe, that part of the pleasure which happy minds shall enjoy in a future state will arise from an enlarged contemplation of the divine wisdom in the governmen

of the world, and a discovery of the secret and amazing steps of Providence, from the beginning to the end of time. Nothing seems to be an entertainment more adapted to the nature of man, if we consider that curiosity is one of the strongest and most lasting appetites implanted in us, and that admiration is one of our most pleasing passions; and what a perpetual succession of enjoyments will be afforded to both these in a scene so large and various as shall then be laid open to our view in the society of superior spirits, who perhaps will join with us in so delightful a prospect.

It is not impossible, on the contrary, that part of the punishment of such as are excluded from bliss, may consist not only in their being denied this privilege, but in having their appetites at the same time vastly increased, without any satisfaction afforded to them. In these, the vain pursuit of knowledge shall perhaps add to their infelicity, and bewilder them into labyrinths of error, darkness, distraction, and uncertainty of every thing but their own evil state. Milton has thus represented the fallen angels reasoning together in a kind of respite from their torments, and creating to themselves a new disquiet amidst their very amusements; he could not properly have described the sports of condemned spirits, without that cast of horror and melancholy he has so judiciously mingled with them.

‘ Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason’d high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate;
Fix’d fate, freewill, foreknowledge absolute;
And found no end, in wand’ring mazes lost.’

•

In our present condition, which is a middle state, our minds are, as it were, checkered with truth and falsehood: and as our faculties are narrow, and our views imperfect, it is impossible but our curiosity must meet with many repulses. The business of mankind in this life being rather to act than to know, their portion of knowledge is dealt to them accordingly.

From hence it is, that the reason of the inquisitive has so long been exercised with difficulties, in accounting for the promiscuous distribution of good and evil to the virtuous and the wicked in this world. From hence come all those pathetic complaints of so many tragical events, which happen to the wise and the good; and of such surprising prosperity, which is often the reward of the guilty and the foolish; that reason is sometimes puzzled, and at a loss what to pronounce upon so mysterious a dispensation.

Plato expresses his abhorrence of some fables of the poets, which seem to reflect on the gods as the authors of injustice; and lays it down as a principle, ‘That whatever is permitted to befall a just man, whether poverty, sickness, or any of those things which seem to be evils, shall either in life or death conduce to his good.’ My reader will observe how agreeable this maxim is to what we find delivered by a greater authority. Seneca has written a discourse purposely on this subject, in which he takes pains, after the doctrine of the Stoics, to show that adversity is not in itself an evil; and mentions a noble saying of Demetrius, *That nothing would be more unhappy than a man who had never known affliction.* He compares prosperity to the indulgence

of a fond mother to a child which often proves his ruin; but the affection of the Divine Being to that of a wise father, who would have his sons exercise with labour, disappointment, and pain, that they may gather strength and improve their fortitude. On this occasion, the philosopher rises into that celebrated sentiment, that there is not on earth a spectacle more worthy the regard of a Creator intent on his works, than a brave man superior to his sufferings; to which he adds, that it must be a pleasure to Jupiter himself to look down from heaven and see Cato amidst the ruins of his country preserving his integrity.

This thought will appear yet more reasonable, if we consider human life as a state of probation, and adversity as the post of honour in it, assigned often to the best and most select spirits.

But what I would chiefly insist on here is, that we are not at present in a proper situation to judge of the counsels by which Providence acts, since but little arrives at our knowledge, and even that little we discern imperfectly; or, according to the elegant figure in holy writ, *We see but in part, and as in a glass darkly*. It is to be considered, that Providence in its economy regards the whole system of time and things together, so that we can not discover the beautiful connexion between incidents which lie widely separate in time; and by losing so many links of the chain, our reasonings become broken and imperfect. Thus those parts of the moral world which have not an absolute, may yet have a relative beauty, in respect of some other parts concealed from us, but open to his eye, before whom past, present, and to come, are set together in one point of view.

and those events, the permission of which seems now to accuse his goodness, may, in the consummation of things, both magnify his goodness, and exalt his wisdom. And this is enough to check our presumption, since it is in vain to apply our measures of regularity to matters of which we know neither the antecedents nor the consequents, the beginning nor the end.

I shall relieve my readers from this abstracted thought, by relating here a Jewish tradition concerning Moses, which seems to be a kind of parable, illustrating what I have last mentioned. That great prophet, it is said, was called up by a voice from heaven to the top of a mountain; where, in a conference with the Supreme Being, he was permitted to propose to him some questions concerning his administration of the universe. In the midst of this divine colloquy he was commanded to look down on the plain below. At the foot of the mountain there issued out a clear spring of water, at which a soldier alighted from his horse to drink. He was no sooner gone than a little boy came to the same place, and finding a purse of gold which the soldier had dropped, took it up and went away with it. Immediately after this came an infirm old man, weary with age and travelling, and having quenched his thirst, sat down to rest himself by the side of the spring. The soldier, missing his purse, returns to search for it, and demands it of the old man, who affirms he had not seen it, and appeals to Heaven in witness of his innocence. The soldier, not believing his protestations, kills him. Moses fell on his face with horror and amazement, when the divine voice thus prevent-

ed his expostulation: 'Be not surprised, Moses, nor ask why the Judge of the whole earth has suffered this thing to come to pass: the child is the occasion that the blood of the old man is spilt; but, know, that the old man whom thou sawest, was the murderer of that child's father.

HUGHES.

Z.



No. 238. MONDAY, DECEMBER 3.

*Nequicquam populo bibulas donaveris aures;
Respue quod non es——*

PERSIUS.

Please not thyself the flattering crowd to hear,
'Tis fulsome stuff to please thy itching ear,
Survey thy soul, not what thou dost appear,
But what thou art.——

DRYDEN.

AMONG all the diseases of the mind, there is not one more epidemical, or more pernicious, than the love of flattery. For, as where the juices of the body are prepared to receive a malignant influence, there the disease rages with most violence; so in this distemper of the mind, where there is ever a propensity and inclination to suck in the poison, it can not be but that the whole order of reasonable action must be overturned; for, like music, it

'——So softens and disarms the mind,
'That not one arrow can resistance find.'

First we flatter ourselves, and then the flattery of others is sure of success. It awakens our self-

love within, a party which is ever ready to revolt from our better judgment, and join the enemy without. Hence it is, that the profusion of favours we so often see poured upon the parasite, are represented to us, by our self-love, as justice done to the man who so agreeably reconciles us to ourselves. When we are overcome by such soft insinuations and ensnaring compliances, we gladly recompense the artifices that are made use of to blind our reason, and which triumph over the weakness of our temper and inclinations.

But were every man persuaded from how mean and low a principle this passion is derived, there can be no doubt but the person who should attempt to gratify it, would then be as contemptible as he is now successful. It is the desire of some quality we are not possessed of, or inclination to be something we are not, which are the causes of our giving ourselves up to that man, who bestows upon us the characters and qualities of others; which, perhaps, suit us as ill, and were as little designed for our wearing, as their clothes. Instead of going out of our own complexional nature into that of others, it were a better and more laudable industry to improve our own, and, instead of a miserable copy, become a good original; for, there is no temper, no disposition so rude and untractable, but may, in its own peculiar cast and turn, be brought to some agreeable use in conversation, or in the affairs of life. A person of a rougher deportment, and less tied up to the usual ceremonies of behaviour, will, like Manly in the play, please by the grace which nature gives to every action wherein she is complied with; the brisk and lively will not want

their admirers, and even a more reserved and melancholy temper may at some times be agreeable.

When there is not vanity enough awake in a man to undo him, the flatterer stirs up that dormant weakness, and inspires him with merit enough to be a coxcomb. But if flattery be the most sordid act that can be connived with, the art of praising justly is as commendable; for it is laudable to praise well; as poets at one and the same time give immortality, and receive it themselves for a reward; both are pleased; the one whilst he receives the recompense of merit, the other whilst he shows he knows how to discern it; but above all, that man is happy in this art who, like a skilful painter, retains the features and complexion, but still softens the picture into the most agreeable likeness.

There can hardly, I believe, be imagined a more desirable pleasure than that of praise unmixed with any possibility of flattery. Such was that which Germanicus enjoyed, when, the night before a battle, desirous of some sincere mark of the esteem of his legions for him, he is described by Tacitus listening in a disguise to the discourse of a soldier, and wrapt up in the fruition of his glory, whilst, with an undesigned sincerity, they praised his noble and majestic mien, his affability, his valour, conduct, and success in war. How must a man have his heart full blown with joy in such an article of glory as this? What a spur and encouragement still to proceed in those steps which had already brought him to so pure a taste of the greatest of mortal enjoyments?

It sometimes happens, that even enemies and

envious persons bestow the sincerest marks of esteem when they least design it. Such afford a greater pleasure, as extorted by merit, and freed from all suspicion of favour or flattery. Thus it is with Malvolio; he has wit, learning, and discernment, but tempered with an allay of envy, self-love, and detraction. Malvolio turns pale at the mirth and good-humour of the company, if it centre not in his person; he grows jealous and displeased when he ceases to be the only person admired; and looks upon the commendations paid to another as a detraction from his merit, and an attempt to lessen the superiority he affects: but by this very method he bestows such praise as can never be suspected of flattery. His uneasiness and distastes are so many sure and certain signs of another's title to that glory he desires, and has the mortification to find himself not possessed of.

A good name is fitly compared to a precious ointment; and when we are praised with skill and decency, it is indeed the most agreeable perfume, but if too strongly admitted into a brain of a less vigorous and happy texture, it will, like too strong an odour, overcome the senses, and prove pernicious to those nerves it was intended to refresh. A generous mind is of all others the most sensible of praise and dispraise; and a noble spirit is as much invigorated with its due proportion of honour and applause, as it is depressed by neglect and contempt: but it is only persons far above the common level who are thus affected with either of these extremes: as in a thermometer it is only the purest and most sublimated spi-

rit that is either contracted or dilated by the benignity or inclemency of the season.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘The translations which you have lately given us from the Greek, in some of your last papers, have been the occasion of my looking into some of those authors; among whom I chanced on a collection of letters, which pass under the name of Aristænetus. Of all the remains of antiquity, I believe there can be nothing produced of an air so gallant and polite; each letter contains a little novel or adventure, which is told with all the beauties of language, and heightened with a luxuriance of wit. There are several of them translated,* but with such wide deviations from the original, and in a style so far differing from the authors, that the translator seems rather to have taken hints for the expressing his own sense and thoughts than to have endeavoured to render those of Aristænetus. In the following translation I have kept as near the meaning of the Greek as I could, and have only added a few words to make the sentences in English sit together a little better than they would otherwise have done. The story seems to be taken from that of Pygmalion and the statue in Ovid: some of the thoughts are of the same turn; and the whole was written in a kind of poetical prose.’

‘PHILOPINAX TO CROMATION.

‘Never was man more overcome with so fantastical a passion as mine. I have painted a beau-

* By Tom Brown and others.

tiful woman, and am despairing, dying for the picture. My own skill has undone me; it is not the dart of Venus, but my own pencil has thus wounded me. Ah me! with what anxiety am I necessitated to adore my own idol? How miserable am I, whilst every one must as much pity the painter as he praises the picture, and own my torment more than equal to my art? But why do I thus complain? Have there not been more unhappy and unnatural passions than mine? Yes, I have seen the representations of Phædra, Narcissus, and Pasiphae. Phædra was unhappy in her love; that of Pasiphae was monstrous; and whilst the other caught at his beloved likeness, he destroyed the watery image which ever eluded his embraces. The fountain represented Narcissus to himself, and the picture both that and him; thirsting after his adored image. But I am yet less unhappy, I enjoy her presence continually; and if I touch her, I destroy not the beauteous form, but she looks pleased, and a sweet smile sits in the charming space which divides her lips. One would swear that voice and speech were issuing out, and that one's ears felt the melodious sound. How often have I, deceived by a lover's credulity, hearkened if she had not something to whisper me? and when frustrated of my hopes, how often have I taken my revenge in kisses from her cheeks and eyes, and softly wooed her to my embrace; whilst she, as to me it seemed, only withheld her tongue the more to inflame me? But, madman that I am, shall I be thus taken with the representation only of a beauteous face and flowing hair, and thus waste myself and melt *to tears for a shadow*? Ah, sure it is something

more, it is a reality! for see, her beauties shine out with new lustre, and she seems to upbraid me with unkind reproaches. Oh may I have a living mistress of this form, that when I shall compare the work of nature with that of art, I may still be at a loss which to choose, and be long perplexed with the pleasing uncertainty.

STEELE.

T.



No. 239. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 4.

— *Bella, horrida bella!*

VIRG.

Wars, horrid wars!

DRYDEN.

I HAVE sometimes amused myself with considering the several methods of managing a debate which have obtained in the world.

The first races of mankind used to dispute, as our ordinary people do now-a-days, in a kind of wild logic, uncultivated by rules of art.

Socrates introduced a catechetical method of arguing. He would ask his adversary question upon question, until he had convinced him out of his own mouth that his opinions were wrong. This way of debating drives an enemy up into a corner, seizes all the passes through which he can make an escape, and forces him to surrender at discretion.

Aristotle changed this method of attack, and invented a great variety of little weapons called syllogisms. As in the Socratic way of dispute you agree to every thing which your opponent advances, in the Aristotelic you are still denying

and contradicting some part or other of what he says. Socrates conquers you by stratagem, Aristotle by force: the one takes the town by sap, the other sword in hand.

The universities of Europe for many years carried on their debates by syllogism, insomuch that we see the knowledge of several centuries laid out into objections and answers, and all the good sense of the age cut and minced into almost an infinitude of distinctions.

When our universities found that there was no end of wrangling this way, they invented a kind of argument, which is not reducible to any mood or figure in Aristotle. It was called the *argumentum basilinum* (others write it *bacilinum* or *baculinum*;) which is pretty well expressed in our English word *club-law*. When they were not able to confute their antagonist they knocked him down. It was their method in these polemical debates, first to discharge their syllogisms, and afterwards to betake themselves to their clubs, till such time as they had one way or other confounded their gainsayers. There is in Oxford a narrow defile (to make use of a military term) where the partisans used to encounter, for which reason it still retains the name of Logic-lane. I have heard an old gentleman, a physician, make his boast, that when he was a young fellow, he marched several times at the head of a troop of Scotists,* and cudgelled a body of Smi-

* The followers of Duns Scotus, a celebrated doctor of the schools, who flourished about the year 1300, and from his opposing some favourite doctrine of Thomas Aquinas, gave rise to a new party, called the Scotists in opposition to the Thomists, or followers of the other.

glesianst half the length of High street, till they had dispersed themselves for shelter into their respective garrisons.

This humour, I find, went very far in Erasmus's time. For that author tells us, that upon the revival of Greek letters, most of the universities in Europe were divided into Greeks and Trojans. The latter were those who bore a mortal enmity to the language of the Grecians, insomuch that if they met with any who understood it, they did not fail to treat him as a foe. Erasmus himself had, it seems, the misfortune to fall into the hands of a party of Trojans, who laid on him with so many blows and buffets, that he never forgot their hostilities to his dying day.

There is a way of managing an argument not much unlike the former, which is made use of by states and communities, when they draw up a hundred thousand disputants on each side, and convince one another by dint of sword. A certain grand monarch was so sensible of his strength in this way of reasoning, that he writ upon his great guns—*Ratio ultima regum*, 'The logic of kings;' but God be thanked, he is now pretty well baffled at his own weapons. When one has to do with a philosopher of this kind, one should remember the old gentleman's saying, who had been engaged in an argument with one of the Roman emperors. Upon his friend's telling him, that he wondered he would give up the question when he had visibly the better of the dispute; 'I

• The followers of Martin Smiglecius, a famous logician of the 16th century, whose works were long admired in the schools even of Protestant universities, though he himself was a Popish Jesuit.

am never ashamed (says he) to be confuted by one who is master of fifty legions.'

I shall but just mention another kind of reasoning, which may be called arguing by poll: and another, which is of equal force, in which wagers are made use of as arguments according to the celebrated line in Hudibras.*

But the most notable way of managing a controversy, is that which we may call *arguing by torture*. This is a method of reasoning which has been made use of with the poor refugees, and which was so fashionable in our country during the reign of queen Mary, that in a passage of an author quoted by Monsieur Bayle, it is said the price of wood was raised in England by reason of the executions that were made in Smithfield.† These disputants convince their adversaries with a *sorites*,‡ commonly called a pile of fagots. The rack is also a kind of syllogism which has been used with good effect, and has made multitudes of converts. Men were formerly disputed out of their doubts, reconciled to truth by force of reason, and won over to opinions by the candour, sense, and ingenuity of those who had the right on their side; but this method of conviction operated too slowly. Pain was found to be much more enlightening than reason. Every scruple was looked upon as obstinacy, and not to be removed but by several engines invented for that purpose. In a word, the application of whips, racks, gibbets, galleys, dungeons, fire and fagot,

* Part II. c. 1, v. 297. See also, No. 145.

† The author quoted is And. Ammonius, Bayle's Dict.

‡ An argument in rhetoric, in which one proposition or argument is accumulated on another.

in a dispute, may be looked upon as popish refinements upon the old heathen logic.

There is another way of reasoning which seldom fails, though it be of a quite different nature to that I have last mentioned. I mean, convincing a man by ready money, or, as it is ordinarily called, bribing a man to an opinion. This method has often proved successful when all the others have been made use of to no purpose. A man who is furnished with arguments from the mint will convince his antagonist much sooner than one who draws them from reason and philosophy. Gold is a wonderful clearer of the understanding; it dissipates every doubt and scruple in an instant; accommodates itself to the meanest capacities; silences the loud and clamorous; and brings over the most obstinate and inflexible. Philip of Macedon was a man of most invincible reason this way. He refuted by it all the wisdom of Athens, confounded their statesmen, struck their orators dumb, and at length argued them out of all their liberties.

Having here touched upon the several methods of disputing as they have prevailed in different ages of the world, I shall very suddenly give my reader an account of the whole art of cavilling; which shall be a full and satisfactory answer to all such papers and pamphlets as have yet appeared against the Spectator.

ADDISON.

C.

No. 240. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5.

—*Aliter non fit, avite, liber.*

MART.

Of such materials, sir, are books composed.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I am of one of the most genteel trades of the city, and understand thus much of liberal education, as to have an ardent ambition of being useful to mankind, and to think that the chief end of being as to this life. I had these good impressions given me from the handsome behaviour of a learned, generous and wealthy man towards me, when I first began the world. Some dissatisfaction between me and my parents made me enter into it with less relish of business than I ought; and to turn off this uneasiness I gave myself to criminal pleasures, some excesses, and a general loose conduct. I know not what the excellent man above-mentioned saw in me, but he descended from the superiority of his wisdom and merit, to throw himself frequently into my company. This made me soon hope that I had something in me worth cultivating; and his conversation made me sensible of satisfactions in a regular way which I had never before imagined. When he was grown familiar with me, he opened himself like a good angel, and told me, he had long laboured to ripen me into a preparation to receive his friendship and advice, both which I should daily command; and the use of any part of his fortune, to apply the measures he should propose to me for the improvement of my own. I assure

you, I can not recollect the goodness and confusion of the good man when he spoke to this purpose to me without melting into tears: but in a word, sir, I must hasten to tell you that my heart burns with gratitude towards him, and he is so happy a man, that it can never be in my power to return him his favours in kind, but I am sure I have made him the most agreeable satisfaction I could possibly, in being ready to serve others to my utmost ability, as far as is consistent with the prudence he prescribes to me. Dear Mr. Spectator, I do not owe to him only the good-will and esteem of my own relations, who are people of distinction, the present ease and plenty of my circumstances, but also the government of my passions and regulation of my desires. I doubt not, sir, but in your imagination such virtues as these of my worthy friend bear as great a figure as actions which are more glittering in the common estimation. What I would ask of you is, to give us a whole Spectator upon heroic virtue in common life, which may incite men to the same generous inclinations as have by this admirable person been shown to, and raised in, sir,

‘Your most humble servant.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I am a country gentleman of a good plentiful estate, and live, as the rest of my neighbours, with great hospitality. I have been ever reckoned among the ladies the best company in the world, and have access as a sort of favourite. I never came in public but I saluted them, though in great assemblies, all around, where it was seen how genteelly I avoided hampering my spurs in

their petticoats whilst I moved amongst them: and on the other side how prettily they curtsied and received me, standing in proper rows, and advancing as fast as they saw their elders or their betters despatched by me. But so it is, Mr. Spectator, that all our good-breeding is of late lost by the unhappy arrival of a courtier, or town-gentleman, who came lately among us: this person, whenever he came into a room, made a profound bow and fell back, then recovered with a soft air, and made a bow to the next, and so to one or two more, and then took the gross of the room, by passing by them in a continued bow, till he arrived at the person he thought proper particularly to entertain. This he did with so good a grace and assurance, that it is taken for the present fashion; and there is no young gentlewoman within several miles of this place has been kissed ever since his first appearance among us. We country gentlemen can not begin again and learn these fine and reserved airs; and our conversation is at a stand till we have your judgment for or against kissing by way of civility or salutation: which is impatiently expected by your friends of both sexes, but by none so much as,

‘Your humble servant,

‘RUSTIC SPRIGHTLY.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

December 3, 1711

‘I was the other night at Philaster, where I expected to hear your famous trunk-maker, (No. 235) but was unhappily disappointed of his company, and saw another person who had the like ambition to distinguish himself in a noisy manner, partly by vociferation, or talking loud, and part-

ly by his bodily agility. This was a very lusty fellow, but withal a sort of beau, who, getting into one of the side-boxes on the stage before the curtain drew, was disposed to show the whole audience his activity by leaping over the spikes; he passed from thence to one of the entering doors, where he took snuff with a tolerable good grace, displayed his fine clothes, made two or three feint passes at the curtain with his cane, then faced about and appeared at the other door: here he affected to survey the whole house, bowed and smiled at random, and then showed his teeth, which were some of them indeed very white; after this he retired behind the curtain, and obliged us with several views of his person from every opening.

‘During the time of acting he appeared frequently in the prince’s apartment, made one at the hunting match, and was very forward in the rebellion.* If there were no injunctions to the contrary, yet this practice must be confessed to diminish the pleasure of the audience, and for that reason presumptuous and unwarrantable: but since her majesty’s late command has made it criminal,† you have authority to take notice of it.

‘Sir, your humble servant,

‘CHARLES EASY.’

STEELE.

T.‡

* Different scenes in the play of Philaster.

† In the play-bills about this time, there was this clause, ‘By her majesty’s command no person to be admitted behind the scenes.’

‡ Communicated from the letter-box.

No. 241. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6.

——*Semperque relinqui*
Sola sibi, semper longam incommitata videtur
Ire viam—— VIRG.

——She seems alone
 To wander in her sleep through ways unknown,
 Guideless and dark. DRYDEN.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘THOUGH you have considered virtuous love in most of its distresses, I do not remember that you have given us any dissertation upon the absence of lovers, or laid down any method how they should support themselves under those long separations which they are sometimes forced to undergo. I am at present in this unhappy circumstance, having parted with the best of husbands, who is abroad in the service of his country, and may not possibly return for some years. His warm and generous affection while we were together, with the tenderness which he expressed to me at parting, make his absence almost insupportable. I think of him every moment of the day, and meet him every night in my dreams. Every thing I see puts me in mind of him. I apply myself with more than ordinary diligence to the care of his family and his estate: but this, instead of relieving me, gives me but so many occasions of wishing for his return. I frequent the rooms where I used to converse with him; and not meeting him there, sit down in his chair and fall a weeping. I love to read the books he delighted in, and to converse with the persons

whom he esteemed. I visit his picture a hundred times a day, and place myself over against it whole hours together. I pass a great part of my time in the walks where I used to lean upon his arm, and recollect in my mind the discourses which have there passed between us.—I look over the several prospects, and points of view which we used to survey together, fix my eye upon the objects which he has made me take notice of, and call to mind a thousand agreeable remarks which he has made on those occasions. I write to him by every conveyance, and, contrary to other people, am always in good humour when an east wind blows, because it seldom fails of bringing me a letter from him. Let me entreat you, sir, to give me your advice upon this occasion, and to let me know how I may relieve myself in this my widowhood. I am, sir,

‘Your very humbly servant,

‘ASTERIA.’

Absence is what the poets call death in love, and has given occasion to abundance of beautiful complaints in those authors who have treated of this passion in verse. Ovid’s epistles are full of them. Otway’s Monimia talks very tenderly upon this subject:

—————‘It was not kind
To leave me, like a turtle, here alone,
To droop and mourn the absence of my mate.
When thou art from me, every place is desert,
And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn;
Thy presence only ’tis can make me blest,
Heal my unquiet mind, and tune my soul.’

ORPHAN, Act II.

The consolations of lovers on these occasions are very extraordinary. Besides those mentioned by *Asteria*, there are many other motives of comfort which are made use of by absent lovers.

I remember in one of *Scudery's* romances, a couple of honourable lovers agreed at their parting to set aside one half hour in the day to think of each other during a tedious absence. The romance tells us, that they both of them punctually observed the time thus agreed upon; and that whatever company or business they were engaged in, they left it abruptly as soon as the clock warned them to retire. The romance further adds, that the lovers expected the return of this stated hour with as much impatience as if it had been a real assignation, and enjoyed an imaginary happiness that was almost as pleasing to them as what they would have found from a real meeting. It was an inexpressible satisfaction to these divided lovers, to be assured that each was at the same time employed in the same kind of contemplation, and making equal returns of tenderness and affection.

If I may be allowed to mention a more serious expedient for the alleviating of absence, I shall take notice of one which I have known two persons practise, who joined religion to that elegance of sentiment with which the passion of love generally inspires its votaries. This was, at the return of such an hour, to offer up a certain prayer for each other, which they had agreed upon before their parting. The husband, who is a man that makes a figure in the polite world, as well as in his own family, has often told me, that he

could not have supported an absence of three years without this expedient.

Strada, in one of his prolusions, gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends by the help of a certain loadstone, which had such virtue in it, that if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance, moved at the same time, and in the same manner. He tells us, that the two friends, being each of them possessed of one of these needles, made a kind of a dial-plate, inscribing it with the four-and-twenty letters, in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. They then fixed one of the needles on each of these plates, in such a manner, that it could move round without impediment, so as to touch any of the four-and-twenty letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly, when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eye upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write any thing to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence, to avoid confusion. The friend, in the meanwhile, saw his own sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means they talked together

across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant, over cities or mountains, seas or deserts.

If Monsieur Scudery, or any other writer of romance, had introduced a necromancer, who is generally in the train of a knight-errant, making a present to two lovers of a couple of those above-mentioned needles, the reader would not have been a little pleased to have seen them corresponding with one another when they were guarded by spies and watches, or separated by castles and adventures.

In the meanwhile, if ever this invention should be revived or put in practice, I would propose, that upon the lover's dial-plate there should be written not only the four and twenty letters, but several entire words which have always a place in passionate epistles, as flames, darts, die, languish, absence, Cupid, heart, eyes, hang, drown, and the like. This would very much abridge the lover's pains in this way of writing a letter, as it would enable him to express the most useful and significant words with a single touch of the needle.

ADDISON.

C.



No. 242. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7.

*Creditur, ex medio quia res arcessit, habere
Sudoris minimum—*

HOR.

To write on vulgar themes is thought an easy task.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘Your speculations do not so generally prevail over men's manners as I could wish. A former

paper of yours (No. 132) concerning the misbehaviour of people, who are necessarily in each other's company in travelling, ought to have been a lasting admonition against transgressions of that kind: but I had the fate of your Quaker, in meeting with a rude fellow in a stage-coach, who entertained two or three women of us (for there was no man besides himself) with language as indecent as ever was heard upon the water. The impertinent observations which the coxcomb made upon our shame and confusion were such, that it is an unspeakable grief to reflect upon them. As much as you have declaimed against duelling, I hope you will do us the justice to declare, that if the brute has courage enough to send to the place where he saw us all alight together to get rid of him, there is not one of us but has a lover who shall avenge the insult. It would certainly be worth your consideration to look into the frequent misfortunes of this kind to which the modest and innocent are exposed by the licentious behaviour of such as are as much strangers to good-breeding as to virtue. Could we avoid hearing what we do not approve as easily as we can seeing what is disagreeable, there were some consolation, but since in a box at a play, in an assembly of ladies, or even in a pew at church, it is in the power of a gross coxcomb to utter what a woman can not avoid hearing, how miserable is her condition who comes within the power of such impertinents! and how necessary is it to repeat invectives against such a behaviour! If the licentious had not utterly forgot what it is to be modest, they would know that offended modesty labours under one of the greatest sufferings to

which human life can be exposed. If one of these brutes could reflect thus much, though they want shame, they would be moved by their pity to abhor an impudent behaviour in the presence of the chaste and innocent. If you will oblige us with a Spectator on this subject, and procure it to be pasted up against every stage-coach in Great Britain, as the law of the journey, you will highly oblige the whole sex, for which you have professed so great an esteem: and in particular, the two ladies, my late fellow-sufferers, and, sir,

‘Your most humble servant,

‘REBECCA RIDINGHOOD.’

‘MR SPECTATOR,

‘The matter which I am now going to send you, is an unhappy story in low life, and will recommend itself, so that you must excuse the manner of expressing it. A poor idle drunken weaver in Spitalfields has a faithful laborious wife; who, by her frugality and industry had laid by her as much money as purchased her a ticket in the present lottery. She had hid this very privately in the bottom of a trunk, and had given her number to a friend and confidant, who had promised to keep the secret, and bring her news of the success. The poor adventurer was one day gone abroad, when her careless husband, suspecting she had saved some money, searches every corner, till at length he finds this same ticket; which he immediately carries abroad, sells, and squanders away the money, without the wife suspecting any thing of the matter. A day or two after this, this friend, who was a woman, comes and brings the wife word, that she had a benefit or

five hundred pounds. The poor creature overjoyed, flies up stairs to her husband, who was then at work, and desires him to leave his room for that evening, and come and drink with a friend of his and hers below. The man received this cheerful invitation as bad husbands sometimes do, and after a cross word or two, told her he would not come. His wife with tenderness renewed her importunity, and at length said to him, "My love! I have within these few months, unknown to you, scraped together as much money, as has bought us a ticket in the lottery, and now here is Mrs. Quick come to tell me that it is come up this morning a five hundred pound prize." The husband replies immediately, "You lie, you slut, you have no ticket, for I have sold it." The poor woman upon this faints away in a fit, recovers, and is now run distracted. As she had no design to defraud her husband, but was willing only to participate in his good fortune, every one pities her, but thinks her husband's punishment but just. This, sir, is a matter of fact; and would, if the persons and circumstances were greater, in a well wrought play be called *Beautiful Distress*. I have only sketched it out with chalk, and know a good hand can make a moving picture with worse materials. 'Sir, &c.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I am what the world calls a warm fellow, and by good success in trade I have raised myself to a capacity of making some figure in the world: but no matter for that, I have now under my guardianship a couple of nieces, who will certainly make me run mad; which you will not wonder

at, when I tell you they are female virtuosos, and during the three years and a half that I have had them under my care, they never in the least inclined their thoughts toward any one single part of the character of a notable woman. Whilst they should have been considering the proper ingredients for a sack posset, you should hear a dispute concerning the magnetic virtue of the loadstone, or perhaps the pressure of the atmosphere; their language is peculiar to themselves, and they scorn to express themselves on the meanest trifle with words that are not of a Latin derivation.—But this were supportable still, would they suffer me to enjoy an uninterrupted ignorance; but unless I fall in with their abstracted ideas of things (as they call them,) I must not expect to smoke one pipe in quiet. In a late fit of the gout, I complained of the pain of that distemper, when my niece Kitty begged leave to assure me, that whatever I might think, several great philosophers, both ancient and modern, were of opinion, that both pleasure and pain were imaginary distinctions, and that there was no such thing as either *in rerum natura*. I have often heard them affirm that the fire was not hot; and one day when I, with the authority of an old fellow, desired one of them to put my blue cloak on my knees, she answered, sir, I will reach the cloak; but take notice, I do not do it as allowing your description; for it might as well be called yellow as blue; for colour is nothing but the various infractions of the rays of the sun.—Miss Molly told me one day, that to say snow was white, is allowing a vulgar error; for as it contains a great quantity of nitrous particles, it might

more reasonably be supposed to be black. In short, the young hussies would persuade me, that to believe one's eyes is a sure way to be deceived; and have often advised me by no means to trust any thing so fallible as my senses. What I have to beg of you now is to turn one speculation to the due regulation of female literature, so far at least as to make it consistent with the quiet of such whose fate it is to be liable to its insults; and to tell us the difference between a gentleman that should make cheese-cakes and raise paste and a lady that reads Locke and understands the mathematics. In which you will extremely oblige,

‘Your hearty friend and humble servant,

‘ABRAHAM THRIFTY.’

STEELE.

T.



No. 243. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8.

Formam quidem ipsam, Marce fili, et tanquam faciem honesti vides: quæ si oculis cerneretur, mirabiles amores (ut ait Plato) excitaret sapientiæ.

TULL.

You see, my son Marcus, the very shape and countenance, as it were, of virtue: which, if it could be made the object of sight, would (as Plato says) excite in us a wonderful love of wisdom.

I do not remember to have read any discourse written expressly upon the beauty and loveliness of virtue, without considering it as a duty, and as the means of making us happy both now and hereafter. I design therefore this speculation as an essay upon that subject, in which I shall con

sider virtue no farther than as it is in itself of an amiable nature, after having premised, that I understand by the word virtue such a general notion as is affixed to it by the writers of morality, and which, by devout men, generally goes under the name of religion, and by men of the world, under the name of honour.

Hypocrisy itself does great honour, or rather justice, to religion, and tacitly acknowledges it to be an ornament to human nature. The hypocrite would not be at so much pains to put on the appearance of virtue, if he did not know it was the most proper and effectual means to gain the love and esteem of mankind.

We learn from Hierocles, it was a common saying among the heathens, that the wise man hates nobody, but only loves the virtuous.

Tully has a very beautiful gradation of thoughts to show how amiable virtue is. We love a virtuous man (says he) who lives in the remotest parts of the earth, though we are altogether out of the reach of his virtue, and can receive from it no manner of benefit; nay, one who died several ages ago, raises a secret fondness and benevolence for him in our minds when we read his story; nay, what is still more, one who has been the enemy of our country, provided his wars were regulated by justice and humanity, as in the instance of Pyrrhus, whom Tully mentions on this occasion in opposition to Hannibal. Such is the natural beauty and loveliness of virtue.

Stoicism, which was the pedantry of virtue, ascribes all good qualifications, of what kind soever, to the virtuous man. Accordingly Cato, in the character Tully has left of him, carried

matters so far, that he would not allow any one but a virtuous man to be handsome. This indeed looks more like a philosophical rant than the real opinion of a wise man; yet this was what Cato very seriously maintained. In short, the stoics thought they could not sufficiently represent the excellence of virtue, if they did not comprehend in the notion of it all possible perfections; and therefore did not only suppose that it was transcendently beautiful in itself, but that it made the very body amiable, and banished every kind of deformity from the person in whom it resided.

It is a common observation, that the most abandoned to all sense of goodness are apt to wish those who are related to them of a different character; and it is very observable, that none are more struck with the charms of virtue in the fair sex, than those who, by their very admiration of it, are carried to a desire of ruining it.

A virtuous mind in a fair body is indeed a fine picture in a good light, and therefore it is no wonder that it makes the beautiful sex all over charms.

As virtue in general is of an amiable and lovely nature, there are some particular kinds of it which are more so than others; and these are such as dispose us to do good to mankind. Temperance and abstinence, faith and devotion, are in themselves perhaps as laudable as any other virtues; but those which make a man popular and beloved, are justice, charity, munificence; and in short all the good qualities that render us beneficial to each other. For this reason even an extravagant man, who has nothing else to recommend him but a false generosity, is often more beloved

ed and esteemed than a person of a much more finished character, who is defective in this particular.

The two great ornaments of virtue, which shew her in the most advantageous views, and make her altogether lovely, are cheerfulness and good-nature. These generally go together, as a man can not be agreeable to others who is not easy within himself. They are both very requisite in a virtuous mind, to keep out melancholy from the many serious thoughts it is engaged in, and to hinder its natural hatred of vice from souring into severity and censoriousness.

If virtue is of this amiable nature, what can we think of those who can look upon it with an eye of hatred and ill-will, or can suffer their aversion for a party to blot out all the merit of the person who is engaged in it? A man must be excessively stupid, as well as uncharitable, who believes that there is no virtue but on his own side, and that there are no men as honest as himself who may differ from him in political principles. Men may oppose one another in some particulars, but ought not to carry their hatred to those qualities which are of so amiable a nature in themselves, and have nothing to do with the points in dispute. Men of virtue, though of different interests, ought to consider themselves as more nearly united with one another, than with the vicious part of mankind, who embark with them in the same civil concerns. We should bear the same love towards a man of honour, who is a living antagonist, which Tully tells us in the forementioned passage every one naturally does to an enemy that is dead. In short, we should esteem

virtue though in a foe, and abhor vice, though in a friend.

I speak this with an eye to those cruel treatments which men of all sides are apt to give the characters of those who do not agree with them. How many persons of undoubted probity and exemplary virtue, on either side, are blackened and defamed? How many men of honour exposed to public obloquy and reproach? Those therefore who are either the instruments or abettors in such infernal dealings, ought to be looked upon as persons who make use of religion to promote their cause, not of their cause to promote religion.

ADDISON.

C.



No. 244. MONDAY, DECEMBER 10.

—*Judex et callidus audis.* HOR.

A judge of painting you, and man of skill. CREECH.

‘MR. SPECTATOR, *Covent-Garden, Dec. 7.*

‘I CAN not, without a double injustice, forbear expressing to you the satisfaction which a whole clan of virtuosos have received from those hints which you have lately given the town on the cartoons of the inimitable Raphaël. (No. 226.) It should be, methinks, the business of a Spectator to improve the pleasures of sight, and there cannot be a more immediate way to it than recommending the study and observation of excellent drawings and pictures. When I first went to view those of Raphaël which you have celebra

ted, I must confess I was but barely pleased; the next time I liked them better; but at last, as I grew better acquainted with them, I fell deeply in love with them; like wise speeches, they sunk deep into my heart; for you know, Mr. Spectator, that a man of wit may extremely affect one for the present, but if he has not discretion, his merit soon vanishes away, while a wise man that has not so great a stock of wit, shall nevertheless give you a far greater and more lasting satisfaction: just so it is in a picture that is smartly touched, but not well studied; one may call it a witty picture, though the painter in the mean time may be in danger of being called a fool. On the other hand, a picture that is thoroughly understood in the whole, and well performed in the particulars, that is begun on the foundation of geometry, carried on by the rules of perspective, architecture, and anatomy, and perfected by a good harmony, a just and natural colouring, and such passions and expressions of the mind as are almost peculiar to Raphæl; this is what you may justly style a wise picture, and which seldom fails to strike us dumb, till we can assemble all our faculties to make out a tolerable judgment upon it. Other pictures are made for the eyes only; as rattles are made for children's ears; and certainly that picture which only pleases the eye, without representing some well chosen part of nature or other, does but show what fine colours are to be sold at the colour-shop, and mocks the works of the Creator. If the best imitator of nature is not to be esteemed the best painter, but he that makes the greatest show and glare of colours, it will necessarily follow, that he who can array him

self in the most gaudy draperies is best drest, and he that can speak loudest the best orator. Every man when he looks on a picture should examine it according to that share of reason he is master of, or he will be in danger of making a wrong judgment. If men as they walk abroad would make more frequent observations on those beauties of nature which every moment present themselves to their view, they would be better judges when they saw her well imitated at home. This would help to correct those errors which most pretenders fall into, who are over-hasty in their judgments, and will not stay to let reason come in for a share in the decision. It is for want of this that men mistake in this case, and in common life, a wild extravagant pencil for one that is truly bold and great, an impudent fellow for a man of true courage and bravery, hasty and unreasonable actions for enterprises of spirit and resolution, gaudy colouring for that which is truly beautiful, a false and insinuating discourse for simple truth elegantly recommended. The parallel will hold through all the parts of life and painting too; and the virtuosos above-mentioned will be glad to see you draw it with your terms of art. As the shadows in a picture represent the serious or melancholy, so the lights do the bright and lively thoughts: as there should be but one forcible light in a picture, which should catch the eye and fall on the hero, so there should be but one object of our love, even the Author of nature. These and the like reflections well improved, might very much contribute to open the beauty of that art, and prevent young people from being poisoned by the ill gusto of any ex-

travagant workman that should be imposed upon us. I am, sir,

‘Your most humble servant.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘Though I am a woman, yet I am one of those who confess themselves highly pleased with a speculation you obliged the world with some time ago (No. 209) from an old Greek poet you call Simonides, in relation to the several natures and distinctions of our own sex. I could not but admire how justly the characters of women in this age fall in with the times of Simonides, there being no one of those sorts I have not at some time or other of my life met with a sample of. But, sir, the subject of this present address are a set of women, comprehended, I think, in the ninth species of that speculation, called the apes; the description of whom I find to be, ‘That they are such as are both ugly and ill-natured, who have nothing beautiful themselves, and endeavour to detract from or ridicule every thing that appears so in others.’ Now, sir, this sect, as I have been told, is very frequent in the great town where you live; but as my circumstance of life obliges me to reside altogether in the country, though not many miles from London, I can not have met with a great number of them, nor indeed is it a desirable acquaintance, as I have lately found by experience. You must know, sir, that at the beginning of this summer a family of these apes came and settled for the season not far from the place where I live. As they were strangers in the country, they were visited by the ladies about them, of whom I was one,

with a humanity usual in those that pass most of their time in solitude. The apes lived with us very agreeably our own way till towards the end of the summer, when they began to bethink themselves of returning to town; then it was, Mr. Spectator, that they began to set themselves about the proper and distinguishing business of their character; and, as it is said of evil spirits, that they are apt to carry away a piece of the house they are about to leave, the apes, without regard to common mercy, civility, or gratitude, thought fit to mimic and fall foul on the faces, dress and behaviour of their innocent neighbours, bestowing abominable censures and disgraceful appellations, commonly called nick-names, on all of them: and in short, like true fine ladies, made their honest plainness and sincerity matter of ridicule. I could not but acquaint you with these grievances, as well at the desire of all the parties injured, as from my own inclination. I hope, sir, if you can not propose entirely to reform this evil, you will take such notice of it in some of your future speculations as may put the deserving part of our sex on their guard against these creatures; and, at the same time, the apes may be sensible, that this sort of mirth is so far from an innocent diversion, that it is, in the highest degree, that vice which is said to comprehend all others.* I am, sir,

‘ Your humble servant,

‘ CONSTANTIA FIELD.’

T.

STEELE.

* Ingratitude.

No. 245. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 11.

Ficta voluptatis causâ sint proxima veris. HOR.

Fictions, to please, should wear the face of truth.

THERE is nothing which one regards so much with an eye of mirth and pity as innocence, when it has in it a dash of folly. At the same time that one esteems the virtue, one is tempted to laugh at the simplicity which accompanies it. When a man is made up wholly of the dove, without the least grain of the serpent in his composition, he becomes ridiculous in many circumstances of life, and very often discredits his best actions. The Cordeliers* tell a story of their founder St. Francis, that as he passed the streets in the dusk of the evening, he discovered a young fellow with a maid in a corner; upon which the good man, say they, lifted up his hands to heaven with secret thanksgiving, that there was still so much christian charity in the world. The innocence of the saint made him mistake the kiss of a lover for a salute of charity. I am heartily concerned when I see a virtuous man without a competent knowledge of the world; and if there be any use in these my papers, it is this, that without representing vice under any false alluring notions, they give my reader an insight into the ways of men, and represent human nature in all its changeable colours. The man who has not been engaged in any of the follies of the world,

* The Minorite Friars of the order of St. Francis, are so called from a cord, which they wear by way of girdle.

or, as Shakspeare expresses it, *hackneyed in the ways of men*, may here find a picture of its follies and extravagances. The virtuous and the innocent may know, in speculation, what they could never arrive at by practice; and by this means avoid the snares of the crafty, the corruptions of the vicious, and the reasonings of the prejudiced. Their minds may be opened without being vitiated.

It is with an eye to my following correspondent, Mr. Timothy Doodle, who seems a very well-meaning man, that I have written this short preface, to which I shall subjoin a letter from the said Mr. Doodle.

‘SIR,

‘I could heartily wish that you would let us know your opinion upon several innocent diversions which are in use among us, and which are very proper to pass away a winter night, for those who do not care to throw away their time at an opera or at the play-house. I would gladly know, in particular, what notion you have of hot-cockles; as also, whether you think that questions and commands, mottos, similies, and cross purposes, have not more mirth and wit in them than those public diversions which are grown so very fashionable among us. If you would recommend to our wives and daughters, who read your papers with a great deal of pleasure, some of those sports and pastimes that may be practised within doors, and by the fire-side, we, who are masters of families, should be hugely obliged to you. I need not tell you that I would have these sports and pastimes not only merry but innocent; for

which reason I have not mentioned either whisk or lanterloo, nor, indeed, so much as one-and-thirty. After having communicated to you my request upon this subject, I will be so free as to tell you how my wife and I pass away these tedious winter evenings with a great deal of pleasure. Though she be young, and handsome, and good-humoured to a miracle, she does not care for gadding abroad like others of her sex. There is a very friendly man, a colonel in the army, whom I am mightily obliged to for his civilities, that comes to see me almost every night; for he is not one of those giddy young fellows that can not live out of a play-house. When we are together, we very often make a party at blind man's buff, which is a sport that I like the better, because there is a good deal of exercise in it. The colonel and I are blinded by turns, and you would laugh your heart out to see what pains my dear takes to hood-wink us, so that it is impossible for us to see the least glimpse of light. The poor colonel sometimes hits his nose against a post, and makes us die with laughing. I have generally the good luck not to hurt myself, but I am very often above half an hour before I can catch either of them; for you must know we hide ourselves up and down in corners, that we may have the more sport. I only give you this hint as a sample of such innocent diversions as I would have you recommend; and am, most esteemed sir,

‘ Your ever loving friend,
‘ TIMOTHY DOODLE.’

The following letter was occasioned by my last Thursday's paper, (No. 241,) upon the ab

sence of lovers, and the methods therein mentioned of making such absence supportable

‘ SIR,

‘ Among the several ways of consolation which absent lovers make use of while their souls are in that state of departure, which you say is death in love, there are some very material ones, that have escaped your notice. Among these the first and most received is a crooked shilling, which has administered great comfort to our forefathers, and is still made use of on this occasion with every good effect in most parts of her majesty’s dominions. There are some, I know, who think a crown piece cut into two equal parts, and preserved by the distant lovers, is of more sovereign virtue than the former. But since opinions are divided in this particular, why may not the same persons make use of both? The figure of a heart, whether cut in stone or cast in metal, whether bleeding upon an altar, stuck with darts, or held in the hand of a Cupid, has always been looked upon as a talismanic in distresses of this nature. I am acquainted with many a brave fellow who carries his mistress in the lid of his snuff-box, and by that expedient has supported himself under the absence of a whole campaign. For my own part, I have tried all these remedies, but never found so much benefit from any as from a ring, in which my mistress’s hair is plaited together very artificially in a kind of true lover’s knot. As I have received great benefit from this secret, I think myself obliged to communicate it to the public for the good of my fellow-subjects. I desire you will add this letter as an appendix

to your consolations upon absence. And I am,
your very humble servant, T. B.’

I shall conclude this paper with a letter from an university gentleman, occasioned by my last Tuesday’s paper, (No. 239,) wherein I gave some account of the great feuds which happened formerly in those learned bodies, between the modern Greeks and Trojans.

‘SIR,

‘This will give you to understand, that there is at present in the society, whereof I am a member, a very considerable body of Trojans, who, upon a proper occasion, would not fail to declare ourselves. In the meanwhile we do all we can to annoy our enemies by stratagem, and are resolved, by the first opportunity, to attack Mr. Joshua Barnes,* whom we look upon as the Achilles of the opposite party. As for myself, I have had the reputation, ever since I came from school, of being a trusty Trojan, and am resolved never to give quarter to the smallest particle of Greek wherever I chance to meet it. It is for this reason I take it very ill of you, that you sometimes hang out Greek colours at the head of your paper, and sometimes give a word of the enemy even in the body of it. When I meet with any thing of this nature, I throw down your speculations upon the table, with that form of words which we make use of when we declare war upon an author,

Græcum est, non potest legi.

* The noted Greek professor of the University of Cambridge.

I give you this hint, that you may for the future
abstain from any such hostilities at your peril.

‘TROILUS.’

ADDISON.

C.



No. 246. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12.

Οὐκ ἄρα σοὶ γὰρ πατρὶς ἢ ἰσχυρὰ Πηλεὺς,
Οὐδὲ θεὸς μητὴρ, γλαυκὴ δὲ σ' ἔτικτε θάλασσα,
Πιτραι τ' ἡλιβατοί, ὅτι τοὶ νοὸς ἐστὶν ἀπηνής·

HOM.

No amorous hero ever gave thee birth,
Nor over tender goddess brought thee forth:
Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,
And raging seas produc'd thee in a storm:
A soul well suiting thy tempestuous kind,
So rough thy manners, so untam'd thy mind.

POPE.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘As your paper is part of the equipage of the tea-table, I conjure you to print what I now write to you: for I have no other way to communicate what I have to say to the fair sex on the most important circumstance of life, even the care of children. I do not understand that you profess your paper is always to consist of matters which are only to entertain the learned and polite, but that it may agree with your design to publish some which may tend to the information of mankind in general; and when it does so, you do more than writing wit and humour. Give me leave then to tell you, that of all the abuses that ever you have as yet endeavoured to reform, certainly not one wanted so much your assistance as the abuse in nursing of children. It is unmerciful to

see, that a woman endowed with all the perfections and blessings of nature, can, as soon as she is delivered, turn off her innocent, tender, and helpless infant, and give it up to a woman that is (ten thousand to one) neither in health nor good condition, neither sound in mind nor body, that has neither honour nor reputation, neither love nor pity for the poor babe, but more regard for the money than for the whole child, and never will take farther care of it than what, by all the encouragement of money and presents, she is forced to; like *Æsop's* earth, which would not nurse the plant of another ground, although never so much improved, by reason that plant was not of its own production. And since another's child is no more natural to a nurse than a plant to a strange and different ground, how can it be supposed that the child should thrive; and if it thrives, must it not imbibe the gross humours and qualities of the nurse, like a plant in a different ground, or like a graft upon a different stock? Do not we observe that a lamb sucking a goat changes very much its nature, nay, even its skin and wool into the goat kind? The power of a nurse over a child, by infusing into it with her milk her qualities and disposition, is sufficiently and daily observed; hence came that old saying concerning an ill-natured and malicious fellow, that he had imbibed his malice with his nurse's milk, or that some brute or other had been his nurse. Hence *Romulus* and *Remus* were said to have been nursed by a wolf, *Telephus*, the son of *Hercules*, by a hind, *Pelias*, the son of *Neptune*, by a mare, and *Ægisthus* by a goat; not that they had actually sucked such creatures, as some simpletons have

imagined, but that their nurses had been of such a nature and temper, and infused such into them.

‘ Many instances may be produced from good authorities and daily experience, that children actually suck in the several passions and depraved inclinations of their nurses, as anger, malice, fear, melancholy, sadness, desire and aversion. This Diodorus, lib. 2. witnesses, when he speaks, saying, that Nero the emperor’s nurse had been very much addicted to drinking; which habit Nero received from his nurse, and was so very particular in this, that the people took so much notice of it, as instead of Tiberius Nero, they called him Biberius Mero. The same Diodorus also relates of Caligula, predecessor to Nero, that his nurse used to moisten the nipples of her breast frequently with blood to make Caligula take the better hold of them; which, says Diodorus, was the cause that made him so blood-thirsty and cruel all his lifetime after, that he not only committed frequent murder by his own hand, but likewise wished that all human kind wore but one neck, that he might have the pleasure to cut it off. Such like degeneracies astonish the parents, who not knowing after whom the child can take, see one incline to stealing, another to drinking, cruelty, stupidity: yet all these are not minded: Nay, it is easy to demonstrate that a child, although it be born from the best of parents, may be corrupted by an ill-tempered nurse. How many children do we see daily brought into fits, consumptions, rickets, &c. merely by sucking their nurses when in a passion or fury? But indeed almost any disorder of the nurse is a disorder to the child; and few nurses can be found in

this town but what labour under some distemper or other. 'The first question that is generally asked a young woman that wants to be a nurse, 'why she should be a nurse to other people's children?' is answered, 'by her having an ill husband, and that she must make shift to live.' I think now this very answer is enough to give any body a shock, if duly considered: for an ill husband may, or ten to one if he does not, bring home to his wife an ill distemper, or at least vexation and disturbance. Besides, as she takes the child out of mere necessity, her food will be accordingly, or else very coarse at best: whence proceeds an ill-concocted and coarse food for the child; for as the blood, so is the milk, and hence I am very well assured proceeds the scurvy, the evil, and many other distempers. I beg of you, for the sake of the many poor infants that may and will be saved by weighing this case seriously, to exhort the people with the utmost vehemence to let the children suck their own mothers, both for the benefit of mother and child. For the general argument, that a mother is weakened by giving suck to her children, is vain and simple. I will maintain, that the mother grows stronger by it, and will have her health better than she would have otherwise: she will find it the greatest cure and preservative for the vapours and future miscarriages, much beyond any other remedy whatsoever: her children will be like giants; whereas, otherwise they are but living shadows, and like unripe fruit: and certainly if a woman is strong enough to bring forth a child, she is beyond all doubt strong enough to nurse it afterwards. It grieves me to observe and consider

how many poor children are daily ruined by careless nurses; and yet how tender ought they to be of a poor infant, since the least hurt or blow, especially upon the head, may make it senseless, stupid, or otherwise miserable for ever?

‘But I can not well leave this subject as yet; for it seems to me very unnatural, that a woman that has fed a child as part of herself for nine months, should have no desire to nurse it farther, when brought to light and before her eyes; and when by its cry it implores her assistance and the office of a mother.—Do not the very cruellest of brutes tend their young ones with all the care and delight imaginable? For how can she be called a mother that will not nurse her young ones? The earth is called the mother of all things, not because she produces, but because she maintains and nurses what she produces. The generation of the infant is the effect of desire, but the care of it argues virtue and choice. I am not ignorant but that there are some cases of necessity where a mother can not give suck, and then out of two evils the least must be chosen: but there are so very few, that I am sure in a thousand there is hardly one real instance; for if a woman does but know that her husband can spare about three or six shillings a week extraordinary (although this is but seldom considered,) she certainly, with the assistance of her gossips, will soon persuade the good man to send the child to nurse, and easily impose upon him, by pretending indisposition. The cruelty is supported by fashion, and nature gives place to custom.

‘Sir, your humble servant.’

T.

STEELE.

VOL. V.

O

No. 247. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16.

Τῶν δ' ἀκμάτος πρὶ ἀνδρῶν
 Ἐκ στόματων ἵδνα.

HESIOD.

Their untir'd lips a wordy torrent pour.

WE are told by some ancient authors, that Socrates was instructed in eloquence by a woman, whose name, if I am not mistaken, was Aspasia. I have indeed very often looked upon that art as the most proper for the female sex; and I think the universities would do well to consider, whether they should not fill the rhetoric chairs with she-professors.

It has been said in the praise of some men, that they could talk whole hours together upon any thing; but it must be owned, to the honour of the other sex, that there are many among them who can talk whole hours together upon nothing. I have known a woman branch out into a long extempore dissertation upon the edging of a petticoat; and chide her servant for breaking a china cup, in all the figures of rhetoric.

Were women admitted to plead in courts of judicature, I am persuaded they would carry the eloquence of the bar to greater heights than it has yet arrived at. If any one doubts this, let him but be present at those debates which frequently arise among the ladies of the British fishery.

The first kind therefore of female orators which I shall take notice of, are those who are employed in stirring up the passions; a part of rhetoric in which Socrates's wife had perhaps made a

greater proficiency than his above-mentioned teacher.

The second kind of female orators are those who deal in invectives, and who are commonly known by the name of the censorious. The imagination and elocution of this set of rhetoricians is wonderful. With what a fluency of invention, and copiousness of expression, will they enlarge upon every little slip in the behaviour of another? With how many different circumstances, and with what variety of phrases will they tell over the same story? I have known an old lady make an unhappy marriage the subject of a month's conversation. She blamed the bride in one place; pitied her in another; laughed at her in a third; wondered at her in a fourth; was angry with her in a fifth; and in short, wore out a pair of coach-horses in expressing her concern for her. At length, after having quite exhausted the subject on this side, she made a visit to the new-married pair, praised the wife for the prudent choice she had made, told her the unreasonable reflections which some malicious people had cast upon her, and desired that they might be better acquainted. The censure and approbation of this kind of women are therefore only to be considered as helps to discourse.

A third kind of female orators may be comprehended under the word Gossips. Mrs. Fiddle-Faddle is perfectly accomplished in this sort of eloquence; she launches out into descriptions of christenings, runs divisions upon a head-dress, knows every dish of meat that is served up in her neighbourhood, and entertains her company a

whole afternoon together with the wit of her little boy, before he is able to speak.

The coquette may be looked upon as a fourth kind of female orator. To give herself the larger field for discourse, she hates and loves in the same breath, talks to her lap-dog or parrot, is uneasy in all kinds of weather, and in every part of the room. She has false quarrels and feigned obligations to all the men of her acquaintance; sighs when she is not sad, and laughs when she is not merry. The coquette is in particular a great mistress of that part of oratory which is called action; and indeed seems to speak for no other purpose but as it gives her an opportunity of stirring a limb, or varying a feature, of glancing her eyes, or playing with her fan.

As for news-mongers, politicians, mimics, story-tellers, with other characters of that nature, which give birth to loquacity, they are as commonly found among the men as the women; for which reason I shall pass them over in silence.

I have often been puzzled to assign a cause why women should have this talent of a ready utterance in so much greater perfection than men. I have sometimes fancied that they have not a retentive power, or the faculty of suppressing their thoughts as men have, but that they are necessitated to speak every thing they think; and if so, it would perhaps furnish a very strong argument to the Cartesians, for the supporting of their doctrine, that the soul always thinks. But as several are of opinion that the fair sex are not altogether strangers to the art of dissembling and concealing their thoughts, I have been forced to relinquish that opinion, and have therefore endea-

voured to seek after some better reason. In order to it, a friend of mine, who is an excellent anatomist, has promised me, by the first opportunity, to dissect a woman's tongue, and to examine whether there may not be in it certain juices which render it so wonderfully voluble, or flip-pant; or whether the fibres of it may not be made up of a finer or more pliant thread, or whether there are not in it some particular muscles which dart it up and down by such sudden glances and vibrations: or whether, in the last place, there may not be some certain undiscovered channels running from the head and the heart to this little instrument of loquacity, and conveying into it a perpetual affluency of animal spirits. Nor must I omit the reason which Hudibras has given why those who can talk on trifles speak with the greatest fluency; namely, that the tongue is like a race-horse,* which runs the faster the lesser weight it carries.

Which of these reasons soever may be looked upon as the most probable, I think the Irishman's thought was very natural, who, after some hours conversation with a female orator, told her, that he believed her tongue was very glad when she was asleep, for that it had not a moment's rest all the while she was awake.

That excellent old ballad of the Wanton Wife of Bath has the following remarkable lines:

'I think, quoth Thomas, women's tongues
Of aspen leaves are made.'

* Part III, Canto 2, ver. 443.

—Still his tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater ease.

And Ovid, though in the description of a very barbarous circumstance, tells us, that when the tongue of a beautiful female was cut out, and thrown upon the ground, it could not forbear muttering even in that posture:

—————*Comprensam forcipe linguam
Abstulit ense fero: radix micat ultima linguæ.
Ipsa jacet, terræque tremens immurmurat atræ;
Utque salire solet mutilatæ cauda colubræ
Palpitat*————— MET.

—————‘The blade had cut
Her tongue sheer off, close to the trembling root:
The mangled part still quiver’d on the ground,
Murmuring with a faint imperfect sound;
And, as a serpent writhes his wounded train,
Uneasy, panting, and possess’d with pain.’ CROXAL.

If a tongue would be talking without a mouth, what could it have done when it had all its organs of speech and accomplices of sound about it? I might here mention the story of the pippin-woman, had not I some reason to look upon it as fabulous.*

I must confess I am so wonderfully charmed with the music of this little instrument, that I

* This is a fine stroke of humour, after having admitted Ovid’s Tale of Philomel without any objections to its veracity. The story here referred to, is of an apple-woman, who when the Thames was frozen over, was said to have had her head cut off by the ice: it is humorously told in Gray’s Trivia.

‘The crackling crystal yields, she sinks, she dies,
Her head chopt off from her lost shoulders flies.
Pippins she cried, but death her voice confounds,
And pip-pip-pip along the ice resounds.’

would by no means discourage it. All that I aim at by this dissertation is, to cure it of some disagreeable notes, and in particular of those little jarrings and dissonances which arise from anger, censoriousness, gossiping, and coquetry. In short, I would always have it tuned by good-nature, truth, discretion, and sincerity.

ADDISON.

C.



No. 248. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14.

Hoc maxime officii est, ut quisque maxime opis indigeat, ita ei potissimum opitulari.

TULL.

It is a principal point of duty to assist another most when he stands most in need of assistance.

THERE are none who deserve superiority over others in the esteem of mankind, who do not make it their endeavour to be beneficial to society; and who, upon all occasions which their circumstances of life can administer, do not take a certain unfeigned pleasure in conferring benefits of one kind or other. Those whose great talents and high birth have placed them in conspicuous stations of life, are indispensably obliged to exert some noble inclinations for the service of the world, or else such advantages become misfortunes, and shade and privacy are a more eligible portion. Where opportunities and inclinations are given to the same person, we sometimes see sublime instances of virtue, which so dazzle our imaginations, that we look with scorn on all which in lower scenes of life we may ourselves

be able to practise. But this is a vicious way of thinking: and it bears some spice of romantic madness for a man to imagine that he must grow ambitious, or seek adventures, to be able to do great actions. It is in every man's power in the world, who is above mere poverty, not only to do things worthy but heroic. The great foundation of civil virtue is self-denial; and there is no one above the necessities of life but has opportunities of exercising that noble quality, and doing as much as his circumstances will bear for the ease and convenience of other men; and he who does more than ordinary men practise, upon such occasions as occur in his life, deserves the value of his friends as if he had done enterprises which are usually attended with the highest glory. Men of public spirit differ rather in their circumstances than their virtue; and the man who does all he can in a low station, is more a hero than he who omits any worthy action he is able to accomplish in a great one. It is not many years ago since Lapius, in wrong of his elder brother, came to a great estate by gift of his father, by reason of the dissolute behaviour of the first-born. Shame and contrition reformed the life of the disinherited youth, and he became as remarkable for his good qualities as formerly for his errors. Lapius, who observed his brother's amendment, sent him, on a new-year's day in the morning, the following letter:

‘HONOURED BROTHER,

‘I inclose to you the deeds whereby my father gave me this house and lands: had he lived until now, he would not have bestowed it in that man-

ner; he took it from the man you were, and I restore it to the man you are. I am, sir,

‘ Your affectionate brother,

‘ And humble servant,

‘ P. T.’

As great and exalted spirits undertake the pursuit of hazardous actions for the good of others, at the same time gratifying their passion for glory; so do worthy minds in the domestic way of life deny themselves many advantages, to satisfy a generous benevolence which they bear to their friends oppressed with distresses and calamities. Such natures one may call stores of Providence, which are actuated by a secret celestial influence to undervalue the ordinary gratifications of wealth, to give comfort to a heart loaded with affliction, to save a falling family, to preserve a branch of trade in their neighbourhood, and give work to the industrious, preserve the portion of the helpless infant, and raise the head of the mourning father. People whose hearts are wholly bent towards pleasure, or intent upon gain, never hear of the noble occurrences among men of industry and humanity. It would look like a city romance, to tell them of the generous merchant, who the other day sent this billet to an eminent trader under difficulties to support himself, in whose fall many hundreds besides himself had perished; but because I think there is more spirit and true gallantry in it than in any letter I have ever read from Strephon to Phillis, I shall insert it even in the mercantile honest style in which it was sent.

‘SIR,

‘I have heard of the casualties which have involved you in extreme distress at this time; and knowing you to be a man of great good-nature, industry, and probity, have resolved to stand by you. Be of good cheer, the bearer brings with him five thousand pounds, and has my order to answer your drawing for as much more on my account. I did this in haste, for fear I should come too late for your relief: but you may value yourself with me to the sum of fifty thousand pounds; for I can very cheerfully run the hazard of being so much less rich than I am now to save an honest man whom I love.

‘Your friend and servant,

‘W. S.’

I think there is somewhere in Montaigne mention made of a family-book, wherein all the occurrences that happened from one generation of that house to another were recorded. Were there such a method in the families which are concerned in this generosity, it would be a hard task for the greatest in Europe to give, in their own, an instance of a benefit better placed, or conferred with a more graceful air. It has been heretofore urged, how barbarous and inhuman is any unjust step made to the disadvantage of a trader; and by how much such an act towards him is detestable, by so much an act of kindness towards him is laudable. I remember to have heard a bencher of the Temple tell a story of a tradition in their house, where they had formerly a custom of choosing kings for such a season, and allowing him his expenses at the charge of the

society. One of our kings,* said my friend, carried his royal inclination a little too far, and there was a committee ordered to look into the management of his treasury. Among other things it appeared, that his majesty, walking *incog.* in the cloister, had overheard a poor man say to another, such a small sum would make me the happiest man in the world. The king, out of his royal compassion, privately inquired into his character, and finding him a proper object of charity, sent him the money. When the committee read the report, the house passed his accounts with a *plaudite* without further examination, upon the recital of this article in them:

	£	s.	d.
For making a man happy,	10:	00:	00
STEELE.			T.



No. 249. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15.

Ταλας ακαιρος εν βροτοις δυνον κακον.

FRAG.

Mirth out of season is a grievous ill.

WHEN I make choice of a subject that has not been treated on by others, I throw together my reflections on it without any order or method, so that they may appear rather in the looseness and freedom of an essay, than in the regularity of a set discourse. It is after this manner that I shall consider laughter and ridicule in my present paper.

* Beau Nash, master of the ceremonies (with the title of King) at Bath.

Man is the merriest species of the creation; all above and below him are serious. He sees things in a different light from other beings, and finds his mirth arising from objects that perhaps cause something like pity or displeasure in higher natures. Laughter is indeed a very good counterpoise to the spleen; and it seems but reasonable that we should be capable of receiving joy from what is no real good to us, since we can receive grief from what is no real evil.

I have, in my forty-seventh paper, raised a speculation on the notion of a modern philosopher,* who describes the first motive of laughter to be a secret comparison which we make between ourselves and the persons we laugh at; or, in other words, that satisfaction which we receive from the opinion of some pre-eminence in ourselves, when we see the absurdities of another, or when we reflect on any past absurdities of our own. This seems to hold in most cases, and we may observe, that the vainest part of mankind are the most addicted to this passion.

I have read a sermon of a conventual in the church of Rome on these words of the wise man, 'I said of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what doth it?' Upon which he laid it down as a point of doctrine, that laughter was the effect of original sin, and that Adam could not laugh before the fall.

Laughter, while it lasts, slackens and unbraces the mind, weakens the faculties, and causes a kind of remissness and dissolution in all the powers of the soul, and thus far it may be look-

* Hobbes.

ed upon as a weakness in the composition of human nature. But if we consider the frequent reliefs we receive from it, and how often it breaks the gloom which is apt to depress the mind and damp our spirits, with transient unexpected gleams of joy, one would take care not to grow too wise for so great a pleasure of life.

The talent of turning men into ridicule, and exposing to laughter those one converses with, is the qualification of little ungenerous tempers. A young man with this cast of mind cuts himself off from all manner of improvement. Every one has his flaws and weaknesses; nay, the greatest blemishes are often found in the most shining characters; but what an absurd thing is it to pass over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix our attention on his infirmities? to observe his imperfections more than his virtues? and to make use of him for the sport of others, rather than for our own improvement?

We therefore very often find, that persons the most accomplished in ridicule are those who are very shrewd at hitting a blot, without exerting any thing masterly in themselves. As there are many eminent critics who never writ a good line, there are many admirable buffoons that animadvert upon every single defect in another, without ever discovering the least beauty of their own. By this means these unlucky little wits often gain reputation in the esteem of vulgar minds, and raise themselves above persons of much more laudable characters.

If the talent of ridicule were employed to laugh men out of vice and folly, it might be of some use to the world: but instead of this, we find that it

is generally made use of to laugh men out of virtue and good sense, by attacking every thing that is solemn and serious, decent and praiseworthy, in human life.

We may observe, that in the first ages of the world, when the great souls and master-pieces of human nature were produced, men shined by a noble simplicity of behaviour, and were strangers to those little embellishments which are so fashionable in our present conversation. And it is very remarkable, that notwithstanding we fall short at present of the ancients in poetry, painting, oratory, history, architecture, and all the noble arts and sciences which depend more upon genius than experience, we exceed them as much in doggerel, humour, burlesque, and all the trivial arts of ridicule. We meet with more railleury among the moderns, but more good sense among the ancients.

The two great branches of ridicule in writing, are comedy and burlesque. The first ridicules persons by drawing them in their proper characters, the other by drawing them quite unlike themselves. Burlesque is therefore of two kinds; the first represents mean persons in the accoutrements of heroes, the other describes great persons acting and speaking like the basest among the people. Don Quixote is an instance of the first, and Lucian's gods of the second. It is a dispute among the critics, whether burlesque poetry runs best in heroic verse, like that of the Dispensary; or in doggerel, like that of Hudibras. I think where the low character is to be raised, the heroic is the proper measure; but when a hero is

to be pulled down and degraded, it is done best in doggerel.

If Hudibras had been set out with as much wit and humour in heroic verse as he is in doggerel, he would have made a much more agreeable figure than he does; though the generality of his readers are so wonderfully pleased with the double rhymes, that I do not expect many will be of my opinion in this particular.

I shall conclude this essay upon laughter with observing, that the metaphor of laughing, applied to fields and meadows when they are in flower, or to trees when they are in blossom, runs through all languages; which I have not observed of any other metaphor, excepting that of fire and burning when they are applied to love. This shows that we naturally regard laughter as what is in itself both amiable and beautiful. For this reason, likewise, Venus has gained the title of *Φιλομειδης*, the laughter-loving dame, as Waller has translated it, and is represented by Horace as the goddess who delights in laughter. Milton, in a joyous assembly of imaginary persons, has given us a very poetical figure of laughter. His whole band of mirth is so finely described, that I shall set down the passage at length.

‘ But come, thou goddess, fair and free,
In heav’n yclep’d Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two-sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,

Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek:
 Sport that wrinkled care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Come, and trip it as you go
 On the light fantastic toe:
 And in thy right-hand lead with thee
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
 And if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unreprieved pleasures free.'

L'ALLEGRO, v. 11, &c.

ADDISON.

C.



No. 250. MONDAY, DECEMBER 17.

*Disce docendus adhuc, quæ censet amicus, ut si
 Cæcus iter monstrare velit; tamen aspice si quid
 Et nos, quod cures proprium fecisse, loquamur.* HOR.

Yet hear what thy unskilful friend can say,
 As if one blind pretends to show the way;
 Yet see awhile, if what is fairly shown
 Be good, and such as you may make your own.

CREECH.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'You see the nature of my request by the Latin motto which I address to you. I am very sensible I ought not to use many words to you, who are one of but few; but the following piece as it relates to speculation, in propriety of speech, being a curiosity in its kind, begs your patience. It was found in a poetical virtuoso's closet among his rarities; and since the several treatises of

thumbs, ears, and noses, have obliged the world, this of eyes is at your service.

‘The first eye of consequence (under the invisible Author of all) is the visible luminary of the universe. This glorious Spectator is said never to open his eyes at his rising in a morning, without having a whole kingdom of adorers in Persian silk, waiting at his levee. Millions of creatures derive their sight from this original, who besides his being the great director of optics, is the surest test whether eyes be of the same species with that of an eagle or that of an owl; the one he emboldens with a manly assurance to look, speak, act, or plead before the faces of a numerous assembly; the other he dazzles out of countenance into a sheepish dejectedness. The sun-proof eye dares lead up a dance in a full court; and without blinking at the lustre of beauty, can distribute an eye of proper complaisance to a room crowded with company, each of which deserves particular regard: while the other sneaks from conversation like a fearful debtor, who never dares to look out but when he can see nobody and nobody him.

‘The next instance of optics is the famous Argus, who (to speak the language of Cambridge) was one of a hundred; and, being used as a spy in the affairs of jealousy, was obliged to have all his eyes about him. We have no account of the particular colours, casts, and turns of this body of eyes; but as he was pimp for his mistress Juno, it is probable he used all the modern leers, sly glances, and other ocular activities to serve his purposes. Some look upon him as the then king at arms to the heathenish deities; and make no

proper ferments in the humours, and promotes the circulation of the blood, temperance gives nature her full play, and enables her to exert herself in all her force and vigour, if exercise dissipates a growing distemper, temperance starves it.

Physic, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute of exercise or temperance. Medicines are indeed absolutely necessary in acute distempers, that can not wait the slow operations of these two great instruments of health; but did men live in an habitual course of exercise and temperance, there would be but little occasion for them. Accordingly we find that those parts of the world are the most healthy, where they subsist by the chase, and that men live longest when their lives were employed in hunting, and when they had little food besides what they caught. Blistering, cupping, bleeding, are seldom of use but to the idle and intemperate; as all those inward applications which are so much in practice among us, are for the most part nothing else but expedients to make luxury consistent with health. The apothecary is perpetually employed in countermining the cook and the vintner. It is said of Diogenes, that meeting a young man that was going to a feast, he took him up in the street and carried him home to his friends, as one who was running into imminent danger, had he not prevented him. What would that philosopher have said, had he been present at the gluttony of a modern meal? Would not he have thought the master of a family mad, and have begged his servants to tie down his hands, had he seen him devour fowl, fish, and flesh; swallow oil and vinegar, wines and spices; throw down

place the eye of an ox, bull, or cow, in one of his principal goddesses, by that frequent expression of

Bovis oculus Hæc——

‘The ox-ey’d venerable Juno.’

‘Now as to the peculiar qualities of the eye, that finer part of our constitution seems as much the receptacle and seat of our passions, appetites, and inclinations, as the mind itself; and at least it is the outward portal to introduce them to the house within; or rather the common thoroughfare, to let our affections pass in and out; love, anger, pride, and avarice, all visibly move in those little orbs. I know a young lady that can not see a certain gentleman pass by, without showing a secret desire of seeing him again by a dance in her eyeballs; nay, she can not for the heart of her help looking half a street’s length after any man in a gay dress. You can not behold a covetous spirit walk by a goldsmith’s shop without casting a wishful eye at the heaps upon the counter. Does not a haughty person show the temper of his soul in the supercilious roll of his eye? and how frequently in the height of passion does the moving picture in our head start and stare, gather a redness and quick flashes of lightning, and make all its humours sparkle with fire, as Virgil finely describes it,

‘——*Ardentis ab ore
Scintillæ absistunt: oculis micat acribus ignis.*’ *ÆNEID.*

‘——From his wide nostrils flies
A fiery stream, and sparkles from his eyes.’ *DRYDEN.*

‘As for the various turns of the eye-sight, such as the voluntary or involuntary, the half or the whole leer, I shall not enter into a very particular account of them; but let me observe, that oblique vision, when natural, was anciently the mark of bewitchery and magical fascination, and to this day it is a malignant ill-look; but when it is forced and affected, it carries a wanton design, and in play-houses and other public places, this ocular intimation is often an assignation for bad practices: but this irregularity in vision, together with such enormities as tipping the wink, the circumspensive roll, the side-peep through a thin hood or fan, must be put in the class of heteroptics, as all wrong notions of religion are ranked under the general name of heterodox. All the pernicious applications of sight are more immediately under the direction of a Spectator; and I hope you will arm your readers against the mischiefs which are daily done by killing eyes, in which you will highly oblige your wounded unknown friend,

T. B.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘You professed in several papers your particular endeavours in the province of Spectator, to correct the offences committed by starers, who disturb whole assemblies without any regard to time, place, or modesty. You complained, also, that a starer is not usually a person to be convinced by the reason of the thing, nor so easily rebuked as to amend by admonitions. I thought therefore fit to acquaint you with a convenient mechanical way, which may easily prevent or

correct staring, by an optical contrivance of new perspective glasses, short and commodious like opera-glasses, fit for short-sighted people as well as others, these glasses making the objects appear either as they are seen by the naked eye, or more distinct though somewhat less than life, or bigger and nearer. A person may, by the help of his invention, take a view of another without the impertinence of staring; at the same time it shall not be possible to know whom or what he is looking at. One may look towards his right or left hand, when he is supposed to look forwards; this is set forth at large in the printed proposals for the sale of these glasses, to be had at Mr. Dillon's, in Long-Acre, next door to the White-Hart. Now, sir, as your Spectator has occasioned the publishing of this invention for the benefit of modest spectators, the inventor desires your admonitions concerning the decent use of it; and hopes, by your recommendation, that, for the future, beauty may be beheld without the torture and confusion which it suffers from the insolence of starers. By this means you will relieve the innocent from an insult which there is no law to punish, though it is a greater offence than many which are within the cognizance of justice.*

‘ I am, sir,

‘ Your most humble servant,

ABRAHAM SPY.’

Q.

* The optical glass here mentioned is very common and very contemptible.

No. 251. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18.

—*Lingux centum sunt, oraque centum,
Ferrea vox*—

VIRG.

—A hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
And throats of brass, inspir'd with iron lungs. DRYDEN.

THERE is nothing which more astonishes a foreigner, and frights a country 'squire, than the cries of London. My good friend Sir Roger, often declares that he can not get them out of his head, or go to sleep for them, the first week that he is in town. On the contrary, Will Honeycomb calls them the *Ramage de la ville*, and prefers them to the sounds of larks and nightingales, with all the music of the fields and woods. I have lately received a letter from some very odd fellow upon this subject; which I shall leave with my reader, without saying any thing further of it.

' SIR,

' I am a man out of all business, and would willingly turn my head to any thing for an honest livelihood. I have invented several projects for raising many millions of money without burdening the subject, but I can not get the parliament to listen to me, who look upon me, forsooth, as a crack and a projector, so that, despairing to enrich either myself or my country by this public-spiritedness, I would make some proposals to you relating to a design which I have very much at heart, and which may procure me a very handsome subsistence, if you will be pleased to recommend it to the cities of London and Westminster.

‘The post I would aim at, is to be comptroller-general of the London-cries, which are at present under no manner of rules or discipline. I think I am pretty well qualified for this place, as being a man of very strong lungs, of great insight into all the branches of our British trades and manufactures, and of a competent skill in music.

‘The cries of London may be divided into vocal and instrumental. As for the latter, they are at present under a very great disorder. A freeman of London has the privilege of disturbing a whole street for an hour together with the twanking of a brass kettle or a frying-pan. The watchman’s thump at midnight startles us in our beds as much as the breaking in of a thief. The sow-gelder’s horn has indeed something musical in it, but this is seldom heard within the liberties. I would therefore propose, that no instrument of this nature should be made use of, which I have not tuned and licensed, after having carefully examined in what manner it may affect the ears of her majesty’s liege subjects.

‘Vocal cries are of a much larger extent, and indeed so full of incongruities and barbarisms, that we appear a distracted city to foreigners, who do not comprehend the meaning of such enormous outcries. Milk is generally sold in a note above E-la, and in sounds so exceeding shrill, that it often sets our teeth on edge. The chimney-sweeper is confined to no certain pitch; he sometimes utters himself in the deepest bass, and sometimes in the sharpest treble; sometimes in the highest, and sometimes in the lowest note of the gamut. The same observation might be made on the retailers of small coal, not to mention bro-

ken glasses or brick-dust. In these, therefore, and the like cases, it should be my care to sweeten and mellow the voices of these itinerant tradesmen, before they make their appearance in our streets, as also to accommodate their cries to their respective wares; and to take care in particular, that those may not make the most noise who have the least to sell, which is very observable in the venders of card-matches, to whom I can not but apply that old proverb of ‘Much cry, but little wool.’

‘Some of these last-mentioned musicians are so very loud in the sale of these trifling manufactures, that an honest splenetic gentleman of my acquaintance bargained with one of them never to come into the street where he lived: but what was the effect of this contract? Why the whole tribe of card-match-makers which frequent that quarter, passed by his door the very next day, in hopes of being bought off after the same manner.

‘It is another great imperfection in our London cries, that there is no just time nor measure observed in them. Our news should indeed be published in a very quick time, because it is a commodity that will not keep cold. It should not, however, be cried with the same precipitation as fire; yet this is generally the case: a bloody battle alarms the town from one end to another in an instant. Every motion of the French is published in so great a hurry, that one would think the enemy were at our gates. This likewise I would take upon me to regulate in such a manner, that there should be some distinction made between the spreading of a victory, a march, or an encampment, a Dutch, a Portugal, or a

Spanish mail. Nor must I omit, under this head, those excessive alarms with which several boisterous rustics infest our streets in turnip-season, and which are more inexcusable, because these are wares which are in no danger of cooling upon their hands.

‘There are others who affect a very slow time, and are, in my opinion, much more tuneable than the former, the cooper in particular, swells his last note in a hollow voice, that is not without its harmony; nor can I forbear being inspired with a most agreeable melancholy, when I hear that sad and solemn air with which the public are very often asked if they have any chairs to mend? Your own memory may suggest to you many other lamentable ditties of the same nature, in which the music is wonderfully languishing and melodious.

‘I am always pleased with that particular time of the year which is proper for the picking of dill and cucumbers; but alas! this cry, like the song of the nightingale, is not heard above two months. It would, therefore, be worth while to consider, whether the same air might not in some cases be adapted to other words.

‘It might likewise deserve our most serious consideration, how far, in a well regulated city, those humorists are to be tolerated, who, not contented with the traditional cries of their forefathers, have invented particular songs and tunes of their own; such as was, not many years since, the pastry man, commonly known by the name of the Colly-Molly-Puff,* and such as is at this

* This little man was but just able to support the basket of pastry which he carried on his head, and sung in a very

day the vender of powder and wash-balls, who, if I am rightly informed, goes under the name of Powder-Wat.

I must not here omit one particular absurdity which runs through this whole vociferous generation, and which renders their cries very often not only incommodious, but altogether useless to the public; I mean, that idle accomplishment which they all of them aim at, of crying so as not to be understood. Whether or no they have learned this from several of our affected singers, I will not take upon me to say; but most certain it is, that people know the wares they deal in, rather by their tunes than by their words: inso-much that I have sometimes seen a country-boy run out to buy apples of a bellows-mender, and ginger-bread from a grinder of knives and scissors. Nay, so strangely infatuated are some very eminent artists of this particular grace in a cry, that none but their acquaintance are able to guess at their profession; for who else can know, that “work if I had it,” should be the signification of a corn-cutter.

‘Forasmuch therefore as persons of this rank are seldom men of genius or capacity, I think it would be very proper that some man of good sense and sound judgment should preside over these public cries, who should permit none to lift up their voices in our streets that have not tuneable throats, and are not only able to overcome the noise of the crowd, and the rattling of coaches,

peculiar tone the cant words which passed into his name, Colly-Molly-Puff. There is a half-sheet print of him in the ‘Set of London Cries.’ M. Lauron, del. P. Tempest, exc. Granger’s ‘Biographical History of England.’

but also to vend their respective merchandises in apt phrases, and in the most distinct and agreeable sounds. I do therefore humbly recommend myself as a person right qualified for this post; and if I meet with fitting encouragement, shall communicate some other projects which I have by me, that may no less conduce to the emolument of the public. I am, sir, &c.

‘RALPH CROTCHET.’

ADDISON.

C.



No. 252. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19.

Erranti, passimque oculos per cuncta ferenti. VIRG.

Exploring every place with curious eyes.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I AM very sorry to find by your discourse upon the eye (No. 250) that you have not thoroughly studied the nature and force of that part of a beauteous face. Had you ever been in love, you would have said ten thousand things, which it seems did not occur to you: do but reflect upon the nonsense it makes men talk, the flames which it is said to kindle, the transport it raises, the dejection it causes in the bravest men; and if you do believe those things are expressed to an extravagance, yet you will own, that the influence of it is very great which moves men to that extravagance. Certain it is that the whole strength of the mind is sometimes seated there; that a kind look imparts all that a year’s discourse would give you in one moment. What matters

it what she says to you? See how she looks, is the language of all who know what love is. When the mind is thus summed up and expressed in a glance, did you never observe a sudden joy arise in the countenance of a lover? Did you never see the attendance of years paid, over-paid, in an instant? You a Spectator, and not know that the intelligence of affection is carried on by the eye only; that good-breeding has made the tongue falsify the heart, and act a part of continual constraint, while nature has preserved the eyes to herself, that she may not be disguised or misrepresented. The poor bride can give her hand, and say, *I do*, with a languishing air to the man she is obliged by cruel parents to take for mercenary reasons, but at the same time she can not look as if she loved; her eye is full of sorrow, and reluctance sits in a tear, while the offering of the sacrifice is performed in what we call the marriage-ceremony. Do you never go to plays? Can not you distinguish between the eyes of those who go to see from those who come to be seen? I am a woman turned of thirty, and am on the observation a little; therefore, if you or your correspondent had consulted me in your discourse on the eye, I could have told you that the eye of Leonora is slyly watchful while it looks negligent: she looks round her without the help of the glasses you speak of, and yet seems to be employed on objects directly before her. This eye is what affects chance-medley, and on a sudden, as if it attended to another thing, turns all its charms against an ogler. The eye of Lusitania is an instrument of premeditated murder, but the design being visible, destroys the execu-

tion of it; and with much more beauty than that of Leonora, it is not half so mischievous. There is a brave soldier's daughter in town, that by her eye has been the death of more than ever her father made fly before him.* A beautiful eye makes silence eloquent, a kind eye makes contradiction an assent, an enraged eye makes beauty deformed. This little member gives light to every other part about us; and I believe the story of Argus implies no more than that the eye is in every part, that is to say, every other part will be mutilated, were not its force represented more by the eye than even by itself. But this is heathen Greek to those who have not conversed by glances. This, sir, is a language, in which there can be no deceit, nor can a skilful observer be imposed upon by looks even among politicians and courtiers. If you do me the honour to print this among your speculations, I shall in my next make you a present of secret history, by translating all the looks of the next assembly of ladies and gentlemen into words, to adorn some future paper. I am, sir,

‘Your faithful friend,

‘MARY HEARTFREE.’

‘DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I have a sot of a husband that lives a very scandalous life, and wastes away his body and fortune in debaucheries; and is immoveable to all the arguments I can urge to him. I would gladly know whether, in some cases, a cudgel may not be allowed as a good figure of speech, and whe-

* The Duke of Marlborough's second daughter.

ther it may not be lawfully used by a female orator.

Your humble servant,

‘BARBARA CRABTREE.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘Though I am a practitioner in the law, of some standing, and have heard many eminent pleaders in my time, as well as other eloquent speakers of both universities, yet I agree with you, that women are better qualified to succeed in oratory than the men, and believe this is to be resolved into natural causes. You have mentioned only the volubility of their tongues; but what do you think of the silent flattery of their pretty faces, and the persuasion which even an insipid discourse carries with it when flowing from beautiful lips, to which it would be cruel to deny any thing? It is certain too, that they are possessed of some springs of rhetoric which men want, such as tears, fainting fits, and the like, which I have seen employed upon occasions with good success. You must know I am a plain man, and love my money; yet I have a spouse who is so great an orator in this way, that she draws from me what she pleases. Every room in my house is furnished with trophies of her eloquence: rich cabinets, piles of china, Japan screens, and costly jars; and if you were to come into my great parlour, you would fancy yourself in an India warehouse: besides this she keeps a squirrel, and I am doubly taxed to pay for the china he breaks. She is seized with periodical fits about the time of the subscription to a new opera, and is drowned in tears after having seen any woman there *in finer clothes* than herself: these are arts of

persuasion purely feminine, and which a tender heart can not resist. What I would therefore desire of you is, to prevail with your friend who has promised to dissect a female tongue, that he would at the same time give us the anatomy of a female eye, and explain the springs and sluices which feed it with such ready supplies of moisture; and likewise show by what means, if possible, they may be stopped at a reasonable expense; or, indeed, since there is something so moving in the very image of weeping beauty, it would be worthy his art to provide, that those eloquent drops may no more be lavished on trifles, or employed as servants to their wayward wills; but reserved for serious occasions in life, to adorn generous pity, true penitence, or real sorrow.

I am, &c.*

STEELE.

T.



No. 253. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20.

*Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
Compositum, illepidève putetur, sed quia nuper* HOR.

I lose my patience, and I own it too,
When works are censur'd, not as bad, but new. POPE.

THERE is nothing which more denotes a great mind than the abhorrence of envy and detraction. This passion reigns more among bad poets than among any other set of men.

As there are none more ambitious of fame than those who are conversant in poetry, it is very

* This letter by Hughes.

natural for such as have not succeeded in it to depreciate the works of those who have. For since they can not raise themselves to the reputation of their fellow-writers, they must endeavour to sink it to their own pitch, if they would still keep themselves upon a level with them.

The greatest wits that ever were produced in one age, lived together in so good an understanding, and celebrated one another with so much generosity, that each of them receives an additional lustre from his cotemporaries, and is more famous for having lived with men of so extraordinary a genius, than if he had himself been the sole wonder of the age. I need not tell my reader, that I here point at the reign of Augustus, and I believe he will be of my opinion, that neither Virgil nor Horace would have gained so great a reputation in the world, had they not been the friends and admirers of each other. Indeed all the great writers of that age, for whom singly we have so great an esteem, stand up together as vouchers for one another's reputation. But at the same time that Virgil was celebrated by Gallus, Propertius, Horace, Varius, Tucca, and Ovid, we know that Bavius and Mævius were his declared foes and calumniators.

In our own country a man seldom sets up for a poet, without attacking the reputation of all his brothers in the art. The ignorance of the moderns, the scribblers of the age, the decay of poetry, are the topics of detraction, with which he makes his entrance into the world: but how much more noble is the fame that is built on candour and ingenuity, according to those beautiful lines of Sir *John Denham*, in his poem on Fletcher's works.

‘But whither am I stray’d? I need not raise
‘Trophies to thee from other men’s dispraise:
‘Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,
‘Nor needs thy juster title the foul guilt
‘Of eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,
‘Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.’

I am sorry to find that an author, who is very justly esteemed among the best judges, has admitted some strokos of this nature into a very fine poem, I mean, *The Art of Criticism*, which was published some months since, and is a master-piece in its kind. The observations follow one another like those in *Horace’s Art of Poetry*, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose author. They are some of them uncommon, but such as the reader must assent to when he sees them explained with that elegance and perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the most known and the most received, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt allusions, that they have in them all the graces of novelty, and make the reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their truth and solidity. And here give me leave to mention what *Monsieur Boileau* has so very well enlarged upon in the preface to his works, that wit and fine writing do not consist so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us, who live in the latter ages of the world, to make observations in criticism, morality, or in any art or science, which have not been touched upon by others. We have little else left us, but to represent the common sense

of mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace's Art of Poetry, he will find but very few precepts in it, which he may not meet with in Aristotle, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Augustan age. His way of expressing and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

For this reason I think there is nothing in the world so tiresome as the works of those critics, who write in a positive dogmatic way, without either language, genius, or imagination. If the reader would see how the best of the Latin critics wrote, he may find their manner very beautifully described in the characters of Horace, Petronius, Quintilian, and Longinus, as they are drawn in the essay of which I am now speaking.

Since I have mentioned Longinus, who in his reflections has given us the same kind of sublime, which he observes in the several passages that occasioned them, I can not but take notice, that our English author has, after the same manner, exemplified several of his precepts in the very precepts themselves. I shall produce two or three instances of this kind. Speaking of the insipid smoothness which some readers are so much in love with, he has the following verses:

'These *equal syllables* alone require,
Though oft the ear the *open vowels* tire,
While *expletives* their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.'

The gaping of the vowels in the second line, the expletive *do* in the third, and the ten monosyllables in the fourth, give such a beauty to this

passage, as would have been very much admired in an ancient poet. The reader may observe the following lines in the same view.

‘A *needless Alexandrine* ends the song,
That like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.’

And afterwards,

‘’Tis not enough no harshness gives offence;
The sound must seem an *echo* to the *sense*.
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the *smooth stream* in *smoother numbers* flows:
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The *hoarse rough verse* should like the *torrent* roar.
When Ajax strives some rock’s vast weight to throw,
The line too *labours* and the words move *slow*;
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o’er th’ unbending corn, and skims along the main.’

The beautiful distich upon Ajax in the foregoing lines puts me in mind of a description in Homer’s *Odyssey*, which none of the critics have taken notice of. It is where Sisyphus is represented lifting his stone up the hill, which is no sooner carried to the top of it, but it immediately tumbles to the bottom. This double motion of the stone is admirably described in the numbers of these verses; as in the four first it is heaved up by several spondees, intermixed with proper breathing-places, and at last trundles down in a continual line of dactyls.

Και μὴν Σίσυφον ἔσθιδον, κρατὶς ἀλγί’ ἔχοντα,
Λααν βασταζόντα πελωρίον ἀμφοτέρησιν.
Ἦτοι ὃ μὲν σκηρπτομένος χερσὶν τε πρσὶν τε,
Λααν ἀνω αἰετὸς ποτὶ λοφὸν· ἀλλ’ ὅτε μέλλοι
Ἀκρον ὑπερβαλὴν, τοτ’ ἀποστρεψάσκει Κραταίης,
Αὐτὶς ἐπὶ τὰ πῦρ δίδει κωληδὲτο λαας ἀναιδὲς.

ΟΝΥΧΑ.

'I turn'd my eye, and as I turn'd survey'd
 A mournful vision! the Sisyphean shade:
 With many a weary step, and many a groan,
 Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone:
 The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
 Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the ground.'

POPE.

It would be endless to quote verses out of Virgil which have this particular kind of beauty in the numbers; but I may take an occasion in a future paper to show several of them which have escaped the observation of others.

I can not conclude this paper without taking notice, that we have three poems in our tongue, which are of the same nature, and each of them a masterpiece in its kind; the Essay on translated Verse, the Essay on the Art of Poetry, and the Essay upon Criticism.

ADDISON.

C.



No. 254. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21.

Σέμνος ἔσας ἀρετῆς, ὃ δὲ κυπρίδος ἀσχος οὐκ ἔστι.

On love of virtue reverence attends;
 But sensual pleasure in our ruin ends.

WHEN I consider the false impressions which are received by the generality of the world, I am troubled at none more than a certain levity of thought, which many young women of quality have entertained, to the hazard of their characters, and the certain misfortune of their lives. *The first of the following letters may best repre-*

sent the faults I would now point at; and the answer to it, the temper of mind in a contrary character.

‘ MY DEAR HARRIOT,

‘ If thou art she, but oh how fallen! how changed! what an apostate! how lost to all that’s gay and agreeable. To be married, I find, is to be buried alive. I can not conceive it more dismal to be shut up in a vault to converse with the shades of my ancestors than to be carried down to an old manor-house in the country, and confined to the conversation of a sober husband and an awkward chambermaid. For variety I suppose you may entertain yourself with madam in her grogram gown, the spouse of your parish vicar, who has by this time, I am sure, well furnished you with receipts for making salves and possets, distilling cordial waters, making syrups and applying poultices.

‘ Blest solitude! I wish thee joy, my dear, of thy loved retirement, which indeed you would persuade me is very agreeable, and different enough from what I have here described: but, child, I am afraid thy brains are a little disordered with romances and novels: after six months marriage to hear thee talk of love, and paint the country scene so softly, is a little extravagant; one would think you lived the lives of sylvan deities, or roved among the walks of Paradise, like the first happy pair. But, pr’ythee, leave these whimsies, and come to town, in order to live and talk like other mortals. However, as I am extremely interested in your reputation, I *would willingly* give you a little good advice, at

your first appearance under the character of a married woman: 'tis a little insolent in me, perhaps, to advise a matron; but I am so afraid you will make so silly a figure as a fond wife, that I can not help warning you not to appear in any public places with your husband, and never to saunter about St. James's Park together: if you presume to enter the ring at Hyde Park together, (No. 88) you are ruined for ever; nor must you take the least notice of one another at the playhouse or opera, unless you would be laughed at for a very loving couple, most happily paired in the yoke of wedlock. I would recommend the example of an acquaintance of ours to your imitation: she is the most negligent and fashionable wife in the world; she is hardly ever seen in the same place with her husband, and if they happen to meet, you would think them perfect strangers; she never was heard to name him in his absence, and takes care he shall never be the subject of any discourse that she has a share in. I hope you will propose this lady as a pattern, though I am very much afraid you will be so silly as to think Portia, &c. Sabine and Roman wives much brighter examples. I wish it may never come into your head to imitate those antiquated creatures so far, as to come into public in the habit as well as air of a Roman matron. You make already the entertainment at Mrs. Modish's tea-table; she says, she always thought you a discreet person, and qualified to manage a family with admirable prudence; she dies to see what demure and serious airs wedlock has given you; but she says, she shall never forgive your choice of so *gallant* a man as Bellamour, to transform him to

a mere sober husband; it was unpardonable. You see, my dear, we all envy your happiness, and no person more than your humble servant,

‘LYDIA.’

‘Be not in pain, good madam, for my appearance in town; I shall frequent no public places, or make any visits where the character of a modest wife is ridiculous. As for your wild raillery on matrimony, it is all hypocrisy; you and all the handsome young women of your acquaintance, show yourselves to no other purpose than to gain a conquest over some man of worth, in order to bestow your charms and fortunes on him. There is no indecency in the confession, the design is modest and honourable, and all your affectation can not disguise it.

‘I am married, and have no other concern but to please the man I love; he is the end of every care I have; if I dress, it is for him; if I read a poem or a play, it is to qualify myself for a conversation agreeable to his taste: he is almost the end of my devotions; half my prayers are for his happiness—I love to talk of him, and never hear him named but with pleasure and emotion. I am your friend, and wish you happiness: but am sorry to see, by the air of your letter, that there are a set of women who are got into the common-place raillery of every thing that is sober, decent, and proper: matrimony and the clergy are the topics of people of little wit and no understanding. I own to you, I have learned of the vicar’s wife all you tax me with: she is a discreet, ingenuous, pleasant, pious woman; I wish *she had the handling of you and Mrs. Modish*

you would find, if you were too free with her, she would soon make you as charming as ever you were; she would make you blush as much as if you never had been fine ladies. The vicar, madam, is so kind as to visit my husband, and his agreeable conversation has brought him to enjoy many sober happy hours when even I am shut out, and my dear master is entertained only with his own thoughts. These things, dear madam, will be lasting satisfactions, when the fine ladies, and the coxcombs by whom they form themselves, are irreparably ridiculous, ridiculous in old age. I am, madam, your most humble servant,

‘MARY HOME.’

‘DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

‘You have no goodness in the world, and are not in earnest in any thing you say that is serious, if you do not send me a plain answer to this: I happened some days past to be at the play, where, during the time of performance, I could not keep my eyes off from a beautiful young creature who sat just before me, and who, I have been since informed, has no fortune. It would utterly ruin my reputation for discretion to marry such a one, and by what I can learn she has a character of great modesty, so that there is nothing to be thought on any other way. My mind has ever since been so wholly bent on her, that I am much in danger of doing something very extravagant without your speedy advice to, sir,

‘Your most humble servant.’

I am sorry I can not answer this impatient *gentleman*, but by another question.

‘DEAR CORRESPONDENT,

‘Would you marry to please other people or yourself?’

STEELE.

T.



No. 255. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22.

*Laudis amore tumes? sunt certa piacula, quæ te
Ter purè lecto poterunt recreare libello.* HOR.

IMITATED.

Know, there are rhymes, which (fresh and fresh apply'd)
Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride. POPE.

THE soul, considered abstractedly from its passions, is of a remiss and sedentary nature, slow in its resolves, and languishing in its executions. The use therefore of the passions is to stir it up, and to put it upon action, to awaken the understanding, to enforce the will, and to make the whole man more vigorous and attentive in the prosecution of his designs. As this is the end of the passions in general, so it is particularly of ambition, which pushes the soul to such actions as are apt to procure honour and reputation to the actor. But if we carry our reflections higher, we may discover farther ends of Providence in implanting this passion in mankind.

It was necessary for the world, that arts should be invented and improved, books written and transmitted to posterity, nations conquered and civilized. Now, since the proper and genuine motives to these and the like great actions would only influence virtuous minds, there would be but *small improvements* in the world, were there not

some common principle of action working equally with all men.—And such a principle is ambition, or a desire of fame, by which great endowments are not suffered to lie idle and useless to the public, and many vicious men, over-reached as it were, and engaged, contrary to their natural inclination, in a glorious and laudable course of action. For we may farther observe, that men of the greatest abilities are most fired with ambition; and that, on the contrary, mean and narrow minds are the least actuated by it; whether it be that a man's sense of his own incapacities makes him despair of coming at fame, or that he has not enough range of thought to look out for any good which does not more immediately relate to his interest or convenience, or that Providence, in the very frame of his soul, would not subject him to such a passion as would be useless to the world, and a torment to himself.

Were not this desire of fame very strong, the difficulty of obtaining it, and the danger of losing it when obtained, would be sufficient to deter a man from so vain a pursuit.

How few are there who are furnished with abilities sufficient to recommend their actions to the admiration of the world, and to distinguish themselves from the rest of mankind! Providence for the most part sets us upon a level, and observes a kind of proportion in its dispensations towards us. If it renders us perfect in one accomplishment, it generally leaves us defective in another, and seems careful rather of preserving every person from being mean and deficient in his qualifications, than of making any single one eminent *or extraordinary*.

And among those who are the most richly endowed by nature, and accomplished by their own industry, how few are there whose virtues are not obscured by the ignorance, prejudice, or envy of their beholders. Some men can not discern between a noble and a mean action; others are apt to attribute them to some false end or intention; and others purposely misrepresent, or put a wrong interpretation on them.

But, the more to enforce this consideration, we may observe, that those are generally most unsuccessful in their pursuit after fame, who are most desirous of obtaining it. It is Sallust's remark upon Cato, that the less he coveted glory, the more he acquired it.

Men take an ill-natured pleasure in crossing our inclinations, and disappointing us in what our hearts are most set upon. When therefore they have discovered the passionate desire of fame in the ambitious man (as no temper of mind is more apt to show itself,) they become sparing and reserved in their commendations, they envy him the satisfaction of an applause, and look on their praises rather as a kindness done to his person, than as a tribute paid to his merit. Others, who are free from his natural perverseness of temper, grow wary in their praises of one who sets too great a value on them, lest they should raise him too high in his own imagination, and by consequence remove him to a greater distance from themselves.

But farther, this desire of fame naturally betrays the ambitious man into such indecencies as are a lessening to his reputation. He is still afraid lest *any* of his actions should be thrown

away in private, lest his deserts should be concealed from the notice of the world, or receive any disadvantage from the reports which others make of them. This often sets him on empty boasts and ostentations of himself, and betrays him into vain fantastic recitals of his own performances, his discourse generally leans one way, and whatever is the subject of it, tends obliquely either to the detracting from others, or to the extolling of himself. Vanity is the natural weakness of an ambitious man, which exposes him to the secret scorn and derision of those he converses with, and ruins the character he is so industrious to advance by it. For though his actions are never so glorious, they lose their lustre when they are drawn at large, and set to show by his own hand; and as the world is more apt to find fault than to commend, the boast will probably be censured, when the great action that occasioned it is forgotten.

Besides, this very desire of fame is looked on as a meanness and imperfection in the greatest character. A solid and substantial greatness of soul looks down with a generous neglect on the censures and applauses of the multitude, and places a man beyond the little noise and strife of tongues. Accordingly, we find in ourselves a secret awe and veneration for the character of one who moves above us in a regular and illustrious course of virtue, without any regard to our good or ill opinions of him, to our reproaches or commendations: as, on the contrary, it is usual for us, when we would take off from the fame and reputation of an action, to ascribe it to vain glory, and *a desire of fame* in the actor. Nor is this com-

mon judgment and opinion of mankind ill founded: for certainly it denotes no great bravery of mind to be worked up to any noble action by so selfish a motive, and to do that out of a desire of fame, which we could not be prompted to by a disinterested love to mankind, or by a generous passion for the glory of him that made us.

Thus is fame a thing difficult to be obtained by all, but particularly by those who thirst after it; since most men have so much either of ill-nature, or of wariness, as not to gratify or soothe the vanity of the ambitious man, and since this very thirst after fame naturally betrays him into such indecencies as are lessening to his reputation, and is itself looked upon as a weakness in the greatest characters.

In the next place, fame is easily lost, and as difficult to be preserved as it was at first to be acquired. But this I shall make the subject of a following paper.

ADDISON.

C.



No. 256. MONDAY, DECEMBER 24.

Φημι γαρ τι κακη πιλεται κερη μεν αυραι
Ρυα μαλ', αργαλει δι φερει—

HES.

Desire of fame by various ways is cross'd;
Hard to be gain'd, and easy to be lost.

THERE are many passions and tempers of mind which naturally dispose us to depress and vilify the merit of one rising in the esteem of mankind. *All those who made their entrance into the world*

with the same advantages, and were once looked on as his equals, are apt to think the fame of his merits a reflection on their own indeseerts; and will therefore take care to reproach him with the scandal of some past action, or derogate from the worth of the present, that they may still keep him on the same level with themselves. The like kind of consideration often stirs up the envy of such as were once his superiors, who think it a detraction from their merit to see another get ground upon them and overtake them in the pursuits of glory; and will therefore endeavour to sink his reputation that they may the better preserve their own. Those who were once his equals, envy and defame him, because they now see him their superior; and those who were once his superiors, because they look upon him as their equal.

But farther, a man whose extraordinary reputation thus lifts him up to the notice and observation of mankind, draws a multitude of eyes upon him that will narrowly inspect every part of him, consider him nicely in all views, and not be a little pleased when they have taken him in the worst and most disadvantageous light. There are many who find a pleasure in contradicting the common reports of fame, and in spreading abroad the weaknesses of an exalted character. They publish their ill-natured discoveries with a secret pride, and applaud themselves for the singularity of their judgment, which has searched deeper than others, detected what the rest of the world had overlooked, and found a flaw in what the generality of mankind admires. Others there are, who proclaim the errors and infirmities of a great

man with an inward satisfaction and complacency, if they discover none of the like errors and infirmities in themselves: for while they are exposing another's weaknesses, they are tacitly aiming at their own commendations, who are not subject to the like infirmities, and are apt to be transported with a secret kind of vanity to see themselves superior in some respects to one of a sublime and celebrated reputation. Nay, it very often happens, that none are more industrious in publishing the blemishes of an extraordinary reputation, than such as lie open to the same censures in their own characters, as either hoping to excuse their own defects by the authority of so high an example, or raising an imaginary applause to themselves for resembling a person of an exalted reputation, though in the blameable parts of his character. If all these secret springs of detraction fail, yet very often a vain ostentation of wit sets a man on attacking an established name; and sacrificing it to the mirth and laughter of those about him. A satire or a libel on one of the common stamp, never meets with that reception and approbation among its readers as what is aimed at a person whose merit places him upon an eminence, and gives him a more conspicuous figure among men. Whether it be, that we think it shows greater art to expose and turn to ridicule a man whose character seems so improper a subject for it, or that we are pleased by some implicit kind of revenge, to see him taken down and humbled in his reputation, and in some measure reduced to our own rank, who had so far raised himself above us in the reports and opinions of mankind.

Thus we see how many dark and intricate motives there are to detraction and defamation, and how many malicious spies are searching into the actions of a great man, who is not always the best prepared for so narrow an inspection. For we may generally observe, that our admiration of a famous man lessens upon our nearer acquaintance with him; and that we seldom hear the description of a celebrated person, without a catalogue of some notorious weaknesses and infirmities. The reason may be, because any little slip is more conspicuous and observable in his conduct than in another's, as it is not of a piece with the rest of his character: or because it is impossible for a man at the same time to be attentive to the more important part of his life, and to keep a watchful eye over all the inconsiderable circumstances of his behaviour and conversation; or because, as we have before observed, the same temper of mind which inclines us to a desire of fame, naturally betrays us into such slips and unwarinesses as are not incident to men of a contrary disposition.

After all, it must be confessed, that a noble and triumphant merit often breaks through and dissipates these little spots and sullies in its reputation; but if by a mistaken pursuit after fame, or through human infirmity, any false step be made in the more momentous concerns of life, the whole scheme of ambitious designs is broken and disappointed. The smaller stains and blemishes may die away and disappear amidst the brightness that surrounds them; but a blot of a deeper nature casts a shade on all the other beauties, *and darkens the whole character.* How difficult

therefore is it to preserve a great name, when he that has acquired it is so obnoxious to such little weaknesses and infirmities, as are no small diminution to it when discovered, especially when they are so industriously proclaimed and aggravated by such as were once his superiors or equals, by such as would set to show their judgment or their wit, and by such as are guilty or innocent of the same slips or misconducts in their own behaviour?

But were there none of these dispositions in others to censure a famous man, nor any such miscarriages in himself, yet would he meet with no small trouble in keeping up his reputation in all its height and splendour. There must be always a noble train of actions to preserve his fame in life and motion; for when it is once at a stand, it naturally flags and languishes. Admiration is a very short-lived passion, that immediately decays upon growing familiar with its object, unless it be still fed with fresh discoveries, and kept alive by a new perpetual succession of miracles rising up to its view. And even the greatest actions of a celebrated person labour under this disadvantage, that, however surprising and extraordinary they may be, they are no more than what are expected from him; but on the contrary, if they fall any thing below the opinion that is conceived of him, though they might raise the reputation of another, they are a diminution to his.

One would think there should be something wonderfully pleasing in the possession of fame, that notwithstanding all these mortifying considerations, can engage a man in so desperate a pur-

suit; and yet, if we consider the little happiness that attends a great character, and the multitude of disquietudes to which the desire of it subjects an ambitious mind, one would be still the more surprised to see so many restless candidates for glory.

Ambition raises a secret tumult in the soul, it inflames the mind, and puts it into a violent hurry of thought: it is still reaching after an empty imaginary good, that has not in it the power to abate or satisfy it. Most other things we long for can allay the cravings of their proper sense, and for a while set the appetite at rest: but fame is a good so wholly foreign to our natures, that we have no faculty in the soul adapted to it, nor any organ in the body to relish it; an object of desire placed out of the possibility of fruition. It may indeed fill the mind for a while with a giddy kind of pleasure; but it is such a pleasure as makes a man restless and uneasy under it, and which does not so much satisfy the present thirst, as it excites fresh desires, and sets the soul on new enterprises. For how few ambitious men are there who have got as much fame as they desired, and whose thirst after it has not been as eager in the very height of their reputation, as it was before they became known and eminent among men? There is not any circumstance in Cæsar's character which gives me a greater idea of him, than a saying which Cicero tells us he frequently made use of in private conversation, 'That he was satisfied with his share of life and fame.' *Se satis vel ad naturam, vel ad gloriam vixisse.* Many indeed have given over their pursuits after fame; *but that has proceeded either from the disappoint-*

ments they have met in it, or from their experience of the little pleasure which attends it, or from the better informations or natural coldness of old age; but seldom from a full satisfaction and acquiescence in their present enjoyments of it.

Nor is fame only unsatisfying in itself, but the desire of it lays us open to many accidental troubles, which those are free from who have no such a tender regard for it. How often is the ambitious man cast down and disappointed, if he receives no praise where he expected it? Nay, how often is he mortified with the very praises he receives, if they do not rise so high as he thinks they ought; which they seldom do, unless increased by flattery, since few men have so good an opinion of us as we have of ourselves? But if the ambitious man can be so much grieved even with praise itself, how will he be able to bear up under scandal and defamation? For the same temper of mind which makes him desire fame, makes him hate reproach. If he can be transported with the extraordinary praises of men, he will be as much dejected by their censures. How little therefore is the happiness of an ambitious man, who gives every one a dominion over it, who thus subjects himself to the good or ill speeches of others, and puts it in the power of every malicious tongue to throw him into a fit of melancholy, and destroy his natural rest and repose of mind? Especially when we consider that the world is more apt to censure than applaud, and himself fuller of imperfections than virtues.

We may further observe, that such a man will be more grieved for the loss of fame, than he *could have been* pleased with the enjoyment of

it. For, though the presence of this imaginary good can not make us happy, the absence of it may make us miserable: because in the enjoyment of an object we only find that share of pleasure which it is capable of giving us; but in the loss of it we do not proportion our grief to the real value it bears, but to the value our fancies and imaginations set upon it.

So inconsiderable is the satisfaction that fame brings along with it, and so great the disquietudes to which it makes us liable. The desire of it stirs up very uneasy motions in the mind, and is rather inflamed than satisfied by the presence of the thing desired. The enjoyment of it brings but very little pleasure, though the loss or want of it be very sensible and afflicting; and even this little happiness is so very precarious, that it wholly depends upon the will of others. We are not only tortured by the reproaches which are offered us, but are disappointed by the silence of men when it is unexpected and humbled even by their praises.

ADDISON.

C.



No. 257. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 25.

— Ουχ' ἰδὲν Διός

Οφθαλμός ἔγυς δ' ἐστὶ καὶ παρὼν πόνος.

INCERT. EX STOB.

No slumber seals the eye of Providence,
Present to ev'ry action we commence.

THAT I might not lose myself upon a subject
of so great extent as that of fame, I have treated

it in a particular order and method. I have, first of all, considered the reasons why Providence may have implanted in our mind such a principle of action. (No. 255.) I have, in the next place, shown from many considerations, first, that fame is a thing difficult to be obtained, and easily lost; secondly, that it brings the ambitious man very little happiness, but subjects him to much uneasiness and dissatisfaction. (No. 256.) I shall, in the last place, show, that it hinders us from obtaining an end which we have abilities to acquire, and which is accompanied with fulness of satisfaction. I need not tell my reader, that I mean by this end, that happiness which is reserved for us in another world, which every one has abilities to procure, and which will bring along with it fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore.

How the pursuit after fame may hinder us in the attainment of this great end, I shall leave the reader to collect from the three following considerations.

First, Because the strong desire of fame breeds several vicious habits in the mind.

Secondly, Because many of those actions which are apt to procure fame, are not in their nature conducive to this our ultimate happiness.

Thirdly, Because if we should allow the same actions to be the proper instruments both of acquiring fame and of procuring this happiness, they would nevertheless fail in the attainment of this last end, if they proceeded from a desire of the first.

These three propositions are self-evident to those who are versed in speculations of morality.

For which reason I shall not enlarge upon them, but proceed to a point of the same nature, which may open to us a more uncommon field of speculation.

From what has been already observed, I think we may make a natural conclusion, that it is the greatest folly to seek the praise or approbation of any being besides the Supreme; and that for these two reasons, because no other being can make a right judgment of us, and esteem us according to our merits; and, because we can procure no considerable benefit or advantage from the esteem and approbation of any other being.

In the first place, no other being can make a right judgment of us, and esteem us according to our merits. Created beings see nothing but our outside, and can therefore only frame a judgment of us from our exterior actions and behaviour: but how unfit these are to give us a right notion of each other's perfections, may appear from several considerations. There are many virtues, which in their own nature are incapable of any outward representation; many silent perfections in the soul of a good man, which are great ornaments to human nature, but not able to discover themselves to the knowledge of others; they are transacted in private, without noise or show, and are only visible to the great Searcher of hearts. What actions can express the entire purity of thought which refines and sanctifies a virtuous man; that secret rest and contentedness of mind, which gives him a perfect enjoyment of his present condition; that inward pleasure and complacency which he feels in doing good: *that delight and satisfaction* which he takes in the

prosperity and happiness of another? These and the like virtues are the hidden beauties of a soul, the secret graces which can not be discovered by a mortal eye, but make the soul lovely and precious in his sight, from whom no secrets are concealed. Again, there are many virtues which want an opportunity of exerting and showing themselves in actions. Every virtue requires time and place, a proper object and a fit conjuncture of circumstances for the due exercise of it. A state of poverty obscures all the virtues of liberality and munificence. The patience and fortitude of a martyr or confessor lie concealed in the flourishing times of Christianity. Some virtues are only seen in affliction, and some in prosperity; some in a private and others in a public capacity. But the great Sovereign of the world beholds every perfection in its obscurity, and not only sees what we do, but what we would do. He views our behaviour in every concurrence of affairs, and sees us engaged in all the possibilities of action; he discovers the martyr and confessor without the trial of flames and tortures, and will hereafter entitle many to the reward of actions which they had never the opportunity of performing. Another reason why men can not form a right judgment of us is, because the same actions may be aimed at different ends, and arise from quite contrary principles. Actions are of so mixt a nature, and so full of circumstances, that as men pry into them more or less, or observe some parts more than others, they take different hints, and put contrary interpretations on them; so that the same actions may represent a man as hypocritical and designing t

one, which make him appear a saint or hero to another. He therefore who looks upon the soul through its outward actions, often sees it through a deceitful medium, which is apt to discolour and pervert the object: so that upon this account also, he is the only proper judge of our perfections, who does not guess at the sincerity of our intentions from the goodness of our actions, but weighs the goodness of our actions by the sincerity of our intentions.

But further; it is impossible for outward actions to represent the perfections of the soul, because they can never show the strength of those principles from whence they proceed. They are not adequate expressions of our virtues; and can only show us what habits are in the soul, without discovering the degree and perfection of such habits. They are at best but weak resemblances of our intentions, faint and imperfect copies, that may acquaint us with the general design, but can never express the beauty and life of the original. But the great Judge of all the earth knows every different state and degree of human improvement, from those weak stirrings and tendencies of the will which have not yet formed themselves into regular purposes and designs, to the last entire finishing and consummation of a good habit. He beholds the first imperfect rudiments of a virtue in the soul, and keeps a watchful eye over it in all its progress, till it has received every grace it is capable of, and appears in its full beauty and perfection. Thus we see that none but the Supreme Being can esteem us according to our proper merits, since all others must judge of us from *our outward actions*, which can never give them

a just estimate of us, since there are many perfections of a man which are not capable of appearing in actions; many which, allowing no natural incapacity of showing themselves, want an opportunity of doing it; or should they all meet with an opportunity of appearing by actions, yet those actions may be misinterpreted, and applied to wrong principles; or though they plainly discovered the principles from whence they proceeded, they could never show the degree, strength, and perfection of those principles.

And, as the Supreme Being is the only proper judge of our perfections, so is he the only fit rewarder of them. This is a consideration that comes home to our interest, as the other adapts itself to our ambition. And what could the most aspiring, or the most selfish man desire more, were he to form the notion of a being to whom he would recommend himself, than such a knowledge as can discover the least appearance of perfection in him, and such a goodness as will proportion a reward to it?

Let the ambitious man therefore turn all his desire of fame this way; and that he may propose to himself a fame worthy of his ambition, let him consider, that if he employs his abilities to the best advantage, the time will come when the Supreme Governor of the world, the Great Judge of mankind, who sees every degree of perfection in others, and possesses all possible perfection in himself, shall proclaim his worth before men and angels, and pronounce to him, in the presence of the whole creation, that best and most significant of applauses, ‘Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into thy Master’s joy.’

ADDISON.

C.

No. 258. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26.

Divide et impera.

Divide and rule.

PLEASURE and recreation of one kind or other are absolutely necessary to relieve our minds and bodies from too constant attention and labour. Where therefore public diversions are tolerated, it behoves persons of distinction with their power and example, to preside over them in such a manner as to check any thing that tends to the corruption of manners, or which is too mean or trivial for the entertainment of reasonable creatures. As to the diversions of this kind in this town, we owe them to the arts of poetry and music. My own private opinion, with relation to such recreations, I have heretofore given with all the frankness imaginable; what concerns those arts at present the reader shall have from my correspondents. The first of the letters with which I acquit myself for this day, is written by one who proposes to improve our entertainments of dramatic poetry; and the other comes from three persons, who, as soon as named, will be thought capable of advancing the present state of music.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I am considerably obliged to you for your speedy publication of my last in yours of the 18th instant, and am in no small hopes of being settled *in the post* of Comptroller of the Cries. Of all *the objections* I have hearkened after in public

coffee-houses, there is but one that seems to carry any weight with it, viz. That such a post would come too near the nature of a monopoly. Now, sir, because I would have all sorts of people made easy, and being willing to have more strings than one to my bow; in case that of comptroller should fail me, I have since formed another project, which being grounded on the dividing of a present monopoly, I hope will give the public an equivalent to their full content. You know, sir, it is allowed that the business of the stage, is, as the Latin has it, *jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ*. Now, there being but one dramatic theatre licensed for the delight and profit of this extensive metropolis, I do humbly propose, for the convenience of such of its inhabitants as are too distant from Covent Garden, that another Theatre of Ease may be erected in some spacious part of the city; and that the direction thereof may be made a franchise in fee to me, and my heirs for ever. And that the town may have no jealousy of my ever coming into an union with the set of actors now in being, I do further propose to constitute for my deputy my near kinsman and adventurer, Kitt Crotchet,* whose long experience and improvement in those affairs need no recommendation. It was obvious to every spectator what a quite different foot the stage was upon during his government; and had he not been bolted out of his trap-doors, his garrison might have held out for ever; he having by long pains and perseverance arrived at the art of making his army fight

* This was one Christopher Rich, mentioned in Tatler, No. 99.

without pay or provisions. I must confess it, with a melancholy amazement, I see so wonderful a genius laid aside, and the late slaves of the stage now become its masters; dunces that will be sure to suppress all theatrical entertainments and activities, that they are not able themselves to shine in!

‘Every man that goes to a play is not obliged to have either wit or understanding; and I insist upon it, that all who go there should see something which may improve them in a way of which they are capable. In short, sir, I would have something done as well as said on the stage. A man may have an active body, though he has not a quick conception: for the imitation therefore of such as are, as I may so speak, corporeal wits, or nimble fellows, I would fain ask any of the present mismanagers, why should not rope-dancers, vaulters, tumblers, ladder-walkers, and posture-masters, appear again on our stage? After such a representation, a five-bar gate would be leaped with a better grace next time any of the audience went a hunting. Sir, these things cry aloud for reformation, and fall properly under the province of Spectator-general. But how indeed should it be otherwise, while fellows (that for twenty years together were never paid but as their master was in the humour) now presume to pay others more than ever they had in their lives; and in contempt of the practice of persons of condition, have the insolence to owe no tradesman a farthing at the end of the week. Sir, all I propose is the public good: for no one can imagine I shall ever get a private shilling by it; therefore I hope you will *recommend this matter in one of your this week’s*

papers, and desire when my house opens you will accept the liberty of it for the trouble you have received from, sir,

‘ Your humble servant,
‘ RALPH CROTCHET.’

‘ P. S. I have assurances that the trunk-maker (See No. 235) will declare for us.’

‘ MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ We, whose names are subscribed, think you the properest person to signify what we have to offer the town in behalf of ourselves, and the art which we profess, music. We conceive hopes of your favour from the speculations on the mistakes which the town run into with regard to their pleasures of this kind; and believing your method of judging is, that you consider music only valuable as it is agreeable to, and heightens the purpose of poetry, we consent that this is not only the true way of relishing that pleasure, but also that without it a composure of music is the same thing as a poem, where all the rules of poetical numbers are observed, though the words have no sense or meaning; to say it shorter, mere musical sounds in our art are no other than nonsense verses are in poetry. Music therefore is to aggravate what is intended by poetry; it must always have some passion or sentiment to express, or else violins, voices, or any other organs of sound, afford an entertainment very little above the rattles of children. It was from this opinion of the matter, that when Mr. Clayton had finished his studies in Italy, and brought over the opera of *Arsinoë*, that Mr. Haym and Mr. Dieupart, who had the honour to

be well known and received among the nobility and gentry, were zealously inclined to assist by their solicitations, in introducing so elegant an entertainment as the Italian music grafted upon English poetry. For this end Mr. Dieupart and Mr. Haym, according to their several opportunities, promoted the introduction of Arsinoë, and did it to the best advantage so great a novelty would allow. It is not proper to trouble you with particulars of the just complaints we all of us have to make; but so it is, that, without regard to our obliging pains, we are all equally set aside in the present opera. Our application therefore to you is only to insert this letter in your paper, that the town may know we have all three joined together to make entertainments of music for the future at Mr. Clayton's house in York-Buildings. What we promise ourselves is, to make a subscription of two guineas for eight times; and that the entertainment, with the names of the authors of the poetry, may be printed, to be sold in the house, with an account of the several authors of the vocal as well as the instrumental music for each night; the money to be paid at the receipt of the tickets, at Mr. Charles Lillie's. It will, we hope, sir, be easily allowed that we are capable of undertaking to exhibit, by our joint force and different qualifications, all that can be done in music; but lest you should think so dry a thing as an account of our proposal should be a matter unworthy of your paper, which generally contains something of public use, give us leave to say, that favouring our design is no less than reviving an art, *which runs to ruin by the utmost barbarism under an affectation of knowledge.* We aim at establish-

ing some settled notions of what is music, at recovering from neglect and want very many families who depend upon it, at making all foreigners who pretend to succeed in England to learn the language of it, as we ourselves have done; and not be so insolent as to expect a whole nation, a refined and learned nation, should submit to learn theirs. In a word, Mr. Spectator, with all deference and humility, we hope to behave ourselves in this undertaking in such a manner, that all Englishmen, who have any skill in music, may be furthered in it for their profit or diversion by what new things we shall produce, never pretending to surpass others, or asserting that any thing which is a science is not attainable by all men of all nations who have proper genius for it; we say, sir, what we hope for is not expected will arrive to us from contemning others, but through the utmost diligence recommending ourselves.

‘ We are, sir,

‘ Your most humble servants,

‘ THOMAS CLAYTON,

‘ NICHOLINO HAYM,

‘ CHARLES DIEUPART.’*

STEELE.

T.

* Three musicians who furnished operas for the musical entertainments at York-Buildings, and with whom Steele was concerned.

No. 259. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27.

Quod decet honestum est, et quod honestum est decet. TULL.

What is becoming is honourable, and what is honourable is becoming.

THERE are some things which can not come under certain rules, but which one would think could not need them. Of this kind are outward civilities and salutations. These one would imagine might be regulated by every man's common sense, without the help of an instructor; but that which we call common sense suffers under that word; for it sometimes implies no more than that faculty which is common to all men; but sometimes signifies right reason, and what all men should consent to. In this latter acceptance of the phrase, it is no great wonder people err so much against it, since it is not every one who is possessed of it, and there are fewer who, against common rules and fashions, dare obey its dictates. As to salutations, which I was about to talk of, I observe, as I stroll about town, there are great enormities committed with regard to this particular. You shall sometimes see a man begin the offer of a salutation, and observe a forbidding air, or escaping eye, in the person he is going to salute, and stop short in the pole of his neck. This, in the person who believed he could do it with a good grace, and was refused the opportunity, is justly resented with a coldness the whole ensuing season. Your great beauties, people in much favour, or by any means or for any purpose overflattered, are apt to practise this, which one may

call the preventing aspect, and throw their attention another way, lest they should confer a bow or a curtsy upon a person who might not appear to deserve that dignity. Others you shall find so obsequious, and so very courteous, as there is no escaping their favours of this kind. Of this sort may be a man who is in the fifth or sixth degree of favour with a minister: this good creature is resolved to show the world, that great honours can not at all change his manners; he is the same civil person he ever was: he will venture his neck to bow out of a coach in full speed, at once to show he is full of business, and yet is not so taken up as to forget his old friend. With a man who is not so well formed for courtship and elegant behaviour, such a gentleman as this seldom finds his account in the return of his compliments; but he will still go on, for he is in his own way, and must not omit; let the neglect fall on your side, or where it will, his business is still to be well-bred to the end. I think I have read in one of our English comedies a description of a fellow that affected knowing every body, and for want of judgment in time and place would bow and smile in the face of a judge sitting in the court; would sit in an opposite gallery, and smile in the minister's face as he came up into the pulpit, and nod as if he alluded to some familiarities between them in another place. But now I happen to speak of salutation at church, I must take notice, that several of my correspondents have importuned me to consider that subject, and settle the point of decorum in that particular.

I do not pretend to be the best courtier in the

world; but I have often, on public occasions, thought it a very great absurdity in the company (during the royal presence) to exchange salutations from all parts of the room, when certainly common sense should suggest, that all regards at that time should be engaged, and can not be diverted to any other object, without disrespect to the sovereign. But as to the complaint of my correspondents, it is not to be imagined what offence some of them take at the custom of saluting in places of worship. I have a very angry letter from a lady, who tells me, one of her acquaintance, who, out of mere pride and pretence to be rude, takes upon her to return no civilities done to her in time of divine service, and is the most religious woman for no other reason but to appear a woman of the best quality in the church. This absurd custom had better be abolished than retained, if it were but to prevent evils of no higher nature than this is: but I am informed of objections much more considerable: a dissenter of rank and distinction was lately prevailed upon by a friend of his to come to one of the greatest congregations of the church of England about town: after the service was over, he declared he was very well satisfied with the little ceremony which was used towards God Almighty; but, at the same time, he feared he should not be able to go through those required towards one another; as to this point he was in a state of despair, and feared he was not well-bred enough to be a convert. There have been many scandals of this kind given to our protestant dissenters from the *outward pomp* and respect we take to ourselves in our religious assemblies. A quaker, who came

one day into a church, fixed his eye upon an old lady with a carpet larger than that from the pulpit before her, expecting when she would hold forth. An anabaptist, who designs to come over himself, and all his family within a few months, is sensible they want breeding enough for our congregations, and has sent his two eldest daughters to learn to dance, that they may not misbehave themselves at church. It is worth considering, whether in regard to awkward people with scrupulous consciences, a good christian of the best air in the world ought not rather to deny herself the opportunity of showing so many graces, than keep a bashful proselyte without the pale of the church.

STEELE.

T



No. 260. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28.

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes. HOR.

Years following years steal something every day,
At last they steal us from ourselves away. POPE.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I AM now in the sixty-fifth year of my age, and having been the greater part of my days a man of pleasure, the decay of my faculties is a stagnation of my life. But how is it, sir, that my appetites are increased upon me with the loss of power to gratify them? I write this like a criminal, to warn people to enter upon what reformation they please to make in themselves in *their youth*, and not expect they shall be capable

of it, from a fond opinion some have often in their mouths, that if we do not leave our desires, they will leave us. It is far otherwise; I am now as vain in my dress, and as flippant if I see a pretty woman, as when in my youth I stood upon a bench in the pit to survey the whole circle of beauties. The folly is so extravagant with me, and I went on with so little check of my desires, or resignation of them, that I can assure you, I very often, merely to entertain my own thoughts, sit with my spectacles on, writing love-letters to the beauties that have been long since in their graves. This is to warm my heart with the faint memory of delights which were once agreeable to me; but how much happier would my life have been now, if I could have looked back on any worthy action done for my country? If I had laid out that which I profused in luxury and wantonness, in acts of generosity or charity? I have lived a bachelor to this day, and instead of a numerous offspring, with which, in the regular ways of life, I might possibly have delighted myself, I have only to amuse myself with the repetition of old stories and intrigues, which no one will believe I ever was concerned in. I do not know whether you have ever treated of it or not; but you can not fall on a better subject than that of the art of growing old. In such a lecture you must propose, that no one set his heart upon what is transient: the beauty grows wrinkled while we are yet gazing at her. The witty man sinks into a humorist imperceptibly, for want of reflecting, that all things around him are in a flux, and continually changing: thus he is, in a *space of ten or fifteen years*, surrounded by a new

set of people, whose manners are as natural to them as his delights, method of thinking, and mode of living, were formerly to him and his friends. But the mischief is, he looks upon the same kind of errors which he himself was guilty of with an eye of scorn, and with that sort of ill-will which men entertain against each other for different opinions. Thus a crazy constitution and an uneasy mind is fretted with vexatious passions for young men's doing foolishly what it is folly to do at all. Dear sir, this is my present state of mind; I hate those I should laugh at, and envy those I contemn. The time of youth and vigorous manhood, passed the way in which I have disposed of it, is attended with these consequences; but to those who live and pass away life as they ought, all parts of it are equally pleasant; only the memory of good and worthy actions is a feast which must give a quicker relish to the soul than ever it could possibly taste in the highest enjoyments or jollities of youth. As for me, if I sit down in my great arm chair and begin to ponder, the vagaries of a child are not more ridiculous than the circumstances which are heaped up in my memory; fine gowns, country dances, ends of tunes, interrupted conversations, and midnight quarrels, are what must necessarily compose my soliloquy. I beg of you to print this, that some ladies of my acquaintance and my years, may be persuaded to wear warm night-caps this cold season; and that my old friend, Jack Tawdry, may buy him a cane, and not creep with the air of a strut. I must add to all this, that if it were not for one pleasure, which I *thought* a very mean one till of very late years,

I should have no one great satisfaction left; but if I live to the tenth of March, 1714, and all my securities are good, I shall be worth fifty thousand pounds. I am, sir,

‘Your most humble servant,

‘JACK AFTERDAY.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘You will infinitely oblige a distressed lover, if you will insert in your very next paper the following letter to my mistress. You must know that I am not a person apt to despair; but she has got an odd humour of stopping short unaccountably, and as she herself told a confidant of hers, she has cold fits. These fits shall last her a month or six weeks together; and as she falls into them without provocation, so it is to be hoped she will return from them without the merit of new services. But life and love will not admit of such intervals: therefore pray let her be admonished as follows:

‘MADAM,

‘I love you, and I honour you; therefore pray do not tell me of waiting till decencies, till forms, till humours, are consulted and gratified. If you have that happy constitution as to be indolent for ten weeks together, you should consider that all that while I burn with impatiences and fevers; but still you say it will be time enough, though I and you too grow older while we are yet talking. Which do you think the more reasonable, that you should alter a state of indifference for happiness, and that to oblige me; or I live in torment, *and that to lay no manner of obligation upon you?*

While I indulge your insensibility, I am doing nothing: if you favour my passion, you are bestowing bright desires, gay hopes, generous cares, noble resolutions, and transporting raptures, upon,

‘Madam,

‘Your most devoted humble servant.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘Here is a gentlewoman lodges in the same house with me, that I never did any injury to in my whole life; and she is always railing at me to those that she knows will tell me of it. Don’t you think she is in love with me? Or would you have me break my mind yet or not?

‘Your servant, T. B.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I am a footman in a great family, and am in love with the house-maid. We were all at hot-cockles last night in the hall these holidays, when I lay down and was blinded, she pulled off her shoe and hit me with the heel such a rap as almost broke my head to pieces. Pray, sir, was this love or spite?’

STEELE

T.



No 261. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29.

Γαμος γαρ ανδραπισιν αυταυτων καλον. FRAG.

Wedlock’s an ill men eagerly embrace.

My father, whom I mentioned in my first speculation. and whom I must always name with ho-

nour and gratitude, has very frequently talked to me upon the subject of marriage. I was, in my younger years engaged, partly by his advice and partly by my own inclinations, in the courtship of a person who had a great deal of beauty, and did not at my first approaches seem to have any aversion to me; but as my natural taciturnity hindered me from showing myself to the best advantage, she by degrees began to look upon me as a very silly fellow; and being resolved to regard merit more than any thing else in the persons who made their applications to her, she married a captain of dragoons who happened to be beating up for recruits in those parts.

This unlucky accident has given me an aversion to pretty fellows ever since, and discouraged me from trying my fortune with the fair sex. The observations which I made in this conjuncture, and the repeated advices which I received at that time from the good old man above-mentioned, have produced the following essay upon love and marriage.

The pleasantest part of a man's life is generally that which passes in courtship, provided his passion be sincere, and the party beloved kind, with discretion. Love, desire, hope, all the pleasing emotions of the soul, rise in the pursuit.

It is easier for an artful man who is not in love to persuade his mistress he has a passion for her, and to succeed in his pursuits, than for one who loves with the greatest violence. True love has ten thousand griefs, impatiences and resentments, that render a man unamiable in the eyes of the person whose affection he solicits; besides, *that it sinks his figure, gives him fears, appre-*

hensions, and poorness of spirit, and often makes him appear ridiculous, where he has a mind to recommend himself.

Those marriages generally abound most with love and constancy that are preceded by a long courtship. The passion should strike root, and gather strength, before marriage be grafted on it. A long course of hopes and expectations fixes the idea in our minds, and habituates us to a fondness of the person beloved.

There is nothing of so great importance to us as the good qualities of one to whom we join ourselves for life; they do not only make our present state agreeable, but often determine our happiness to all eternity. Where the choice is left to friends, the chief point under consideration is an estate; where the parties choose for themselves, their thoughts turn most upon the person. They have both their reasons. The first would procure many conveniencies and pleasures of life to the party whose interest they espouse; and at the same time may hope that the wealth of their friend will turn to their own credit and advantage. The others are preparing for themselves a perpetual feast. A good person does not only raise, but continue love, and breeds a secret pleasure and complacency in the beholder, when the first heats of desire are extinguished. It puts the wife or husband in countenance both among friends and strangers, and generally fills the family with a healthy and beautiful race of children.

I should prefer a woman that is agreeable in my own eye, and not deformed in that of the world, to a celebrated beauty. If you marry one *remarkably beautiful*, you must have a violent

passion for her, or you have not the proper taste of her charms; and if you have such a passion for her, it is odds but it will be embittered with fears and jealousies.

Good nature and evenness of temper will give you an easy companion for life; virtue and good sense an agreeable friend; love and constancy, a good wife or husband. Where we meet one person with all these accomplishments, we find a hundred without any one of them. The world, notwithstanding, is more intent on trains and equipages, and all the showy parts of life; we love rather to dazzle the multitude than consult our proper interests; and, as I have elsewhere observed, it is one of the most unaccountable passions of human nature, that we are at greater pains to appear easy and happy to others, than really to make ourselves so. Of all disparities, that in humour makes the most unhappy marriages, yet scarce enters into our thoughts at the contracting of them. Several that are in this respect unequally yoked, and uneasy for life, with a person of a particular character, might have been pleased and happy with a person of a contrary one, notwithstanding they are both perhaps equally virtuous and laudable in their kind.

Before marriage we can not be too inquisitive and discerning in the faults of the person beloved, nor after it too dim-sighted and superficial. However perfect and accomplished the person appears to you at a distance, you will find many blemishes and imperfections in her humour, upon a more intimate acquaintance, which you never *discovered* or perhaps suspected. Here therefore *discretion* and good-nature are to show their

strength; the first will hinder your thoughts from dwelling on what is disagreeable; the other will raise in you all the tenderness of compassion and humanity, and by degrees soften those very imperfections into beauties.

Marriage enlarges the scene of our happiness and miseries. A marriage of love is pleasant; a marriage of interest easy: and a marriage, where both meet, happy. A happy marriage has in it all the pleasures of friendship, all the enjoyments of sense and reason; and indeed all the sweets of life. Nothing is a greater mark of a degenerate and vicious age than the common ridicule which passes on this state of life. It is indeed only happy in those who can look down with scorn or neglect on the impieties of the times, and tread the paths of life together in a constant uniform course of virtue.

ADDISON.

C.



No. 262. MONDAY, DECEMBER 31.

Nulla venenato littera mista joco est. OVID.

Satirical reflections I avoid.

I THINK myself highly obliged to the public for their kind acceptance of a paper which visits them every morning, and has in it none of those seasonings that recommend so many of the writings which are in vogue among us.

As, on the one side, my paper has not in it a single word of news, a reflection in politics, nor a stroke of party; so, on the other, there are

no fashionable touches of infidelity, no obscene ideas, no satires upon priesthood, marriage, and the like popular topics of ridicule; no private scandal, nor any thing that may tend to the defamation of particular persons, families, or societies.

There is not one of those abovementioned subjects that would not sell a very indifferent paper, could I think of gratifying the public by such mean and base methods. But notwithstanding I have rejected every thing that savours of party, every thing that is loose and immoral, and every thing that might create uneasiness in the minds of particular persons; I find that the demand for my papers has increased every month since their first appearance in the world. This does not perhaps reflect so much honour upon myself, as on my readers, who give a much greater attention to discourses of virtue and morality than ever I expected, or indeed could hope.

When I broke loose from that great body of writers who have employed their wit and parts in propagating vice and irreligion, I did not question but I should be treated as an odd kind of fellow, that had a mind to appear singular in my way of writing; but the general reception I have found, convinces me that the world is not so corrupt as we are apt to imagine; and that if those men of parts who have been employed in vitiating the age had endeavoured to rectify and amend it, they needed not have sacrificed their good sense and virtue to their fame and reputation. No man is so sunk in vice and ignorance but there are still some hidden seeds of goodness and *knowledge* in him, which give him a relish of

such reflections and speculations as have an aptness to improve the mind and make the heart better.

I have shown, in a former paper, with how much care I have avoided all such thoughts as are loose, obscene, or immoral; and I believe my reader would still think the better of me, if he knew the pains I am at in qualifying what I write after such a manner, that nothing may be interpreted as aimed at private persons. For this reason, when I draw any faulty character, I consider all those persons to whom the malice of the world may possibly apply it, and take care to dash it with such particular circumstances as may prevent all such ill-natured applications. If I write any thing on a black man, I run over in my mind all the eminent persons in the nation who are of that complexion: when I place an imaginary name at the head of a character, I examine every syllable and letter of it that it may not bear any resemblance to one that is real. I know very well the value which every man sets upon his reputation, and how painful it is to be exposed to the mirth and derision of the public, and should therefore scorn to divert my reader at the expense of any private man.

As I have been thus tender of every particular person's reputation, so I have taken more than ordinary care not to give offence to those who appear in the higher figures of life. I would not make myself merry even with a piece of paste-board that is invested with a public character; for which reason I have never glanced upon the late designed procession of his holiness and his attendants, notwithstanding it might have afforded

matter to many ludicrous speculations.* Among those advantages which the public may reap from this paper, it is not the least, that it draws men's minds off from the bitterness of party, and furnishes them with subjects of discourse that may be treated without warmth or passion. This is said to have been the first design of those gentlemen who set on foot the Royal Society; and had then a very good effect, as it turned many of the greatest geniuses of that age to the disquisitions of natural knowledge, who, if they had engaged in politics with the same parts and application, might have set their country in a flame. The air-pump, the barometer, the quadrant and the like inventions, were thrown out to those busy spirits as tubs and barrels are to a whale, that he may let the ship sail on without disturbance, while he diverts himself with those innocent amusements.

I have been so very scrupulous in this particular of not hurting any man's reputation, that I have forbore mentioning even such authors as I could not name with honour. This I must confess to have been a piece of very great self-denial: for as the public relishes nothing better than the ridicule which turns upon a writer of any eminence, so there is nothing which a man that has but a very ordinary talent in ridicule may execute with greater ease. One might raise laughter for a quarter of a year together upon the works of a

* This relates to an exhibition of images of wax-work prepared for Queen Elizabeth's birth day; among which were his Holiness and attendants. They were taken into *custody by a warrant* from one of the secretaries of state.

person who has published but a very few volumes. For which reason I am astonished that those who have appeared against this paper have made so very little of it. The criticisms which I have hitherto published, have been made with an intention rather to discover beauties and excellencies in the writers of my own time than to publish any of their faults and imperfections. In the meanwhile, I should take it for a very great favour from some of my underhand detractors, if they would break all measures with me so far, as to give me a pretence for examining their performances with an impartial eye: nor shall I look upon it as any breach of charity to criticise the author, so long as I keep clear of the person.

In the meanwhile, till I am provoked to such hostilities, I shall from time to time endeavour to do justice to those who have distinguished themselves in the politer parts of learning, and to point out such beauties in their works as may have escaped the observation of others.

As the first place among our English poets is due to Milton, and as I have drawn more quotations out of him than from any other, I shall enter into a regular criticism upon his *Paradise Lost*, which I shall publish every Saturday, till I have given my thoughts upon that poem. I shall not however presume to impose upon others my own particular judgment on this author, but only to deliver it as my private opinion. Criticism is of a very large extent, and every particular master in this art has his favourite passages in an author, which do not equally strike the best judges. It will be sufficient for me if I discover many beauties or imperfections which others have not at-

tended to, and I should be very glad to see any of our eminent writers publish their discoveries on the same subject. In short, I would always be understood to write my papers of criticism in the spirit which Horace has expressed in those two famous lines:

——— *Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.* Ep.

‘If you have made any better remarks of your own, communicate them with candour; if not, make use of these I present you with.

ADDISON.

C.



No. 263. TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1712.

*Gratulor quod cum quem necesse erat diligere, qualiscunque
esset, talem habemus ut libenter quoque diligamus.*

TREBONIUS APUD TULL.

I rejoice that the person whom it was my duty to love, good or bad, is such an one that I can love him with a willing mind.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I am the happy father of a very towardly son, in whom I do not only see my life, but also my manner of life renewed. It would be extremely beneficial to society, if you would frequently resume subjects which serve to bind these sort of relations faster, and endear the ties of blood with those of good-will, protection, observance, indulgence and veneration. I would, methinks, have *this done after an uncommon method*, and do not

think any one who is not capable of writing a good play fit to undertake a work wherein there will necessarily occur so many secret instincts and biases of human nature, which would pass unobserved by common eyes. I thank heaven I have no outrageous offence against my own excellent parents to answer for; but when I am now and then alone, and look back upon my past life, from my earliest infancy to this time, there are many faults which I committed that did not appear to me, even till I myself became a father. I had not till then a notion of the yearnings of heart which a man has when he sees his child do a laudable thing, or the sudden damp which seizes him when he fears he will act something unworthy. It is not to be imagined what a remorse touched me for a long train of childish negligencies of my mother, when I saw my wife the other day look out of the window, and turn as pale as ashes upon seeing my younger boy sliding upon the ice. These slight intimations will give you to understand, that there are numberless little crimes which children take no notice of while they are doing, which upon reflection, when they shall themselves become fathers, they will look upon with the utmost sorrow and contrition, that they did not regard, before those whom they offended were to be no more seen. How many thousand things do I remember, which would have highly pleased my father, and I omitted for no other reason, but that I thought what he proposed the effect of humour and old age, which I am now convinced had reason and good sense in it. I can not now go into the parlour to him, and make his heart *glad* with an account of a matter which was

of no consequence, but that I told it and acted in it. The good man and woman are long since in their graves, who used to sit and plot the welfare of us their children, while, perhaps, we were sometimes laughing at the old folks at another end of the house. The truth of it is, were we merely to follow nature in these great duties of life, though we have a strong instinct towards the performing of them, we should be on both sides very deficient.—Age is so unwelcome to the generality of mankind, and growth towards manhood so desirable to all, that resignation to decay is too difficult a task in the father, and deference, amidst the impulse of gay desires, appears unreasonable to the son. There are so few who can grow old with a good grace, and yet fewer who can come slow enough into the world, that a father, were he to be actuated by his desires, and a son, were he to consult himself only, could neither of them behave himself as he ought to the other. But when reason interposes against instinct, where it would carry either out of the interests of the other, there arises that happiest intercourse of good offices between those dearest relations of human life. The father, according to the opportunities which are offered to him, is throwing down blessings on the son, and the son endeavouring to appear the worthy offspring of such a father. It is after this manner that Camillus and his first born dwell together. Camillus enjoys a pleasing and indolent old age, in which passion is subdued, and reason exalted. He waits the day of his dissolution with a resignation mixed with delight; and the son fears the accession *of his father's fortune*, with diffidence, lest he

should not enjoy or become it as well as his predecessor. Add to this, that the father knows he leaves a friend to the children of his friends, an easy landlord to his tenants, and an agreeable companion to his acquaintance. He believes his son's behaviour will make him frequently remembered, but never wanted. This commerce is so well cemented, that, without the pomp of saying, "Son, be a friend to such an one when I am gone," Camillus knows, being in his favour is direction enough to the grateful youth who is to succeed him, without the admonition of his mentioning it. These gentlemen are honoured in all their neighbourhood, and the same effect which the court has on the manners of a kingdom, their characters have on all who live within the influence of them.

' My son and I are not of fortune to communicate our good actions or intentions to so many as these gentlemen do; but I will be bold to say, my son has, by the applause and approbation which his behaviour towards me has gained him, occasioned that many an old man, besides myself, has rejoiced. Other men's children follow the example of mine; and I have the inexpressible happiness of overhearing our neighbours, as we ride by, point to their children, and say with a voice of joy, "There they go."

' You can not, Mr. Spectator, pass your time better than in insinuating the delights which these relations well regarded bestow upon each other. Ordinary passages are no longer such, but mutual love gives an importance to the most indifferent things, and a merit to actions the most insignificant. When we look round the world, and ob-

serve the many misunderstandings which are created by the malice and insinuation of the meanest servants between people thus related, how necessary will it appear that it were inculcated, that men would be upon their guard to support a constancy of affection, and that grounded upon the principles of reason, not the impulses of instinct.

‘It is from the common prejudices which men receive from their parents, that hatreds are kept alive from one generation to another; and when men act by instinct, hatreds will descend when good offices are forgotten: for the degeneracy of human life is such, that our anger is more easily transferred to our children than our love. Love always gives something to the object it delights in, and anger spoils the person against whom it is moved of something laudable in him: from this degeneracy, therefore, and a sort of self-love, we are more prone to take up the ill-will of our parents, than to follow them in their friendships.

‘One would think there should need no more to make men keep up this sort of relation with the utmost sanctity, than to examine their own hearts. If every father remembered his own thoughts and inclinations when he was a son, and every son remembered what he expected from his father, when he himself was in a state of dependence, this one reflection would preserve men from being dissolute or rigid in these several capacities. The power and subjection between them, when broken, make them more emphatically tyrants and rebels against each other, with greater cruelty of heart, than the disruption of *states and empires* can possibly produce. I shall

end this application to you with two letters which passed between a mother and son very lately, and are as follow:

‘DEAR FRANK,

‘If the pleasures which I have the grief to hear you pursue in town, do not take up all your time, do not deny your mother so much of it as to read seriously this letter. You said before Mr. Letacre, that an old woman might live very well in the country upon half my jointure, and that your father was a fond fool to give me a rent-charge of eight hundred a-year to the prejudice of his son. What Letacre said to you upon that occasion you ought to have borne with more decency, as he was your father’s well-beloved servant, than to have called him country-put. In the first place, Frank, I must tell you, I will have my rent duly paid; for I will make up to your sisters for the partiality I was guilty of, in making your father do so much as he has done for you. I may, it seems, live upon half my jointure! I lived upon much less, Frank, when I carried you from place to place in these arms, and could neither eat, dress, or mind any thing, for feeding and tending you, a weakly child; and shedding tears when the convulsions you were then troubled with returned upon you. By my care you outgrew them, to throw away the vigour of your youth in the arms of harlots, and deny your mother what is not your’s to detain. Both your sisters are crying to see the passion which I smother: but if you please to go on thus, like a gentleman of the town, and forget all regards to yourself and family, I shall *immediately* enter upon your estate for the

arrear due to me, and, without one tear more, condemn you for forgetting the fondness of your mother, as much as you have the example of your father. O Frank, do I live to omit writing myself your affectionate mother,
A. T.'

'MADAM,

'I will come down to-morrow and pay the money on my knees. Pray write so no more. I will take care you never shall; for I will be forever hereafter your most dutiful son,
F. T.'

'I will bring down new hoods for my sisters. Pray let all be forgotten.'

STEELE.

T.



No. 264. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2.

— *Secretum iter et fallentis semita vitæ.*

HOR.

— Close retirement, and a life by stealth.

CREECH.

It has been from age to age an affectation to love the pleasure of solitude, among those who can not possibly be supposed qualified for passing life in that manner. This people have taken up from reading the many agreeable things which have been written on that subject, for which we are beholden to excellent persons who delighted in being retired and abstracted from the pleasures that enchant the generality of the world. This way of life is recommended indeed with great beauty, and in such a manner as disposes the reader for the time to a pleasing forgetfulness, or negli-

gence of the particular hurry of life in which he is engaged, together with a longing for that state which he is charmed with in description. But when we consider the world itself, and how few there are capable of a religious, learned, or philosophic solitude, we shall be apt to change a regard to that sort of solitude, for being a little singular in enjoying time after the way a man himself likes best in the world, without going so far as wholly to withdraw from it. I have often observed, there is not a man breathing who does not differ from all other men, as much in the sentiments of his mind as the features of his face. The felicity is, when any one is so happy as to find out and follow what is the proper bent of his genius, and turn all his endeavours to exert himself according as that prompts him. Instead of this which is an innocent method of enjoying a man's self, and turning out of the general tracks, wherein you have crowds of rivals, there are those who pursue their own way out of a sourness and spirit of contradiction. These men do every thing which they are able to support, as if guilt and impunity could not go together. They choose a thing only because another dislikes it; and affect forsooth an inviolable constancy in matters of no manner of moment. Thus sometimes an old fellow shall wear this or that sort of cut in his clothes with great integrity,* while all the rest of the world are degenerated into buttons, pockets, and loops, unknown to their ancestors. As insignificant as even this is, if it

* This alludes to the Earl of Nottingham's long pockets and large buttons.

were searched to the bottom, you perhaps would find it not sincere, but that he is in the fashion in his heart, and holds out from mere obstinacy. But I am running from my intended purpose, which was to celebrate a certain particular manner of passing away life, and is a contradiction to no man, but a resolution to contract none of the exorbitant desires by which others are enslaved. The best way of separating a man's self from the world, is to give up the desire of being known to it. After a man has preserved his innocence, and performed all duties incumbent upon him, his time spent in his own way is what makes his life differ from that of a slave. If they who affect show and pomp knew how many of their spectators derided their trivial taste, they would be very much less elated, and have an inclination to examine the merit of all they have to do with: they would soon find out that there are many who make a figure below what their fortune or merit entitles them to, out of mere choice, and an elegant desire of ease and disincumbrance. It would look like romance to tell you, in this age, of an old man, who is contented to pass for an humorist, and one who does not understand the figure he ought to make in the world, while he lives in a lodging of ten shillings a-week, with only one servant; while he dresses himself according to the season in cloth or in stuff, and has no one necessary attention to any thing but the bell which calls to prayers twice a-day. I say, it would look like a fable to report, that this gentleman gives away all which is the overplus of a great fortune, by secret methods, to other men. *If he has not the pomp of a numerous train, and*

of professors of service to him, he has every day he lives the conscience that the widow, the fatherless, the mourner, and the stranger, bless his unseen hand in their prayers. This humorist gives up all the compliments which people of his own condition could make to him, for the pleasure of helping the afflicted, supplying the needy, and befriending the neglected. This humorist keeps to himself much more than he wants, and gives a vast refuse of his superfluities to purchase heaven, and by freeing others from the temptations of worldly want, to carry a retinue with him thither.

Of all men who affect living in a particular way, next to this admirable character, I am the most enamoured of Irus, whose condition will not admit of such largesses, and who perhaps would not be capable of making them, if it were. Irus, though he is now turned of fifty, has not appeared in the world in his real character since five-and-twenty, at which age he ran out a small patrimony, and spent some time after with rakes who had lived upon him. A course of ten years time passed in all the little alleys, by-paths, and sometimes open taverns and streets of this town, gave Irus a perfect skill in judging of the inclinations of mankind, and acting accordingly. He seriously considered he was poor, and the general horror which most men have of all who are in that condition. Irus judged very rightly, that while he could keep his poverty a secret, he should not feel the weight of it: he improved this thought into an affection of closeness and covetousness. Upon this one principle he resolved to *govern his future life*; and in the thirty-sixth year

of his age he repaired to Long-Lane, and looked upon several dresses which hung there, deserted by their first masters and exposed to the purchase of the best bidder. At this place he exchanged his gay shabbiness of clothes, fit for a much younger man, to warm ones that would be decent for a much older one. Irus came out thoroughly equipped from head to foot, with a little oaken cane, in the form of a substantial man that did not mind his dress, turned of fifty. He had at this time fifty pounds in ready money; and in this habit, with this fortune, he took his present lodging in St. John-street, at the mansion-house of a taylor's widow, who washes, and can clear-starch his hands. From that time to this, he has kept the main stock, without alteration under or over, to the value of five pounds. He left off all his old acquaintance to a man, and all his arts of life except the play of back-gammon, upon which he has more than bore his charges. Irus has, ever since he come into this neighbourhood, given all the intimations he skilfully could, of being a close hunk worth money; nobody comes to visit him, he receives no letters, and tells his money morning and evening. He has, from the public papers, a knowledge of what generally passes, shuns all discourses of money, but shrugs his shoulder when you talk of securities; he denies his being rich, with the air which all do who are vain of being so: he is the oracle of a neighbouring justice of the peace, who meets him at the coffee-house. The hopes that what he has must come to somebody, and that he has no heirs, have that effect wherever he is known, that he every day has *three or four invitations* to dine at different places,

which he generally takes care to choose in such a manner, as not to seem inclined to the richer man. All the young men respect him, and say he is just the same he was when they were boys. He uses no artifice in the world, but makes use of men's designs upon him to get a maintenance out of them. This he carries on by a certain peevishness (which he acts very well,) that no one would believe could possibly enter into the head of a poor fellow. His mien, his dress, his carriage, and his language are such, that you would be at a loss to guess whether in the active part of his life he had been a sensible citizen, or scholar that knew the world. These are the great circumstances in the life of Irus, and thus does he pass away his days, a stranger to mankind; and, at his death, the worst that will be said of him will be, that he got by every man who had expectations from him, more than he had to leave him.*

I have an inclination to print the following letters: for that I have heard the author of them has somewhere or other seen me; and by an excellent faculty in mimicry, my correspondents tell me, he can assume my air, and give my taciturnity a slyness which diverts more than any thing I could say if I were present. Thus I am glad my silence is atoned for to the good company in town. He has carried his skill in imitation so far, as to have forged a letter from my friend Sir Roger, in such a manner, that any one but I, who am thoroughly acquainted with him, would have taken it for genuine.

* See another paper on the subject, No. 360, supposed to be written by Mr. Tickell.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘Having observed in Lilly’s grammar how sweetly Bacchus and Apollo run in a verse, I have (to preserve the amity between them) called in Bacchus to the aid of my profession of the theatre. So that while some people of quality are bespeaking plays of me to be acted upon such a day, and others hogsheads for their houses against such a time, I am wholly employed in the agreeable service of wit and wine. Sir, I have sent you Sir Roger de Coverley’s letter to me, which pray comply with in favour of the Bumper Tavern. Be kind; for you know a player’s utmost pride is the approbation of the Spectator. I am your admirer, though unknown,

‘RICHARD ESTCOURT.’

To Mr. Estcourt, at his house in Covent-Garden.

‘Coverley, December the 18th, 1711.

‘OLD COMICAL ONE,

‘The hogsheads of neat port came safe, and have gotten thee good reputation in these parts; and I am glad to hear, that a fellow who has been laying out his money ever since he was born, for the mere pleasure of wine, has bethought himself of joining profit and pleasure together. Our sexton (poor man) having received strength from thy wine since his fit of the gout, is hugely taken with it; he says it is given by nature for the use of families; that no steward’s table can be without it; that it strengthens digestion, excludes surfeits, fevers, and physic, which green wines of *any kind can’t do*. Pray get a pure snug room,

and I hope next term to help fill your bumper with our people of the club; but you must have no bells stirring when the Spectator comes; I forebore ringing to dinner while he was down with me in the country. Thank you for the little hams and Portugal onions; pray keep some always by you. You know my supper is only good Cheshire cheese, best mustard, a golden pippin, attended with a pipe of John Sly's best. Sir Harry has stolen all your songs, and tells the story of the 5th of November to perfection.

'Yours to serve you,
'ROGER DE COVERLEY.'

'We've lost old John since you were here.'
STEELE. T.



No. 265. THURSDAY, JANUARY 3.

*Dixerit è multis aliquis, quid virus in angues
Adjicis? et rabidæ tradis ovile lupæ?* OVID.

But some exclaim—What frenzy rules your mind?
Would you increase the craft of womankind?
Teach them new wiles and arts? as well you may
Instruct a snake to bite or wolf to prey. CONGREVE.

ONE of the fathers, if I am rightly informed, has defined a woman to be ζων φιλοκοσμον, 'an animal that delights in finery.' I have already treated of the sex in two or three papers conformably to this definition, and have in particular observed, that in all ages they have been more careful than the men to adorn that part of the head which we generally call the outside.

This observation is so very notorious, that when in ordinary discourse we say a man has a fine head, a long head, or a good head, we express ourselves metaphorically, and speak in relation to his understanding, whereas, when we say of a woman, she has a fine, a long, or a good head, we speak only in relation to her commode.

It is observed among birds, that nature has lavished all her ornaments upon the male, who very often appears in a most beautiful head-dress; whether it be a crest, a comb, a tuft of feathers, or a natural little plume, erected like a kind of pinnacle on the very top of the head. As nature, on the contrary, has poured out her charms in the greatest abundance upon the female part of our species, so they are very assiduous in bestowing upon themselves the finest garnitures of art. The peacock, in all his pride, does not display half the colours that appear in the garments of a British lady when she is dressed either for a ball or a birth-day.

But to return to our female heads. The ladies have been for some time in a kind of *moulting season*, with regard to that part of their dress, having *cast* great quantities of ribband, lace and cambric, and in some measure reduced that part of the human figure to the beautiful globular form which is natural to it. We have for a great while expected what kind of ornament would be substituted in the place of those antiquated commodes. But our female projectors were all the last summer so taken up with the improvement of their petticoats, that they had no time to attend to any thing else; but having at length sufficiently adorned their lower parts, they now begin to turn

their thoughts upon the other extremity, as well remembering the old kitchen proverb, that if you light your fire at both ends, the middle will shift for itself.

I am engaged in this speculation by a sight which I lately met with at the opera. As I was standing in the hinder part of a box, I took notice of a little cluster of women sitting together in the prettiest coloured hoods that I ever saw. One of them was blue, another yellow, and another philomot; the fourth was of a pink colour; and the fifth of a pale green. I looked with as much pleasure upon this little party-coloured assembly, as upon a bed of tulips, and did not know at first whether it might not be an embassy of Indian queens; but upon my going about into the pit, and taking them in front, I was immediately undeceived, and saw so much beauty in every face, that I found them all to be English. Such eyes and lips, cheeks and foreheads, could be the growth of no other country. The complexion of their faces hindered me from observing any further the colour of their hoods, though I could easily perceive by that unspeakable satisfaction which appeared in their looks, that their own thoughts were wholly taken up on those pretty ornaments they wore upon their heads.

I am informed that this fashion spreads daily, insomuch that the Whig and Tory ladies begin already to hang out different colours, and to show their principles in their head-dress. Nay, if I may believe my friend Will Honeycomb, there is a certain old coquette of his acquaintance, who intends to appear very suddenly in a rainbow hood, like the Iris in Dryden's Virgil, not que-

tioning but that among such a variety of colours she shall have a charm for every heart.

My friend Will, who very much values himself upon his great insight into gallantry, tells me, that he can already guess at the humour a lady is in by her hood, as the courtiers of Morocco know the disposition of their present emperor by the colour of the dress which he puts on. When Melecinda wraps her head in flame colour, her heart is set upon execution; when she covers it with purple, I would not, says he, advise her lover to approach her; but if she appears in white, it is peace, and he may hand her out of her box with safety.

Will informs me likewise, that these hoods may be used as signals. Why else, says he, does Cornelia always put on a black hood when her husband is gone into the country?

Such are my friend Honeycomb's dreams of gallantry. For my own part, I impute this diversity of colours in the hoods to the diversity of complexion in the faces of my pretty countrywomen. Ovid, in his Art of Love, has given some precepts as to this particular, though I find they are different from those which prevail among the moderns. He recommends a red striped silk to the pale complexion, white to the brown, and dark to the fair. On the contrary, my friend Will, who pretends to be a greater master in this art than Ovid, tells me, that the palest features look the most agreeable in white sarsenet; that a face which is overflushed appears to advantage in the deepest scarlet, and that the darkest complexion is not a little alleviated by a black hood. In short, he is for losing the colour of the face in

that of the hood, as a fire burns dimly, and a candle goes half out, in the light of the sun. This, says he, your Ovid himself has hinted, where he treats of these matters, when he tells us that the blue water-nymphs are dressed in sky-coloured garments; and that Aurora, who always appears in the light of the rising sun, is robed in saffron.

Whether these his observations are justly grounded I can not tell: but I have often known him, as we have stood together behind the ladies, praise or dispraise the complexion of a face which he never saw, from observing the colour of her hood, and has been very seldom out in these his guesses.

As I have nothing more at heart than the honour and improvement of the fair sex, I can not conclude this paper without an exhortation to the British ladies, that they would excel the women of all other nations as much in virtue and good sense as they do in beauty; which they may certainly do, if they will be as industrious to cultivate their minds as they are to adorn their bodies; in the mean while I shall recommend to their most serious consideration the saying of an old Greek poet:

Τὴν αἰὲν κόσμος ὁ τεῖχος κ' ἔχει χεῖρα.*

ADDISON.

C.

* 'Manners, and not dress, are the ornaments of women.' See No. 271. This, as well as the *simplex munditiis*, denotes; that true skill in female finery is more displayed by neatness than gaudiness and expensive trappings.

————— 'For loveliness

Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.'

No. 266. FRIDAY, JANUARY 4.

*Id verò est, quod ego mihi puto palmarium,
Me reperisse, quomodo adolescentulus
Meretricum ingenia et mores possit noscere;
Maturè ut càm cognôrit, perpetuò oderit. TER.*

I look upon it as my masterpiece, that I have found out how a young fellow may know the disposition and behaviour of harlots, and by early knowing, come to detest them.

No vice or wickedness which people fall into from indulgence to desires which are natural to all, ought to place them below the compassion of the virtuous part of the world; which indeed often makes me a little apt to suspect the sincerity of their virtue, who are too warmly provoked at other people's personal sins. The unlawful commerce of the sexes is of all others the hardest to avoid; and yet there is no one which you shall hear the rigider part of womankind speak of with so little mercy. It is very certain that a modest woman can not abhor the breach of chastity too much; but pray let her hate it for herself, and only pity it in others. Will Honeycomb calls these over-offended ladies the outrageously virtuous.

I do not design to fall upon failures in general, with relation to the gift of chastity, but at present only enter upon that large field, and begin with the consideration of poor and public whores. The other evening, passing alone near Covent-Garden, I was jogged on the elbow as I turned *into the piazza*, on the right hand coming out of

James-street, by a slim young girl of about seventeen, who with a pert air asked me if I was for a pint of wine. I do not know but I should have indulged my curiosity in having some chat with her, but that I am informed the man of the bumper knows me; and it would have made a story for him not very agreeable to some part of my writings, though I have in others so frequently said that I am wholly unconcerned in any scene I am in, but merely as a Spectator. This impediment being in my way, we stood under one of the arches by twilight; and there I could observe as exact features as I had ever seen, the most agreeable shape, the finest neck and bosom, in a word, the whole person of a woman exquisitely beautiful. She affected to allure me with a forced wantonness in her look and air; but I saw it checked with hunger and cold; her eyes were wan and eager, her dress thin and tawdry, her mien genteel and childish. This strange figure gave me much anguish of heart, and, to avoid being seen with her, I went away, but could not forbear giving her a crown. The poor thing sighed, curtsied, and with a blessing, expressed with the utmost vehemence, turned from me. This creature is what they call 'newly come upon the town;' but who, I suppose, falling into cruel hands, was left in the first month from her dishonour, and exposed to pass through the hands and discipline of one of those hags of hell whom we call bawds. But lest I should grow too suddenly grave on this subject, and be myself outrageously good, I shall turn to a scene in one of Fletcher's plays, where this character is drawn, and the *economy of whoredom* most admirably describ

ed. The passage I would point to is in the third scene of the second act of the Humorous Lieutenant. Leucippe, who is agent for the king's lust, and bawds at the same time for the whole court, is very pleasantly introduced, reading her minutes as a person of business, with two maids, her under-secretaries, taking instructions at a table before her. Her women, both those under her present tutelage and those which she is laying wait for, are alphabetically set down in her book, and she is looking over the letter C, in a muttering voice, as if between soliloquy and speaking out, she says,

'Her maiden-head will yield me—let me see now—
She's not fifteen, they say; for her complexion—
Cloe, Cloe, Cloe; here I have her—
Cloe, the daughter of a country gentleman;
Her age upon fifteen. Now her complexion—
A lovely brown: here 'tis; eyes black and rolling,
The body neatly built; she strikes a lute well,
Sings most enticingly. These helps considered,
Her maiden-head will amount to some three hundred,
Or three hundred and fifty crowns; 'twill bear it handsomely:
Her father's poor; some little share deducted,
To buy him a hunting nag——.'

These creatures are very well instructed in the circumstances and manners of all who are any way related to the fair one whom they have a design upon. As Cloe is to be purchased with three hundred and fifty crowns, and the father taken off with a pad; the merchant's wife next to her, who abounds in plenty, is not to have downright *money*; but the mercenary part of her mind is *engaged* with a present of plate and a little am-

bition. She is made to understand that it is a man of quality who dies for her. The examination of a young girl for business, and the crying down her value for being a slight thing, together with every other circumstance in the scene, are inimitably excellent, and have the true spirit of comedy; though it were to be wished the author had added a circumstance which should make Leucippe's baseness more odious.

It must not be thought a digression from my intended speculation, to talk of bawds in a discourse upon wenches; for a woman of the town is not thoroughly and properly such, without having gone through the education of one of these houses. But the compassionate case of very many is, that they are taken into such hands without the least suspicion, previous temptation, or admonition to what place they are going. The last week I went to an inn in the city to inquire for some provisions which were sent by a wagon out of the country; and as I waited in one of the boxes till the chamberlain had looked over his parcels, I heard an old and a young voice repeating the questions and responses of the church catechism. I thought it no breach of good manners to peep at a crevice, and look in at people so well employed: but who should I see there but the most artful procuress in town, examining a most beautiful country girl, who had come up in the same wagon with my things, 'Whether she was well educated, could forbear playing the wanton with servants and idle fellows, of which this town,' says she, 'is too full?' at the same time, 'Whether she knew enough of breeding, as that if a *'squire* or a gentleman, or one that was her

betters, should give her a civil salute, she should curtsey, and be humble nevertheless?' Her innocent 'forsooths, yesses, and't please you's, and she would do her endeavour,' moved the good old lady to take her out of the hands of a country bumpkin her brother, and hire her for her own maid. I staid till I saw them all march out to take coach; the brother loaded with a great cheese, he prevailed upon her to take for her civilities to his sister. This poor creature's fate is not far off that of her's whom I spoke of above; and it is not to be doubted, but after she had been long enough a prey to lust, she will be delivered over to famine. The ironical commendation of the industry and charity of these antiquated ladies, these directors of sin, after they can no longer commit it, makes up the beauty of the inimitable dedication to the Plain Dealer, and is a masterpiece of raillery on this vice. But to understand all the purlieus of this game the better, and to illustrate this subject in future discourses, I must venture myself with my friend Will into the haunts of beauty and gallantry, from pampered vice in the habitations of the wealthy, to distressed indigent wickedness expelled the harbours of the brothel. (See No. 274 and 276.)

STEELE.

T.

No. 267. SATURDAY, JANUARY 5.

Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii. PROPERT.

Give place, ye Roman and ye Grecian wits.

THERE is nothing in nature so irksome as *general* discourses, especially when they turn

chiefly upon words. For this reason I shall wave the discussion of that point which was started some years since, whether Milton's *Paradise Lost* may be called an heroic poem? Those who will not give it that title, may call it (if they please) a divine poem. It will be sufficient to its perfection if it has in it all the beauties of the highest kind of poetry; and as for those who allege it is not an heroic poem, they advance no more to the diminution of it, than if they should say, Adam is not *Æneas*, nor Eve Helen.

I shall therefore examine it by the rules of epic poetry, and see whether it falls short of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*, in the beauties which are essential to that kind of writing. The first thing to be considered in an epic poem is the fable, which is perfect or imperfect according as the action which it relates is more or less so. This action should have three qualifications in it; First, it should be but one action; Secondly, it should be an entire action; and, Thirdly, it should be a great action. To consider the action of the *Iliad*, *Æneid*, and *Paradise Lost*, in these three several lights, Homer, to preserve the unity of his action, hastens into the midst of things, as Horace has observed. Had he gone up to Leda's egg, or begun much later, even at the rape of Helen, or the investing of Troy, it is manifest that the story of the poem would have been a series of several actions.—He therefore opens his poem with the discord of his princes, and artfully interweaves in the several succeeding parts of it an account of every thing material which relates to them, and had passed before that fatal dissention. After the same manner, *Æneas* makes his first appearance in the

Tyrrhene seas, and within sight of Italy, because the action proposed to be celebrated was that of his settling himself in Latium. But because it was necessary for the reader to know what had happened to him in the taking of Troy, and in the preceding parts of his voyage, Virgil makes his hero relate it by way of episode in the second and third books of the *Æneid*. The contents of both which books come before those of the first book in the thread of the story, though, for preserving of this unity of action they follow them in the disposition of the poem. Milton, in imitation of these two great poets, opens his *Paradise Lost* with an infernal council plotting the fall of man, which is the action he proposed to celebrate; and as for those great actions, which preceded in point of time the battle of the angels, and the creation of the world, (which would have entirely destroyed the unity of his principal action, had he related them in the same order that they happened,) he cast them into the fifth, sixth, and seventh books, by way of episode to this noble poem.

Aristotle himself allows, that Homer has nothing to boast of as to the unity of his fable, though at the same time that great critic and philosopher endeavours to palliate this imperfection in the Greek poet, by imputing it in some measure to the very nature of an epic poem. Some have been of opinion that the *Æneid* also labours in this particular, and has episodes which may be looked upon as excrescences, rather than as parts of the action. On the contrary, the poem which *we have now under our consideration hath no other episodes* than such as naturally arise from

the subject; and yet it is filled with such a multitude of astonishing incidents, that it gives us at the same time a pleasure of the greatest variety, and of the greatest simplicity; uniform in its nature, though diversified in the execution.

I must observe also, that as Virgil in the poem which was designed to celebrate the original of the Roman empire, has described the birth of its great rival, the Carthaginian commonwealth; Milton, with the like art, in his poem on the fall of man, has related the fall of those angels who are his professed enemies. Besides the many other beauties in such an episode, its running parallel with the great action of the poem, hinders it from breaking the unity so much as another episode would have done, that had not so great an affinity with the principal subject. In short, this is the same kind of beauty which the critics admire in the Spanish Friar or the Double Discovery, where the two different plots look like counter parts and copies of one another.

The second qualification required in the action of an epic poem is, that it should be an *entire* action: an action entire when it is complete in all its parts; or, as Aristotle describes it, when it consists of a beginning, a middle, and an end. Nothing should go before it, be intermixed with it, or follow after it, that is not related to it. As, on the contrary, no single step should be omitted in that just and regular process which it must be supposed to take from its original to its consummation. Thus we see the anger of Achilles in its birth, its continuance and effects; and Æneas's settlement in Italy carried on through all the *oppositions in his way* to it both by sea and land.

The action in Milton excels, I think, both the former in this particular; we see it contrived in hell, executed upon earth, and punished by heaven. The parts of it are told in the most distinct manner, and grow out of one another in the most natural method.

The third qualification of an epic poem is its greatness. The anger of Achilles was of such consequence, that it embroiled the kings of Greece, destroyed the heroes of Troy, and engaged all the gods in factions. Æneas's settlement in Italy produced the Cæsars, and gave birth to the Roman Empire. Milton's subject was still greater than either of the former: it does not determine the fate of single persons or nations, but of a whole species. The united powers of hell are joined together for the destruction of mankind, which they effected in part, and would have completed, had not Omnipotence itself interposed.—The principal actors are man in his greatest perfection, and woman in her highest beauty. Their enemies are the fallen angels; the Messiah their friend, and the Almighty their protector. In short, every thing that is great in the whole circle of being, whether within the verge of nature or out of it, has a proper part assigned it in this noble poem.

In poetry, as in architecture, not only the whole, but the principal members, and every part of them, should be great. I will not presume to say, that the book of games in the Æneid, or that in the Iliad, are not of this nature, nor to reprehend Virgil's simile of the top, and many others of the same kind in the Iliad, as liable to *any censure* in this particular; but I think we may

say, without derogating from those wonderful performances, that there is an unquestionable magnificence in every part of *Paradise Lost*, and indeed a much greater than could have been formed upon any Pagan system.

But Aristotle, by the greatness of the action, does not only mean that it should be great in its nature, but also in its duration: or, in other words, that it should have a due length in it, as well as what we properly call greatness. The just measure of this kind of magnitude, he explains by the following similitude. An animal no bigger than a mite can not appear perfect to the eye, because the sight takes it in at once, and has only a confused idea of the whole, and not a distinct idea of all its parts; if, on the contrary, you should suppose an animal of ten thousand furlongs in length, the eye would be so filled with a single part of it, that it could not give the mind an idea of the whole. What these animals are to the eye, a very short or a very long action would be to the memory. The first would be, as it were, lost and swallowed up by it, and the other difficult to be contained in it. Homer and Virgil have shown their principal art in this particular; the action of the *Iliad*, and that of the *Æneid*, were in themselves exceeding short, but are so beautifully extended and diversified by the invention of episodes, and the machinery of gods, with the like poetical ornaments, that they make up an agreeable story, sufficient to employ the memory without overcharging it. Milton's action is enriched with such a variety of circumstances, that I have taken as much pleasure in reading the *contents of his books* as in the best invented story

I ever met with. It is possible, that the traditions, on which the *Iliad* and *Æneid* were built had more circumstances in them than the history of The Fall of Man, as it is related in scripture. Besides, it was easier for Homer and Virgil to dash the truth with fiction, as they were in no danger of offending the religion of their country by it. But as for Milton, he had not only a very few circumstances upon which to raise his poem, but was also obliged to proceed with the greatest caution in every thing that he added out of his own invention. And, indeed, notwithstanding all the restraint he was under, he has filled his story with so many surprising incidents, which bear so close an analogy with what is delivered in holy writ, that it is capable of pleasing the most delicate reader, without giving offence to the most scrupulous.

The modern critics have collected from several hints in the *Iliad* and *Æneid* the space of time which is taken up by the action of each of those poems; but as a great part of Milton's story was transacted in regions that lie out of the reach of the sun and the sphere of day, it is impossible to gratify the reader with such a calculation, which indeed would be more curious than instructive; none of the critics, either ancient or modern, having laid down rules to circumscribe the action of an epic poem with any determined number of years, days, or hours.

This piece of criticism, on Milton's *Paradise Lost*, shall be carried on in the following Saturday's paper.

ADDISON.

L.

No. 268. MONDAY, JANUARY 7.

—*Minus aptus acutis*

Naribus horum hominum—

HOR.

He can not bear the raillery of the age. CREECH.

IT is not that I think I have been more witty than I ought of late, that at present I wholly forbear any attempt towards it: I am of opinion that I ought sometimes to lay before the world the plain letters of my correspondents in the artless dress in which they hastily send them, that the reader may see I am not accuser and judge myself, but that the indictment is properly and fairly laid, before I proceed against the criminal.

‘MR SPECTATOR,*

‘As you are a Spectator-general, I apply myself to you in the following case, viz. I do not wear a sword, but I often divert myself at the theatre, where I frequently see a set of fellows pull plain people, by way of humour and frolic, by the nose upon frivolous or no occasions. A friend of mine the other night, applauding what a graceful exit Mr. Wilkes made; one of these nose-wringers overhearing him, pinched him by the nose. I was in the pit the other night (when it was very much crowded,) a gentleman leaning upon me, and very heavily, I very civilly requested him to remove his hand; for which he pulled me by the nose. I would not resent it in so pub-

* This letter was written by a Mr. James Heywood, a famous linen draper, who lived till the year 1776.

lic a place, because I was unwilling to create a disturbance; but have since reflected upon it as a thing that is unmanly and disingenuous, renders the nose-puller odious, and makes the person pulled by the nose look little and contemptible. This grievance I humbly request you will endeavour to redress. I am your admirer, &c.

‘JAMES EASY.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘Your discourse of the 29th of December, (No. 261) on love and marriage, is of so useful a kind, that I can not forbear adding my thoughts to yours on that subject. Methinks it is a misfortune, that the marriage state, which in its own nature is adapted to give us the completest happiness this life is capable of, should be so uncomfortable a one to so many as it daily proves. But the mischief generally proceeds from the unwise choice people make for themselves and an expectation of happiness from things not capable of giving it. Nothing but the good qualities of the person beloved can be a foundation for a love of judgment and discretion; and whoever expects happiness from any thing but virtue, wisdom, good humour, and a similitude of manners, will find themselves widely mistaken. But how few are there who seek after these things, and do not rather make riches their chief, if not their only aim? How rare is it for a man when he engages himself in the thoughts of marriage, to place his hopes of having in such a woman a constant, agreeable companion; one who will divide his cares, and double his joys; who will manage that *share of his estate* he entrusts to her care with

prudence and frugality, govern his house with economy and discretion, and be an ornament to himself and family? Where shall we find the man who looks out for one who places her chief happiness in the practice of virtue, and makes her duty her continual pleasure? No; men rather seek for money as the complement of all their desires; and regardless of what kind of wives they take, they think riches will be a minister to all kind of pleasures, and enable them to keep mistresses, horses, hounds, to drink, feast and game with their companions, pay their debts contracted by former extravagancies, or some such vile and unworthy end: and indulge themselves in pleasures which are a shame and scandal to human nature. Now as for the women; how few of them are there who place the happiness of their marriage in the having a wise and virtuous friend: one who will be faithful and just to all, and constant and loving to them; who, with care and diligence, will look after and improve the estate, and without grudging, allow whatever is prudent and convenient? Rather, how few are there who do not place their happiness in outshining others in pomp and show; and that do not think within themselves, when they have married such a rich person, that none of their acquaintance shall appear so fine in their equipage, so adorned in their persons, or so magnificent in their furniture as themselves? Thus their heads are filled with vain ideas; and I heartily wish I could say, that equipage and show were not the chief good of so many women as I fear it is.

‘ After this manner do both sexes deceive themselves, and bring reflections and disgrace upon

the most happy and most honourable state of life, whereas, if they would but correct their depraved taste, moderate their ambition, and place their happiness upon proper objects, we should not find felicity in the marriage state such a wonder in the world as it now is.

‘ Sir, if you think these thoughts worth inserting among your own, be pleased to give them a better dress, and let them pass abroad; and you will oblige your admirer,
A. B.’

‘ MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ As I was this day walking in the street, there happened to pass by on the other side of the way a beauty, whose charms were so attracting that it drew my eyes wholly on that side, insomuch that I neglected my own way, and chanced to run my nose directly against a post; which the lady no sooner perceived, but she fell into a fit of laughter, though at the same time she was sensible that she herself was the cause of my misfortune, which in my opinion was the greater aggravation of her crime. I being busy wiping off the blood which trickled down my face, had not time to acquaint her with her barbarity, as also with my resolution, viz. never to look out of my way for one of her sex more; therefore that your humble servant may be revenged, he desires you to insert this in one of your next papers, which he hopes will be a warning to all the rest of the women-gazers, as well as to poor

‘ ANTHONY GAPE.’

‘ MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ I desire to know in your next, if the merry *game of* “The parson has lost his cloak,” is not

mightily in vogue amongst the fine ladies this Christmas; because I see they wear hoods of all colours, which I suppose is for that purpose: if it is, and you think it proper, I will carry some of those hoods with me to our ladies in Yorkshire; because they enjoined me to bring them something from London that was very new. If you can tell any thing in which I can obey their commands more agreeably, be pleased to inform me, and you will extremely oblige

‘Your humble servant.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

Oxford, Dec. 29.

‘Since you appear inclined to be a friend to the distressed, I beg you would assist me in an affair under which I have suffered very much. The reigning toast of this place is *Patetia*; I have pursued her with the utmost diligence this twelve-month, and find nothing stands in my way but one who flatters her more than I can. Pride is her favourite passion; therefore if you would be so far my friend as to make a favourable mention of me in one of your papers, I believe I should not fail in my addresses. The scholars stand in rows as they did to be sure in your time, at her pew-door; and she has all the devotion paid to her by a crowd of youths who are unacquainted with the sex, and have inexperience added to their passion. However, if it succeeds according to my vows, you will make me the happiest man in the world, and the most obliged amongst all

‘Your humble servants.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I came to my mistress’s toilet this morning, for I am admitted when her face is stark naked.’

she frowned, and cried pish, when I said a thing that I stole; and I will be judged by you whether it was not very pretty. Madam (said I,) you shall forbear that part of your dress; it may be well in others, but you can not place a patch where it does not hide a beauty.'

STEELE.

T.

END OF VOL. V.

THE
SPECTATOR.

WITH
Sketches of the Lives of the Authors,
AN INDEX,
AND
EXPLANATORY NOTES.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

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TO THE

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

MY LORD,

As it is natural to have a fondness for what has cost us much time and attention to produce, I hope your Grace will forgive my endeavour to preserve this work from oblivion, by affixing to it your memorable name.

I shall not here presume to mention the illustrious passages of your life, which are celebrated by the whole age, and have been the subject of the most sublime pens; but if I could convey you to posterity in your private character, and describe the stature, the behaviour, and aspect of the Duke of Marlborough, I question not but it would fill the reader with more agreeable images, and give him a more delightful entertainment, than what can be found in the following, or any other book.

One can not indeed, without offence to your self, observe, that you excel the rest of mankind in the least, as well as the greatest, endowments. Nor were it a circumstance to be mentioned, if the graces and attractions of your person were not the only pre-eminence you have above others, which is left, almost unobserved, by greater writers.

Yet how pleasing would it be to those who shall read the surprising revolutions in your sto-

ry, to be made acquainted with your ordinary life and deportment? How pleasing would it be to hear that the same man who had carried fire and sword into the countries of all that had opposed the cause of liberty, and struck a terror into the armies of France, had, in the midst of his high station, a behaviour as gentle as is usual in the first steps towards greatness? And if it were possible to express that easy grandeur, which did at once persuade and command, it would appear as clearly to those who come, as it does to his contemporaries, that all the great events which were brought to pass under the conduct of so well governed a spirit, were the blessings of Heaven upon wisdom and valour; and all which seem adverse fell out by divine permission, which we are not to search into.

You have passed that year of life wherein the most able and fortunate captain, before your time, declared he had lived enough both to nature and to glory; and your Grace may make that reflection with much more justice. He spoke it after he had arrived at empire, by an usurpation upon those whom he had enslaved, but the Prince of Mindleheim may rejoice in a sovereignty which was the gift of him whose dominions he had preserved.

Glory, established upon the uninterrupted success of honourable designs and actions, is not subject to diminution; nor can any attempts prevail against it, but in the proportion in which the narrow circuit of rumour bears to the unlimited extent of fame.

We may congratulate your grace not only upon *your high achievements*, but likewise upon the

happy expiration of your command, by which your glory is put out of the power of fortune: and when your person shall be so too, that the Author and Disposer of all things may place you in that higher mansion of bliss and immortality which is prepared for good princes, lawgivers, and heroes, when HE, in his due time, removes them from the envy of mankind, is the hearty prayer of,

MY LORD,

Your Grace's most obedient,

Most devoted, humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

THE SPECTATOR.



No. 269. TUESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1712.

— *Ævo rarissima nostro*
Simplicitas — OVID.

And brings our old simplicity again. DRYDEN.

I WAS this morning surprised with a great knocking at the door, when my landlady's daughter came up to me, and told me that there was a man below desired to speak with me. Upon my asking her who it was, she told me it was a very grave elderly person, but that she did not know his name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the coachman of my worthy friend Sir Roger de Coverley. He told me that his master came to town last night, and would be glad to take a turn with me in Gray's-Inn walks. As I was wondering in myself what had brought Sir Roger to town, not having lately received any letter from him, he told me that his master was come up to get a sight of Prince Eugene,* and that he desired I would immediately meet him.

* Prince Eugene was at this time in London and highly caressed by the court, though his visit was disliked by the queen. He stood godfather to Steele's second son.

I was not a little pleased with the curiosity of the old knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private discourse, that he looked upon Prince Eugenio, for so the knight always calls him, to be a greater man than Scanderbeg.

I was no sooner come into Gray's-Inn walks, but I heard my friend upon the terrace hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigour, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air, to make use of his own phrase, and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems.

I was touched with a secret joy at the sight of the good old man, who, before he saw me, was engaged in conversation with a beggar man that had asked an alms of him. I could hear my friend chide him for not finding out some work; but at the same time saw him put his hand in his pocket and give him sixpence.

Our salutations were very hearty on both sides, consisting of many kind shakes of the hand, and several affectionate looks which we cast upon one another. After which the knight told me my good friend his chaplain was very well, and much at my service, and that the Sunday before he had made a most incomparable sermon out of Doctor Barrow. I have left, says he, all my affairs in his hands, and being willing to lay an obligation upon him, have deposited with him thirty marks, to be distributed among his poor parishioners.

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of Will Wimble.* Upon which he put

* Supposed to be a Mr. Morecraft, whom Steele had introduced to Mr. Addison. See No. 108, 122, 126 and 131.

his hand into his fob, and presented me in his name with a tobacco-stopper, telling me that Will had been busy all the beginning of the winter in turning great quantities of them; and that he made a present of one to every gentleman in the country who has good principles and smokes. He added, that poor Will was at present under great tribulation, for that Tom Touchy had taken the law of him for cutting some hazel sticks out of one of his hedges.

Among other pieces of news which the knight brought from his country-seat, he informed me that Moll White was dead; and that about a month after her death the wind was so very high that it blew down the end of one of his barns. But, for my own part, says Sir Roger, I do not think that the old woman had any hand in it.

He afterwards fell into an account of the diversions which had passed in his house during the holydays; for Sir Roger, after the laudable custom of his ancestors, always keeps open house at Christmas. I learned from him, that he had killed eight fat hogs for this season, that he had dealt about his chimes very liberally among his neighbours, and that in particular he had sent a string of hog's puddings, with a pack of cards, to every poor family in the parish. I have often thought, says Sir Roger, it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of the winter. It is the most dead uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice *their poor hearts* at this season, and to see the

whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer, and set it a running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince-pye upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks, and smutting one another. Our friend Will Wimble, is as merry as any of them, and shows a thousand roguish tricks upon these occasions.

I was very much delighted with the reflection of my old friend, which carried so much goodness in it. He then launched out into the praise of the late act of parliament for securing the church of England; and told me with great satisfaction, that he believed it already began to take effect; for that a rigid dissenter, who chanced to dine at his house on Christmas day, had been observed to eat very plentifully of his plumb-porridge.

After having despatched all our country matters, Sir Roger made several inquiries concerning the club, and particularly of his old antagonist, Sir Andrew Freeport. He asked me with a kind of smile whether Sir Andrew had not taken advantage of his absence to vent among them some of his republican doctrines? but soon after, gathering up his countenance into a more than ordinary seriousness, 'tell me truly,' says he, 'do not you think Sir Andrew had a hand in the pope's procession?' (See No. 262)—But without giving me time to answer, 'Well, well,' says he, 'I know you are a wary man, and do not care to talk of public matters.'

The knight then asked me if I had seen Prince

Eugenio; and made me promise to get him a stand in some convenient place where he might have a full sight of that extraordinary man, whose presence does so much honour to the British nation. He dwelt very long on the praises of this great general; and I found that, since I was with him in the country, he had drawn many observations together out of his reading in Baker's Chronicle and other authors, who always lie in his hall window, which very much redound to the honour of this prince.

Having passed away the greatest part of the morning in hearing the knight's reflections, which were partly private and partly political, he asked me if I would smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee at Squire's? As I love the old man, I take delight in complying with every thing that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the coffee-house, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax candle, and the Supplement, with such an air of cheerfulness and good humour, that all the boys in the coffee-room, who seemed to take pleasure in serving him, were at once employed on his several errands, insomuch that nobody else could come at a dish of tea, till the knight had got all his conveniences about him.

ADDISON.

L.

No. 270. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9.

*Discit enim citiùs, meminitque libentiùs illud,
Quod quis deridet, quàm quod probat.* HOR.

For what's derided by the censuring crowd,
Is thought on more than what is just and good. CREECH.

I do not know that I have been in greater delight for these many years, than in beholding the boxes at the play the last time the Scornful Lady was acted. So great an assembly of ladies, placed in gradual rows, in all the ornaments of jewels, silks and colours, gave so lively and gay an impression to the heart, that methought the season of the year was vanished; and I did not think it an ill expression of a young fellow who stood near me, that called the boxes those 'beds of tulips.' It was a pretty variation of the prospect, when any one of those fine ladies rose up and did honour to herself and friend at a distance by curtsying; and gave opportunity to that friend to show her charms to the same advantage in returning the salutation. Here that action is as proper and graceful as it is at church unbecoming and impertinent. By the way, I must take the liberty to observe, that I did not see any one who is usually so full of civilities at church, offer at any such indecorum during any part of the action of the play.—Such beautiful prospects gladden our minds, and, when considered in general, give innocent and pleasing ideas. He that dwells upon any one object of beauty may fix his imagination to his disquiet; but the contemplation of a *whole assembly* together is a defence against the

encroachment of desire, at least to me, who have taken pains to look at beauty abstracted from the consideration of its being the object of desire; at power, only as it sits upon another without any hopes of partaking any share of it; at wisdom and capacity, without any pretensions to rival or envy its acquisitions; I say, to me, who am really free from forming any hopes of beholding the persons of beautiful women, or warming myself into ambition from the successes of other men, this world is not only a mere scene, but a very pleasant one. Did mankind but know the freedom which there is in keeping thus aloof from the world, I should have more imitators than the powerfullest man in the nation has followers? To be no man's rival in love or competitor in business, is a character which, if it does not recommend you as it ought to benevolence among those whom you live with, yet has it certainly this effect, that you do not stand so much in need of their approbation as you would if you aimed at more, in setting your heart on the same things which the generality doat on. By this means, and with this easy philosophy, I am never less at a play than when I am at the theatre; but indeed I am seldom so well pleased with action as in that place, for most men follow nature no longer than while they are in their night-gowns, and all the busy part of the day are in characters which they neither become, nor act in with pleasure to themselves, or their beholders. But to return to my ladies: I was very well pleased to see so great a crowd of them assembled at a play, wherein the heroine, as the phrase is, is so just a picture of the vanity of the sex, in tormenting their ad-

mirers. The lady who pines for the man whom she treats with so much impertinence and inconstancy, is drawn with much art and humour. Her resolutions to be extremely civil, but her vanity arising just at the instant that she resolved to express herself kindly, are described as by one who had studied the sex. But when my admiration is fixed upon this excellent character, and two or three others in the play, I must confess I was moved with the utmost indignation at the trivial, senseless, and unnatural representation of the chaplain. It is possible there may be a pedant in holy orders, and we have seen one or two of them in the world; but such a driveller as Sir Roger, so bereft of all manner of pride, which is the characteristic of a pedant, is what one would not believe could come into the head of the same man who drew the rest of the play. The meeting between Welford and him shows a wretch without any notion of the dignity of his function; and it is out of all common sense that he should give an account of himself 'as one sent four or five miles in the morning on foot for eggs.' It is not to be denied, but this part, and that of the maid, whom he makes love to, are excellently well performed; but a thing which is blameable in itself, grows still more so by the success in the execution of it. It is so mean a thing to gratify a loose age with a scandalous representation of what is reputable among men, not to say what is sacred, that no beauty, no excellence in an author ought to atone for it; nay, such excellence is an aggravation of his guilt, and an argument that *he errs against the conviction of his own understanding and conscience.* Wit should be tried by

this rule; and an audience should rise against such a scene as throws down the reputation of any thing which the consideration of religion or decency should preserve from contempt. But all this evil arises from this one corruption of mind, that makes men resent offences against their virtue less than those against their understanding. An author shall write as if he thought there was not one man of honour or woman of chastity in the house, and come off with applause; for an insult upon all the ten commandments, with the little critics, is not so bad as the breach of an unity of time and place. Half wits do not apprehend the miseries that must necessarily flow from a degeneracy of manners; nor do they know that order is the support of society. Sir Roger and his mistress are monsters of the poet's own forming; the sentiments in both of them are such as do not arise in fools of their education. We all know that a silly scholar, instead of being below every one he meets with, is apt to be exalted above the rank of such as are really his superiors; his arrogance is always founded upon particular notions of distinction in his own head, accompanied with a pedantic scorn of all fortune and pre-eminence when compared with his knowledge and learning. This very one character of Sir Roger, as silly as it really is, has done more towards the disparagement of holy orders, and consequently of virtue itself, than all the wit of that author or any other could make up for in the conduct of the longest life after it. I do not pretend, in saying this, to give myself airs of more virtue than my neighbours, but assert it from the principles by *which mankind must always be governed.* Sal-

lies of imagination are to be overlooked, when they are committed out of warmth in the recommendation of what is praiseworthy; but a deliberate advancing of vice, with all the wit in the world, is as ill an action as any that comes before the magistrate, and ought to be received as such by the people.

STEELE

T.



No. 271. THURSDAY, JANUARY 10.

Mille trahens varios adverso sole colores. VIRG.

Drawing a thousand colours from the light. DRYDEN.

I RECEIVE a double advantage from the letters of my correspondents: first, as they show me which of my papers are most acceptable to them; and in the next place, as they furnish me with materials for new speculations. Sometimes indeed I do not make use of the letter itself, but form the hints of it into plans of my own invention; sometimes I take the liberty to change the language or thought into my own way of speaking and thinking, and always, if it can be done without prejudice to the sense, omit the many compliments and applauses which are usually bestowed upon me.

Besides the two advantages above-mentioned, which I receive from the letters that are sent me, they give me an opportunity of lengthening out my paper by the skilful management of the subscribing part at the end of them, which, perhaps,

does not a little conduce to the ease both of myself and reader.

Some will have it, that I often write to myself, and am the only punctual correspondent I have. This objection would indeed be material, were the letters I communicate to the public stuffed with my own commendations; and if, instead of endeavouring to divert and instruct my readers, I admired in them the beauty of my own performances. But I shall leave these wise conjecturers to their own imaginations, and produce the three following letters for the entertainment of the day.

‘SIR,

‘I was last Thursday in an assembly of ladies, where there were thirteen different coloured hoods. Your Spectator of that day lying upon the table, they ordered me to read it to them, which I did with a very clear voice, till I came to the Greek verse at the end of it. (No. 265) I must confess I was a little startled, at its popping upon me so unexpectedly. However, I covered my confusion as well as I could; and after having muttered two or three hard words to myself, laughed heartily, and cried, ‘A very good jest, faith.’ The ladies desired me to explain it to them; but I begged their pardon for that, and told them, that if it had been proper for them to hear, they might be sure the author would not have wrapped it up in Greek. I then let drop several expressions, as if there was something in it that was not fit to be spoken before a company of ladies. Upon which the matron of the assembly, who was dressed in a cherry-coloured hood, commended the discretion of the writer, for having

thrown his filthy thoughts into Greek, which was likely to corrupt but few of his readers. At the same time, she declared herself very well pleased that he had not given a decisive opinion upon the new-fashioned hoods; 'for to tell you truly,' says she, 'I was afraid he would have made us ashamed to show our heads.' Now, sir, you must know, since this unlucky accident happened to me in a company of ladies, among whom I passed for a most ingenious man, I have consulted one, who is well versed in the Greek language; and he assures me upon his word, that your late quotation means no more, than that 'manners and not dress are the ornaments of a woman.' If this comes to the knowledge of my female admirers, I shall be very hard put to it to bring myself off handsomely. In the meanwhile I give you this account, that you may take care hereafter not to betray any of your well-wishers into the like inconveniencies. It is in the number of these that I beg leave to subscribe myself

'TOM TRIPPIT.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'Your readers are so well pleased with your character of Sir Roger de Coverley, that there appeared a sensible joy in every coffee-house upon hearing the old knight was come to town. (No. 269) I am now with a knot of his admirers, who make it their joint request to you, that you would give us public notice of the window or balcony where the knight intends to make his appearance. He has already given great satisfaction to several who have seen him at Squires's coffee-house. If *you think fit to place your short face at Sir Ro*

ger's left elbow, we shall take the hint, and gratefully acknowledge so great a favour. 'I am, sir,

'Your most devoted humble servant,
'C. D.'

'SIR,

'Knowing that you are very inquisitive after every thing that is curious in nature, I will wait on you, if you please, in the dusk of the evening, with my show upon my back, which I carry about with me in a box, as only consisting of a man, a woman, and a horse.* The two first are married, in which state the little cavalier has so well acquitted himself that his lady is with child. The big-bellied woman and her husband, with their little whimsical palfrey, are so very light, that when they are put together into a scale, an ordinary man may weigh down the whole family.—The little man is a bully in his nature; but when he grows choleric, I confine him to his box till his wrath is over, by which means I have hitherto prevented him from doing mischief. His horse is likewise very vicious; for which reason I am forced to tie him close to his manger with a pack-thread. The woman is a coquette; she struts as much as it is possible for a lady of two feet high, and would ruin me in silks, were not the quantity that goes to a large pincushion sufficient to make her a gown and petticoat. She told me the other day, that she heard the ladies wore coloured hoods, and ordered me to get her

* Three dwarfs, a very little man, a woman equally diminutive, and a horse proportionably so, were exhibited in London about this time.

one of the finest blue. I am forced to comply with her demands while she is in her present condition, being very willing to have more of the same breed. I do not know what she may produce me; but provided it be a *show*, I shall be very well satisfied. Such novelties should not, I think, be concealed from the British Spectator: for which reason, I hope you will excuse this presumption in

‘Your most dutiful, most obedient,

‘and most humble servant,

‘S. T.’

L.

ADDISON.



No. 272. FRIDAY, JANUARY 11.

—*Longa est injuria, longæ
Ambages*—. VIRG. ÆN.

Great is the injury, and long the tale.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘THE occasion of this letter is of so great importance, and the circumstances of it such, that I know you will but think it just to insert it, in preference of all other matters that can present themselves to your consideration. I need not, after I have said this, tell you that I am in love. The circumstances of my passion, I shall let you understand as well as a disordered mind will admit. That cursed pickthank, Mrs. Jane! alas, I am railing at one to you by her name, as familiarly as if you were acquainted with her as well *as myself*: but I will tell you all, as fast as the

alternate interruptions of love and anger will give me leave. There is the most agreeable young woman in the world whom I am passionately in love with, and from whom I have for some space of time received as great marks of favour as were fit for her to give, or me to desire. The successful progress of the affair, of all others the most essential towards a man's happiness, gave a new life and spirit, not only to my behaviour and discourse, but also a certain grace to all my actions in the commerce of life in all things, though never so remote from love. You know the predominant passion spreads itself through all a man's transactions, and exalts or depresses him according to the nature of such passion. But alas, I have not yet begun my story; and what is making sentences and observations when a man is pleading for his life? To begin then: this lady has corresponded with me under the names of love; she my Belinda, I her Cleanthes. Though I am thus well got in the account of my affair, I can not keep in the thread of it so much as to give you the character of Mrs. Jane, whom I will not hide under a borrowed name; but let you know that this creature has been, since I knew her, very handsome, (though I will not allow her even *she has been* for the future,) and during the time of her bloom and beauty, was so great a tyrant to her lovers, so overvalued herself and underrated all her pretenders, that they have deserted her to a man; and she knows no comfort but that common one to all in her condition, the pleasure of interrupting the amours of others. It is impossible but you must have seen several of these volunteers in malice, who pass their whole time in the

most laborious way of life, in getting intelligence, running from place to place with new whispers, without reaping any other benefit but the hopes of making others as unhappy as themselves. Mrs. Jane happened to be at a place where I, with many others, well acquainted with my passion for Belinda, passed a Christmas evening. There was among the rest a young lady so free in mirth, so amiable in a just reserve that accompanied it: I wrong her to call it a reserve, but there appeared in her a mirth or cheerfulness which was not a forbearance of some immoderate joy, but the natural appearance of all which could flow from a mind possessed of a habit of innocence and purity. I must have utterly forgot Belinda to have taken no notice of one who was growing up to the same womanly virtues which shine to perfection in her, had I not distinguished one who seemed to promise to the world the same life and conduct with my faithful and lovely Belinda. When the company broke up, the fine young thing permitted me to take care of her home. Mrs. Jane saw my particular regard to her, and was informed of my attending her to her father's house. She came early to Belinda the next morning, and asked her if Mrs. Such-a-one had been with her? No. If Mr. Such-a-one's lady? No. Nor your cousin Such-a-one? No. Lord, says Mrs. Jane, what is the friendship of woman?—Nay, they may well laugh at it. And did no one tell you any thing of the behaviour of your lover, Mr. What-d'ye-call, last night? But perhaps it is nothing to you that he is to be married to young Mrs. — on Tuesday next? Belinda was here *ready to die with rage and jealousy*. Then Mrs.

Jane goes on:—‘ I have a young kinsman who is clerk to a great conveyancer, who shall show you the rough draft of the marriage settlement. The world says, her father gives him two thousand pounds more than he could have with you.’ I went innocently to wait on Belinda, as usual, but was not admitted; I writ to her, and my letter was sent back unopened. Poor Betty, her maid, who is on my side, has been here just now blubbing, and told me the whole matter. She says, she did not think I could be so base; and that she is now so odious to her mistress for having so often spoke so well of me, that she dare not mention me more. All our hopes are placed in having these circumstances fairly represented in the Spectator, which Betty says she dare not but bring up as soon as it is brought in; and has promised, when you have broke the ice, to own this was laid between us; and when I can come to a hearing, the young lady will support what we may say by her testimony, that I never saw her but that once in my whole life. Dear sir, do not omit this true relation, nor think it too particular; for there are crowds of forlorn coquettes who intermingle themselves with other ladies, and contract familiarities out of malice, and with no other design but to blast the hopes of lovers, the expectation of parents, and the benevolence of kindred. I doubt not but I shall be, sir,

‘ Your most obliged humble servant,

‘ CLEANTHES.’

‘ SIR, *Will’s Coffee-House, Jan. 10.*

‘ THE other day entering a room adorned with the fair sex, I offered, after the usual manner, to

each of them a kiss; but one, more scornful than the rest, turned her cheek. I did not think it proper to take any notice of it till I had asked your advice.

‘ Your humble servant,
‘ E. S.

The correspondent is desired to say which cheek the offender turned to him.

ADVERTISEMENT.

‘ From the Parish-Vestry, January 9.

‘ All ladies who come to church in the new-fashioned hoods, are desired to be there before divine service begins, lest they divert the attention of the congregation.

STEELE.

RALPH.
T.



No. 273. SATURDAY, JANUARY 12.

——— *Notandi sunt tibi mores.* HOR.

Note well the *manners*.

HAVING examined the action of *Paradise Lost*, let us, in the next place, consider the actors. This is Aristotle's method of considering, first the fable, and secondly the manners; or, as we generally call them in English, the fable and the characters.

Homer has excelled all the heroic poets that ever wrote, in the multitude and variety of his *characters*. Every god that is admitted into his

poem, acts a part which would have been suitable to no other deity. His princes are as much distinguished by their manners as by their dominions; and even those among them, whose characters seem wholly made up of courage, differ from one another as to the particular kinds of courage in which they excel. In short, there is scarce a speech or action in the Iliad which the reader may not ascribe to the person who speaks or acts, without seeing his name at the head of it.

Homer does not only outshine all other poets in the variety, but also in the novelty of his characters. He has introduced among his Grecian princes a person who had lived thrice the age of man, and conversed with Theseus, Hercules, Polyphemus, and the first race of heroes. His principal actor is the son of a goddess, not to mention the offspring of other deities, who have likewise a place in his poem; and the venerable Trojan prince, who was the father of so many kings and heroes. There is in these several characters of Homer, a certain dignity, as well as novelty, which adapts them in a more peculiar manner to the nature of an heroic poem. Though, at the same time, to give them the greater variety, he has described a Vulcan that is a buffoon among his gods, and a Thersites among his mortals.

Virgil falls infinitely short of Homer in the characters of his poem, both as to their variety and novelty. Æneas is indeed a perfect character; but as for Achates, though he is styled the hero's friend, he does nothing in the whole poem which may deserve that title. Gyas, Mnestheus, Sergestus, and Cloanthus, are all of them men of *the same stamp and character.*

‘—— *Fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.*’ VIRG.

There are indeed several natural incidents in the part of Ascanius; and that of Dido can not be sufficiently admired. I do not see any thing new or particular in Turnus. Pallas and Evander are remote copies of Hector and Priam, as Lausus and Mezentius are almost parallels to Pallas and Evander. The characters of Nisus and Euryalus are beautiful, but common. We must not forget the parts of Sinon, Camilla, and some few others, which are fine improvements on the Greek poet. In short, there is neither that variety nor novelty in the persons of the *Æneid* which we meet with in those of the *Iliad*.

If we look into the characters of Milton, we shall find that he has introduced all the variety his fable was capable of receiving. The whole species of mankind was in two persons at the time to which the subject of his poem is confined. We have, however, four distinct characters in these two persons. We see man and woman in the highest innocence and perfection, and in the most abject state of guilt and infirmity. The two last characters are indeed very common and obvious; but the two first are not only more magnificent, but more new, than any characters either in Virgil or Homer, or indeed in the whole circle of nature.

Milton was so sensible of this defect in the subject of his poem, and of the few characters it would afford him, that he has brought into it two actors of a shadowy and fictitious nature, in the persons of *Sin* and *Death*; by which means he *has wrought* into the body of his fable a very

beautiful and well invented allegory. But notwithstanding the fineness of the allegory may atone for it in some measure, I can not think that persons of such a chimerical existence are proper actors in an epic poem; because there is not that measure of probability annexed to them which is requisite in writings of this kind, as I shall show more at large hereafter.

Virgil has indeed admitted Fame as an actress in the *Æneid*; but the part she acts is very short, and none of the most admired circumstances in that divine work. We find in mock heroic poems, particularly in the *Dispensary* and the *Lutrin*,* several allegorical persons of this nature, which are very beautiful in those compositions, and may, perhaps, be used as an argument, that the authors of them were of opinion such characters might have a place in an epic work. For my own part, I should be glad the reader would think so, for the sake of the poem I am now examining; and must further add, that if such empty and unsubstantial beings may ever be made use of on this occasion, never were any more nicely imagined, and employed in more proper actions, than those of which I am now speaking.

Another principal actor in this poem is the great enemy of mankind. The part of Ulysses in Homer's *Odyssey* is very much admired by Aristotle, as perplexing that fable with very agreeable plots and intricacies, not only by the many adventures in his voyage, and the subtlety of his behaviour, but by the various concealments

* The titles of two poems, the first by Dr. Garth, the second in French by Boileau.

and discoveries of his person in several parts of that poem. But the crafty being I have now mentioned makes a much longer voyage than Ulysses, puts in practise many more wiles and stratagems, and hides himself under a greater variety of shapes and appearances; all of which are severally detected, to the great delight and surprise of the reader.

We may likewise observe, with how much art the poet has varied several characters of the persons that speak in his infernal assembly. On the contrary, how has he represented the whole Godhead exerting itself towards man in its full benevolence, under the threefold distinction of a Creator, a Redeemer, and a Comforter!

Nor must we omit the person of Raphael, who, amidst his tenderness and friendship for man, shows such a dignity and condescension in all his speech and behaviour, as are suitable to a superior nature.—The angels are indeed as much diversified in Milton, and distinguished by their proper parts, as the gods are in Homer or Virgil. The reader will find nothing ascribed to Uriel, Gabriel, Michael, or Raphael, which is not in a particular manner suitable to their respective characters.

There is another circumstance in the principal actors of the Iliad and Æneid, which gives a peculiar beauty to those two poems, and was therefore contrived with very great judgment; I mean the authors having chosen for their heroes persons who were so nearly related to the people for whom they wrote; Achilles was a Greek, and Æneas the remote founder of Rome. By this *means their countrymen* (whom they principally

propose to themselves for their readers) were particularly attentive to all the parts of their story, and sympathized with their heroes in all their adventures. A Roman could not but rejoice in the escapes, successes and victories of Æneas, and be grieved at any defeats, misfortunes, or disappointments that befel him; as a Greek must have had the same regard for Achilles. And it is plain that each of those poems have lost this great advantage, among those readers to whom their heroes are as strangers or indifferent persons.

Milton's poem is admirable in this respect, since it is impossible for any of its readers, whatever nation, country, or people he may belong to, not to be related to the persons who are the principal actors in it. But what is still infinitely more to its advantage, the principal actors in this poem are not only our progenitors, but our representatives. We have an actual interest in every thing they do; and no less than our utmost happiness is concerned and lies at stake in all their behaviour.

I shall subjoin, as a corrolary to the foregoing remark, an admirable observation out of Aristotle, which has been very much misrepresented in the quotations of some modern critics. 'If a man of perfect and consummate virtue falls into a misfortune, it raises our pity, but not our terror; because we do not fear that it may be our own case, who do not resemble the suffering person.' But, as that great philosopher adds, 'If we see a man of virtue mixed with infirmities, fall into any misfortune, it does not only raise our pity but our terror; because we are afraid

that the like misfortunes may happen to ourselves, who resemble the character of the suffering person.'

I shall take another opportunity to observe, that a person of an absolute and consummate virtue should never be introduced in tragedy: and shall only remark in this place, that the foregoing observation of Aristotle, though it may be true in other occasions, does not hold in this: because, in the present case, though the persons who fall into misfortune are of the most perfect and consummate virtue, it is not to be considered as what may possibly be, but what actually is our own case; since we are embarked with them on the same bottom, and must be partakers of their happiness or misery.

In this and some other very few instances, Aristotle's rules for epic poetry, which he had drawn from his reflections upon Homer, can not be supposed to quadrate exactly with the heroic poems which have been made since his time: since it is plain his rules would still have been more perfect, could he have perused the *Æneid* which was made some hundred years after his death.

In my next, I shall go through other parts of Milton's poem; and hope that what I shall there advance, as well as what I have already written, will not only serve as a comment upon Milton,* but upon Aristotle.

ADDISON.

L.

* See Nos. 267, 279, 285, 291, 297, 303, 309, 315, 321, 327, 333, 339, 345, 351, 357, 363, 369.

No. 274. MONDAY, JANUARY 14

*Audire est operæ pretium, procedere rectè
Qui moechis non vultis——* HOR.

All you who think the city ne'er can thrive
'Till ev'ry cuckold-maker's flay'd alive,
Attend—— POPE.

I HAVE, upon several occasions* that have occurred since I first took into my thoughts the present state of fornication, weighed with myself, in behalf of guilty females, the impulses of flesh and blood, together with the arts and gallantries of crafty men; and reflect with some scorn, that most part of what we in our youth think gay and polite is nothing else but a habit of indulging a pruriency that way. It will cost some labour to bring people to so lively a sense of this, as to recover the manly modesty in the behaviour of my men-readers, and the bashful grace in the faces of my women. But in all cases which come into debate there are certain things previously to be done before we can have a true light into the subject matter: therefore it will, in the first place, be necessary to consider the impotent wenchers and industrious hags, who are supplied with, and are constantly supplying, new sacrifices to the devil of lust. You are to know then, if you are so happy as not to know it already, that the great havoc which is made in the habitations of beauty and innocence, is committed by such as can only lay waste, and not enjoy the soil. When you

* On this subject see Nos. 266, 277 and 286.

observe the present state of vice and virtue, the offenders are such, as one would think, should have no impulse to what they are pursuing; as in business, you see sometimes fools pretend to be knaves, so in pleasure, you will find old men set up for wenchers. This latter sort of men are the great basis and fund of iniquity in the kind we are speaking of: you shall have an old rich man often receive scrawls from the several quarters of the town with descriptions of the new wares in their hands, if he will please to send word when he will be waited on. This interview is contrived, and the innocent is brought to such indecencies as from time to time banish shame and raise desire. With these preparatives the hags break their wards by little and little, till they are brought to lose all apprehensions of what shall befall them in the possession of younger men. It is a common postscript of a hag to a young fellow whom she invites to a new woman, 'She has, I assure you, seen none but old Mr. Such-a-one. It pleases the old fellow that the nymph is brought to him unadorned, and from his bounty she is accommodated with enough to dress her for other lovers. This is the most ordinary method of bringing beauty and poverty into the possession of the town: but the particular cases of kind keepers, skilful pimps, and all others who drive a separate trade, and are not in the general society or commerce of sin, will require distinct consideration. At the same time that we are thus severe on the abandoned, we are to represent the case of others with that mitigation as the circumstances demand. Calling names does no good; to speak worse of any thing than it deserves does

only take off from the credit of the accuser, and has implicitly the force of an apology in the behalf of the person accused. We shall, therefore, according as the circumstances differ, vary our appellation of these criminals; those who offend only against themselves, and are not scandals to society, but out of deference to the sober part of the world have so much good left in them as to be ashamed, must not be huddled in the common word due to the worst of women; but regard is to be had to their circumstances when they fell, to the uneasy perplexity under which they lived under senseless and severe parents, to the impotency of poverty, to the violence of a passion in its beginning well grounded, and all other alleviations which make unhappy women resign the characteristic of their sex, modesty. To do otherwise than thus, would be to act like a pedantic Stoic, who thinks all crimes alike, and not like an impartial Spectator, who looks upon them with all the circumstances that diminish or enhance the guilt. I am in hopes, if this subject be well pursued, women will hereafter, from their infancy, be treated with an eye to their future state in the world: and not have their tempers made too untractable from an improper sourness or pride, or too complying from familiarity or forwardness contracted at their own houses. After these hints on this subject, I shall end this paper with the following genuine letter; and desire all who think they may be concerned in future speculations on this subject, to send in what they have to say for themselves for some incidents in their lives, in order to have proper allowances made for their conduct.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

Jan. 5, 1712.

‘The subject of your yesterday’s paper (No. 266) is of so great importance, and the thorough handling of it may be so very useful to the preservation of many an innocent young creature, that I think every one is obliged to furnish you with what lights he can to expose the pernicious arts and practices of those unnatural women, called bawds. In order to this, the enclosed is sent you, which is *verbatim* the copy of a letter written by a bawd of figure in this town to a noble lord. I have concealed the names of both, my intention being not to expose the persons but the thing.—I am, Sir,

‘Your humble servant.

‘MY LORD,

‘I having a great esteem for your honour, and a better opinion of you than of any of the quality, makes me acquaint you of an affair that I hope will oblige you to know. I have a niece that came to town about a fortnight ago. Her parents being lately dead, she came to me, expecting to have found me in so good a condition as to set her up in a milliner’s shop. Her father gave fourscore pound with her for five years; her time is out, and she is not sixteen; as pretty a black gentlewoman as ever you saw; a little woman, which I know your lordship likes: well shaped, and as fine a complexion for red and white as ever I saw: I doubt not but your lordship will be of the same opinion. She designs to go down about a month hence, except I can provide for her, which I can *not at present*. Her father was one with whom *all he had* died with him; so there is four chil-

dren left destitute: so if your lordship thinks fit to make an appointment where I shall wait on you with my niece, by a line or two, I stay for your answer; for I have no place fitted up since I left my house, fit to entertain your honour. I told her she should go with me to see a gentleman, a very good friend of mine: so I desire you to take no notice of my letter, by reason she is ignorant of the ways of the town. My lord, I desire if you meet us, to come alone; for upon my word and honour you are the first that ever I mentioned her to. So I remain,

‘Your Lordship’s

‘Most humble servant to command.

‘I beg of you to burn it when you have read it.’

STEELE.

T.



No. 275. TUESDAY, JANUARY 15.

—*tribus Anticyris caput insanabile*—

HOR. ARS. POET.

A head, no hellebore can cure.

I WAS yesterday engaged in an assembly of virtuosos, where one of them produced many curious observations which he had lately made in the anatomy of a human body. Another of the company communicated to us several wonderful discoveries which he had also made on the same subject, by the help of very fine glasses. This gave birth to a great variety of uncommon remarks,

and furnished discourse for the remaining part of the day.

The different opinions which were started on this occasion, presented to my imagination so many new ideas, that by mixing with those which were already there, they employed my fancy all the last night, and composed a very wild extravagant dream.

I was invited, methought, to the dissection of *a beau's head* and of a *coquette's heart*, which were both of them laid on a table before us. An imaginary operator opened the first with a great deal of nicety; which upon a cursory and superficial view appeared like the head of another man; but upon applying our glasses to it, we made a very odd discovery, namely, that what we looked upon as brains were not such in reality, but a heap of strange materials wound up in that shape and texture, and packed together with wonderful art in the several cavities of the skull. For, as Homer tells us that the blood of the gods is not real blood, but only something like it; so we found that the brain of a beau is not a real brain, but only something like it.

The *pineal gland*, which many of our modern philosophers suppose to be the seat of the soul, smelt very strong of essence and orange-flower water, and was encompassed with a kind of horny substance, cut into a thousand little faces or mirrors, which were imperceptible to the naked eye; insomuch that the soul, if there had been any here, must have been always taken up in contemplating her own beauties.

We observed a large *antrum*, or cavity, in the *sinciput*, that was filled with ribands, lace, and

embroidery, wrought together in a most curious piece of net-work, the parts of which were likewise imperceptible to the naked eye. Another of these antrums or cavities were stuffed with invisible billet-doux, love-letters, pricked dances, and other trumpery of the same nature. In another we found a kind of powder, which set the whole company a sneezing, and by the scent discovered itself to be right Spanish. The several other cells were stored with commodities of the same kind, of which it would be tedious to give the reader an exact inventory.†

There was a large cavity on each side of the head, which I must not omit. That on the right side was filled with fictions, flatteries, and falsehoods, vows, promises, and protestations; that on the left with oaths and imprecations. There issued out a *duct* from each of these cells, which ran into the root of the tongue, where both joined together, and passed forward in one common *duct* to the tip of it. We discovered several little roads or canals running from the ear into the brain, and took particular care to trace them out through their several passages. One of them extended itself to a bundle of sonnets and little musical instruments; others ended in several bladders, which were filled either with wind or froth. But the large canal entered into a great cavity of the skull, from whence there went another canal into the tongue. This great cavity was filled with a kind of spongy substance, which the French anatomists call *jalimatias*, and the English *nonsense*.

The skins of the forehead were extremely tough and thick, and, what very much surprised

us, had not in them any single blood-vessel that we were able to discover, either with or without our glasses; from whence we concluded, that the party when alive must have been entirely deprived of the faculty of blushing.

The *os cribriforme* was exceedingly stuffed, and in some places damaged with snuff. We could not but take notice in particular of that small muscle which is not often discovered in dissections, and draws the nose upwards, when it expresses the contempt which the owner of it has upon seeing any thing he does not like, or hearing any thing he does not understand. I need not tell my learned reader, this is that muscle which performs the motion so often mentioned by the Latin poets, when they talk of a man's cocking his nose, or playing the rhinoceros.

We did not find any thing very remarkable in the eye, saving only that the *musculi amatorii*, or, as we may translate it into English, the *ogling muscles*, were very much worn and decayed with use; whereas, on the contrary, the *elevator*, or the muscle which turns the eye towards heaven, did not appear to have been used at all.

I have only mentioned in this dissection such new discoveries as we were able to make, and have not taken any notice of those parts which are to be met with in common heads. As for the skull, the face, and indeed the whole outward shape and figure of the head, we could not discover any difference from what we observe in the heads of other men. We were informed that the person to whom this head belonged, had passed for a man above five and thirty years; during which time he eat and drank like other peo-

ple, dressed well, talked loud, laughed frequently, and, on particular occasions, had acquitted himself tolerably at a ball or an assembly: to which one of the company added, that a certain knot of ladies took him for a wit. He was cut off in the flower of his age by the blow of a paring-shovel, having been surprised by an eminent citizen as he was tendering some civilities to his wife.

When we had thoroughly examined this head, with all its apartments, and its several kinds of furniture, we put up the brain, such as it was, into its proper place, and laid it aside under a broad piece of scarlet cloth, in order to be prepared, and kept in a great repository of dissections; our operator telling us that the preparation would not be so difficult as that of another brain, for that he had observed several of the little pipes and tubes which ran through the brain were already filled with a kind of mercurial substance, which he looked upon to be true quicksilver.

He applied himself, in the next place, to the coquette's heart, which he likewise laid open with great dexterity. There occurred to us many particularities in this dissection; but being unwilling to burden my reader's memory too much, I shall reserve this subject for the speculation of another day. (See No. 281.)

ADDISON.

L.

No. 276. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16.

Errori nomem virtus posuisset honestum. HOR.

Misconduct screen'd behind a specious name.

MR. SPECTATOR,

' I HOPE you have philosophy enough to be capable of hearing the mention of your faults. Your papers which regard the fallen part of the fair sex, are, I think, written with an indelicacy which makes them unworthy to be inserted in the writings of a moralist who knows the world.* I can not allow that you are at liberty to observe upon the actions of mankind with the freedom which you seem to resolve upon; at least if you do so, you should take along with you the distinction of manners of the world, according to the quality and way of life of the persons concerned. A man of breeding speaks of even misfortune among ladies, without giving it the most terrible aspect it can bear: and this tenderness towards them, is much more to be preserved when you speak of vices. All mankind are so far related, that care is to be taken, in things to which all are liable, you do not mention what concerns one in terms which shall disgust another. Thus, to tell a rich man of the indigence of a kinsman of his, or abruptly to inform a virtuous woman of the lapse of one who till then was in the same degree of esteem with herself, is in a kind involving each of them in some participation of those disadvantages. It is therefore expected from every writer, to treat his argument in such a manner, as is most proper to entertain the sort

* The first letter in No. 266. See also No. 274.

of readers to whom his discourse is directed. It is not necessary when you write to the tea-table, that you should draw vices which carry all the horror of shame and contempt: if you paint an impertinent self-love, an artful glance, an assumed complexion, you say all which you ought to suppose they can possibly be guilty of. When you talk with this limitation, you behave yourself so as that you may expect others in conversation may second your raillery; but when you do it in a style which every body else forbears, in respect to their quality, they have an easy remedy in forbearing to read you, and hearing no more of their faults. A man that is now and then guilty of an intemperance is not to be called a drunkard; but the rule of polite raillery is, to speak of a man's faults as if you loved him. Of this nature is what was said by Cæsar, when one was railing with an uncourtly vehemence, and broke out with, 'What must we call him who was taken in an intrigue with another man's wife?' Cæsar answered very gravely, 'A careless fellow.' This was at once a reprimand for speaking of a crime which in those days had not the abhorrence attending it as it ought, as well as an intimation, that all intemperate behaviour before superiors loses its aim, by accusing in a method unfit for the audience. A word to the wise: All I mean here to say to you is, that the most free person of quality can go no further than being a kind woman: and you should never say of a man of figure worse, than that he knows the world.*

'I am, sir, your most humble servant,

'FRANCIS COURTLY.'

* See No. 286, let. 1.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I AM a woman of an unspotted reputation, and know nothing I have ever done which should encourage such insolence; but here was one the other day, and he was dressed like a gentleman too, who took the liberty to name the words *lusty fellow* in my presence. I doubt not but you will resent it in behalf of, sir,

‘Your most humble servant,

‘CELIA.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘You lately put out a dreadful paper, wherein you promise a full account of the state of criminal love, and call all the fair who have transgressed in that kind by one very rude name, which I do not care to repeat; but I desire to know of you whether I am or am not one of those? My case is as follows. I am kept by an old bachelor, who took me so young that I know not how he came by me; he is a bencher of one of the inns of court, a very gay healthy old man; which is a very lucky thing for him, who has been, he tells me, a scowerer, a scamperer, a breaker of windows, and invader of constables, in the days of yore, when all dominion ended with the day, and males and females met helter-skelter, and the scowerers drove before them all who pretended to keep up order or rule to the interruption of love and honour. This is his way of talk, for he is very gay when he visits me; but as his former knowledge of the town has alarmed him into an invincible jealousy, he keeps me in a pair of *slippers*, neat bodice, warm petticoats, and my *own hair* woven in ringlets, after a manner, he

says, he remembers. I am not mistress of one farthing of money, but have all necessaries provided for me, under the guard of one who procured for him while he had any desires to gratify. I know nothing of a wench's life but the reputation of it; I have a natural voice, and a pretty untaught step in dancing. His manner is to bring an old fellow who has been his servant from his youth, and is gray-headed; this man makes, on a violin, a certain jiggish noise, to which I dance, and when that is over, I sing to him some loose air that has more wantonness than music in it. You must have seen a strange windowed house near Hyde-Park, which is so built that no one can look out of any of the apartments; my rooms are after this manner, and I never see man, woman, or child, but in company with the two persons abovementioned. He sends me in all the books, pamphlets, plays, operas, and songs, that come out; and his utmost delight in me as a woman, is, to talk over all his old amours in my presence, to play with my neck, say *the time was*, give me a kiss, and bid me be sure to follow the directions of my guardian, (the abovementioned lady) and I shall never want. The truth of my case is, I suppose, that I was educated for a purpose he did not know he should be unfit for when I came to years. Now, sir, what I ask of you as a casuist, is, to tell me how far, in these circumstances, I am innocent, though submissive; he guilty, though impotent?

‘I am, sir,

‘Your constant reader,

‘PUCELLA.’

‘ TO THE MAN CALLED THE SPECTATOR.

‘ FRIEND,

‘ Forasmuch as at the birth of thy labour thou didst promise upon thy word, that letting alone the vanities that do abound, thou wouldst only endeavour to straighten the crooked morals of this our Babylon, I gave credit to thy fair speeches, and admitted one of thy papers, every day, save Sunday, into my house, for the edification of my daughter Tabitha, and to the end that Susanna, the wife of my bosom, might profit thereby. But alas! my friend, I find that thou art a liar, and that the truth is not in thee; else why didst thou, in a paper which thou didst lately put forth, make mention of those vain coverings for the heads of our females, which thou lovest to liken unto tulips, and which are lately sprung up among us! Nay, why didst thou make mention of them in such a seeming, as if thou didst approve the invention, insomuch that my daughter Tabitha beginneth to wax wanton, and to lust after these foolish vanities? Surely thou dost see with the eyes of the flesh. Verily, therefore, unless thou dost speedily amend and leave off following thine own imaginations, I will leave off thee.

‘ Thy friend, as hereafter thou dost demean thyself,

HEZEKIAH BROADBRIM.’

STEELE.

T.

No. 277. THURSDAY, JANUARY 17.

—*fus est et ab hoste doceri.* OVID.

Receive instruction from an enemy.

I PRESUME I need not inform the polite part of my readers, that before our correspondence with France was unhappily interrupted by the war, our ladies had all their fashions from thence; which the milliners took care to furnish them with, by means of a jointed baby, that came regularly over, once a month, habited after the manner of the most eminent toasts in Paris.

I am credibly informed, that even in the hottest time of the war, the sex made several efforts, and raised large contributions, towards the importation of this wooden mademoiselle.

Whether the vessel they set out was lost or taken, or whether its cargo was seized on by the officers of the custom-house as a piece of contraband goods, I have not yet been able to learn; it is, however, certain, that their first attempts were without success, to the no small disappointment of our whole female world; but as their constancy and application, in a matter of so great importance, can never be sufficiently commended, I am glad to find that, in spite of all opposition, they have at length carried their point; of which I received advice by the two following letters:

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I am so great a lover of whatever is French, that I lately discarded an humble admirer, be-

cause he neither spoke that tongue nor drank claret. I have long bewailed, in secret, the calamities of my sex during the war; in all which time we have laboured under the insupportable inventions of English tire-women, who, though they sometimes copy indifferently well, can never compose with that *goût* they do in France.

‘ I was almost in despair of ever more seeing a model from that dear country, when last Sunday I overheard a lady, in the next pew to me, whisper another, that at the Seven Stars, King-street, Covent-Garden, there was a mademoiselle completely dressed, just come from Paris.

‘ I was in the utmost impatience during the remaining part of the service; and as soon as ever it was over, having learned the milliner’s *adresse*, I went directly to her house in King-street, but was told that the French lady was at a person of quality’s in Pall-Mall, and would not be back again till very late that night. I was therefore obliged to renew my visit very early this morning, and had then a full view of the dear moppet from head to foot.

‘ You can not imagine, worthy sir, how ridiculously I find we have all been trussed up during the war, and how infinitely the French dress excels ours.

‘ The mantua has no leads in the sleeves, and I hope we are not lighter than the French ladies, so as to want that kind of ballast; the petticoat has no whalebone, but sits with an air altogether *gallant* and *degagé*; the *ciffure* is inexpressibly pretty; and in short, the whole dress has a thousand beauties in it, which I would not have as yet *made too public*.

‘I thought fit, however, to give you this notice, that you may not be surprised at my appearing *à la mode de Paris* on the next birth-night.

‘I am, sir, your humble servant,

‘TERAMINTA.’

Within an hour after I had read this letter, I received another from the owner of the puppet.

‘SIR,

‘On Saturday last, being the 12th instant, there arrived at my house in King-street, Covent-Garden, a French baby, for the year 1712. I have taken the utmost care to have her dressed by the most celebrated tire-women and mantua-makers in Paris, and do not find that I have any reason to be sorry for the expense I have been at in her clothes and importation. However, as I know no person, who is so good a judge of dress as yourself, if you please to call at my house in your way to the city, and take a view of her, I promise to amend whatever you shall disapprove in your next paper, before I exhibit her as a pattern to the public. I am, sir,

‘Your most humble admirer,

‘And most obedient servant,

‘BETTY CROSS-STITCH.’

As I am willing to do any thing in reason for the service of my countrywomen, and had much rather prevent faults than find them, I went last night to the house of the above-mentioned Mrs. Cross-stitch. As soon as I entered, the maid of the shop, who, I suppose, was prepared for my coming, without asking me any questions, intro

duced me to the little damsel, and ran away to call her mistress.

The puppet was dressed in a cherry coloured gown and petticoat, with a short working apron over it, which discovered her shape to the most advantage. Her hair was cut and divided very prettily, with several ribands stuck up and down in it. The milliner assured me, that her complexion was such as was worn by all the ladies of the best fashion in Paris. Her head was extremely high; on which subject, having long since declared my sentiments, I shall say nothing more to it at present. I was also offended at a small patch she wore on her breast, which I can not suppose is placed there with any good design.

Her necklace was of an immoderate length, being tied before in such a manner that the two ends hung down to her girdle; but whether these supply the place of kissing-strings in our enemy's country, and whether our British ladies have any occasion for them, I shall leave to their serious consideration.

After having observed the particulars of her dress, as I was taking a view of it altogether, the shop-maid, who is a pert wench, told me that Mademoiselle had something very curious in the tying of her garters; but as I pay a due respect even to a pair of sticks when they are under petticoats, I did not examine into that particular.

Upon the whole, I was well enough pleased with the appearance of this gay lady; and the more so, because she was not talkative; a quality *very rarely* to be met with in the rest of her *countrywomen*.

As I was taking my leave, the milliner further informed me, that with the assistance of a watch-maker who was her neighbour, and the ingenious Mr. Powell,* she had also contrived another puppet, which by the help of several little springs to be wound up within it, could move all its limbs; and that she had sent it over to her correspondent in Paris, to be taught the various leanings and bendings of the head, the risings of the bosom, the curtsy and recovery, the genteel trip, and the agreeable jet, as they are all now practised at the court of France.

She added, that she hoped she might depend upon having my encouragement as soon as it arrived; but as this was a petition of too great importance to be answered extempore, I left her without reply, and made the best of my way to Will Honeycomb's lodgings, without whose advice I never communicate any thing to the public of this nature.

BUDGELL.

X.



No. 278. FRIDAY, JANUARY 18.

—*Sermones ego malle*

Repentes per humum— HOR.

I rather choose a low and creeping style:

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘SIR,—Your having done considerable services in this great city, by rectifying the disorders of

* A deformed cripple, who grew rich by exhibiting a puppet-show.

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families, and several wives having preferred your advice and directions to those of their husbands, emboldens me to apply to you at this time. I am a shop-keeper, and though but a young man, I find by experience that nothing but the utmost diligence both of husband and wife, among trading people, can keep affairs in any tolerable order. My wife, at the beginning of our establishment, showed herself very assisting to me in my business, as much as could lie in her way, and I have reason to believe it was with her inclination; but of late she has got acquainted with a school-man, who values himself for his great knowledge in the Greek tongue. He entertains her frequently in the shop with discourses of the beauties and excellencies of that language, and repeats to her several passages out of the Greek poets; wherein he tells her there is unspeakable harmony and agreeable sounds, that all other languages are wholly unacquainted with. He has so infatuated her with this jargon, that instead of using her former diligence in the shop, she now neglects the affairs of the house, and is wholly taken up with her tutor in learning by heart scraps of Greek, which she vents upon all occasions. She told me some days ago that whereas I use some Latin inscriptions in my shop, she advised me, with a great deal of concern, to have them changed into Greek, it being a language less understood, would be more conformable to the mystery of my profession; that our good friend would be assisting to us in this work; and that a certain faculty of gentlemen would find themselves so much obliged *to me that they would infallibly make my fortune.* In short, her frequent importunities upon this and

other impertinences of the like nature make me very uneasy; and if your remonstrances have no more effect upon her than mine, I am afraid I shall be obliged to ruin myself to procure her a settlement at Oxford with her tutor, for she is already too mad for Bedlam. Now, sir, you see the danger my family is exposed to, and the likelihood of my wife's becoming both troublesome and useless, unless her reading herself in your paper may make her reflect. She is so very learned that I can not pretend by word of mouth to argue with her. She laughed out at your ending a paper in Greek, and said, 'twas a hint to women of literature, and very civil not to translate it to expose them to the vulgar. You see how it is with,

‘Sir, your humble servant.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘If you have that humanity and compassion in your nature that you take such pains to make one think you have, you will not deny your advice to a distressed damsel, who intends to be determined by your judgment in a matter of great importance to her. You must know then, there is an agreeable young fellow, to whose person, wit, and humour, no body makes any objection, that pretends to have been long in love with me. To this I must add, whether it proceeds from the vanity of my nature, or the seeming sincerity of my lover, I won't pretend to say, that I verily believe he has a real value for me; which, if true, you'll allow may justly augment his merit with his mistress. In short, I am so sensible of his good qualities, and what I owe to his passion, that I think I could sooner resolve to give up my

liberty to him than any body else, were there not an objection to be made to his fortunes, in regard they do not answer the utmost mine may expect, and are not sufficient to secure me from undergoing the reproachful phrase so commonly used, that she has played the fool. Now, though I am one of those few who heartily despise equipage, diamonds, and a coxcomb; yet since such opposite notions from mine prevail in the world, even amongst the best, and such as are esteemed the most prudent people, I can not find in my heart to resolve upon incurring the censure of those wise folks, which I am conscious I shall do, if, when I enter into a married state I discover a thought beyond that of equalling, if not advancing my fortunes. Under this difficulty I now labour, not being in the least determined whether I shall be governed by the vain world, and the frequent examples I meet with, or hearken to the voice of my lover, and the motions I find in my heart in favour of him. Sir, your opinion and advice in this affair is the only thing I know can turn the balance; and which I earnestly entreat I may receive soon; for, until I have your thoughts upon it, I am engaged not to give my swain a final discharge.

‘Besides the particular obligation you will lay on me, by giving this subject room in one of your papers, it is possible it may be of use to some others of my sex, who will be as grateful for the favour as, sir, your humble servant,

‘FLORINDA.’

‘P. S. To tell you the truth, I am married *to him* already; but pray say something to justify me.’

‘ MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ You will forgive us professors of music if we make a second application to you, in order to promote our design of exhibiting entertainments of music in York-buildings. It is industriously insinuated, that our intention is to destroy operas in general; but we beg of you to insert this plain explanation of ourselves in your paper. Our purpose is only to improve our circumstances, by improving the art which we profess. We see it utterly destroyed at present; and as we were the persons who introduced operas, we think it a groundless imputation that we should set up against the opera itself. What we pretend to assert is, that the songs of different authors, injudiciously put together, and a foreign tone and manner which are expected in every thing now performed amongst us, has put music itself to a stand; insomuch that the ears of the people can not now be entertained with any thing but what has an impertinent gaiety without any just spirit, or a languishment of notes without any passion or common sense. We hope those persons of sense and quality, who have done us the honour to subscribe, will not be ashamed of their patronage towards us, and not receive impressions that patronizing us is being for or against the opera, but truly promoting their own diversions in a more just and elegant manner than has been hitherto performed. We are, Sir,

‘ Your most humble servants,

‘ THOMAS CLAYTON,

‘ NICOLINO HAYM,

‘ CHARLES DIEUPART.’

‘There will be no performances in York-Buildings until after that of the subscription.’

STEELE.

T.



No. 279. SATURDAY, JANUARY 19.

Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.

HOR. ARS. POET.

He knows what best befits each character.

WE have already taken a general survey of the fable and characters in Milton's *Paradise Lost*. The parts which remain to be considered, according to Aristotle's method, are the *sentiments* and the *language*. Before I enter upon the first of these, I must advertise my reader, that it is my design, as soon as I have finished my general reflections on these four several heads, to give particular instances out of the poem, which is now before us, of beauties and imperfections which may be observed under each of them, as also of such other particulars as may not properly fall under any of them. This I thought fit to premise, that the reader may not judge too hastily of this piece of criticism, or look upon it as imperfect, before he has seen the whole extent of it.

The sentiments in an epic poem are the thoughts and behaviour which the author ascribes to the persons whom he introduces, and are *just* when they are conformable to the characters of the several persons. The sentiments have likewise a *relation to things* as well as *persons*, and are then *perfect* when they are such as are adapted to the

subject. If in either of these cases the poet endeavours to argue or explain, to magnify or diminish, to raise love or hatred, pity or terror, or any other passion, we ought to consider whether the sentiments he makes use of are proper for those ends. Homer is censured by the critics for his defect as to this particular in several parts of the Iliad and Odyssey; though, at the same time, those who have treated this great poet with candour, have attributed this defect to the times in which he lived. It was the fault of the age, and not of Homer, if there wants that delicacy in some of his sentiments which now appears in the works of men of a much inferior genius. Besides, if there are blemishes in any particular thoughts, there is an infinite beauty in the greatest part of them. In short, if there are many poets who would not have fallen into the meanness of some of his sentiments, there are none who could have risen up to the greatness of others. Virgil has excelled all others in the propriety of his sentiments. Milton shines likewise very much in this particular; nor must we omit one consideration which adds to his honour and reputation. Homer and Virgil introduced persons whose characters are commonly known among men, and such as are to be met with either in history or in ordinary conversation. Milton's characters, most of them, lie out of nature, and were to be formed purely by his own invention. It shows a greater genius in Shakspeare to have drawn his Caliban than his Hotspur or Julius Cæsar; the one was to be supplied out of his own imagination, whereas the other might have been *formed upon tradition, history, and observation*

It was much easier therefore for Homer to find proper sentiments for an assembly of Grecian generals, than for Milton to diversify his infernal council with proper characters, and inspire them with a variety of sentiments. The loves of Dido and Æneas are only copies of what has passed between other persons. Adam and Eve, before the fall, are a different species from that of mankind, who are descended from them, and none but a poet of the most unbounded invention, and the most exquisite judgment, could have filled their conversation and behaviour with so many apt circumstances during their state of innocence.

Nor is it sufficient for an epic poem to be filled with such thoughts as are *natural*, unless it abound also with such as are *sublime*. Virgil, in this particular, falls short of Homer. He has not indeed so many thoughts that are low and vulgar; but at the same time has not so many thoughts that are sublime and noble. The truth of it is, Virgil seldom rises into very astonishing sentiments, where he is not fired by the Iliad. He every where charms and pleases us by the force of his own genius, but seldom elevates and transports us where he does not fetch his hints from Homer.

Milton's chief talent, and indeed his distinguishing excellence, lies in the sublimity of his thoughts. There are others of the moderns who rival him in every other part of poetry; but in the greatness of his sentiments he triumphs over all the poets, both modern and ancient, Homer only excepted. It is impossible for the imagination of man to distend itself with greater ideas

than those which he has laid together in his first, second, and sixth books. The seventh, which describes the creation of the world, is likewise wonderfully sublime, though not so apt to stir up emotion in the mind of the reader, nor consequently so perfect in the epic way of writing, because it is filled with less action. Let the judicious reader compare what Longinus has observed on several passages in Homer, and he will find parallels for most of them in the *Paradise Lost*.

From what has been said, we may infer, that as there are two kinds of sentiments, the natural and the sublime, which are always to be pursued in an heroic poem, there are also two kinds of thoughts which are carefully to be avoided. The first are such as are affected and unnatural; the second such as are mean and vulgar. As for the first kind of thoughts, we meet with little or nothing that is like them in Virgil: he has none of those trifling points and puerilities that are so often to be met with in Ovid, none of the epigrammatic turns of Lucan, none of those swelling sentiments which are so frequent in Statius and Claudian, none of those mixed embellishments of Tasso. Every thing is just and natural. His sentiments show that he had a perfect insight into human nature, and that he knew every thing which was the most proper to affect it.

Mr. Dryden has, in some places, which I may hereafter take notice of, misrepresented Virgil's way of thinking as to this particular, in the translation he has given us of the *Æneid*. I do not remember that Homer any where falls into

the faults above-mentioned, which were indeed the false refinements of later ages. Milton, it must be confessed, has sometimes erred in this respect, as I shall show more at large in another paper; though, considering how all the poets of the age in which he writ were infected with this wrong way of thinking, he is rather to be admired that he did not give more into it, than that he did sometimes comply with the vicious taste which still prevails so much among modern writers.

But since several thoughts may be natural which are low and grovelling, an epic poet should not only avoid such sentiments as are unnatural or affected, but also such as are mean and vulgar. Homer has opened a great field of raillery to men of more delicacy than greatness of genius by the homeliness of some of his sentiments. But as I have before said, these are rather to be imputed to the simplicity of the age in which he lived, to which I may also add, of that which he described, than to any imperfection in that divine poet. Zoilus, among the ancients, and Monsieur Per-rault, among the moderns, pushed their ridicule very far upon him, on account of some such sentiments. There is no blemish to be observed in Virgil under this head, and but a very few in Milton.

I shall give but one instance of this impropriety of thought in Homer, and at the same time compare it with an instance of the same nature both in Virgil and Milton. Sentiments which raise laughter can very seldom be admitted with *any decency* into an heroic poem, whose business it is to excite passions of a much nobler na-

ture. Homer, however, in his characters of Vulcan and Thersites, in his story of Mars and Venus, in his behaviour of Irus, and in other passages, has been observed to have lapsed into the burlesque character, and to have departed from that serious air which seems essential to the magnificence of an epic poem. I remember but one laugh in the whole *Æneid*, which rises in the fifth book, upon Monætes, where he is represented as thrown overboard, and drying himself upon a rock. But this piece of mirth is so well-timed, that the severest critic can have nothing to say against it; for it is in the book of games and diversions, where the reader's mind may be supposed to be sufficiently relaxed for such an entertainment. The only piece of pleasantry in *Paradise Lost* is where the evil spirits are described as rallying the angels upon the success of their new-invented artillery. This passage I look upon to be the most exceptionable in the whole poem, as being nothing else but a string of puns, and those too very indifferent ones.

‘——Satan beheld their plight,

And to his mates thus in derision call'd:

“O friends, why come not on those victors proud?

Ere-while they fierce were coming, and when we,

To entertain them fair with open front

And breast, what could we more? propounded terms

Of composition, straight they chang'd their minds,

Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,

As they would dance: yet for a dance they seem'd

Somewhat extravagant and wild; perhaps

For joy of offer'd peace; but I suppose

If our proposals once again were heard,

We should compel them to a quick result.

‘To whom thus Belial in like gamesome mood:

"Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home:
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And stumbled many: who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well understand;
Not understood, this gift they have besides,
They show us when our foes walk not upright."

'Thus they among themselves in pleasant vein
Stood scoffing——.'

ADDISON.

. L.



No. 280. MONDAY, JANUARY 21.

Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est. HOR.

To please the great is not the smallest praise. CREECH.

THE desire of pleasing makes a man agreeable or unwelcome to those with whom he converses, according to the motive from which that inclination appears to flow. If your concern for pleasing others arises from an innate benevolence, it never fails of success; if from a vanity to excel, its disappointment is no less certain. What we call an agreeable man, is he who is endowed with the natural bent to do acceptable things, from a delight he takes in them merely as such; and the affectation of that character is what constitutes a fop. Under these leaders one may draw up all those who make any manner of figure, except in dumb show. A rational and select conversation is composed of persons who have the talent of pleasing with delicacy of sentiments, flowing from habitual chastity of thought; but mixed company is frequently made up of pretenders to

mirth, and is usually pestered with constrained, obscene, and painful witticisms. Now and then you meet with a man so exactly formed for pleasing, that it is no matter what he is doing or saying, that is to say, that there need be no manner of importance in it, to make him gain upon every body who hears or beholds him. This felicity is not the gift of nature only, but must be attended with happy circumstances, which add a dignity to the familiar behaviour which distinguishes him whom we call an agreeable man. It is from this that every body loves and esteems Polycarpus. He is in the vigour of his age and the gaiety of life, but has passed through very conspicuous scenes in it; though no soldier, he has shared the danger, and acted with great gallantry and generosity on a decisive day of battle. To have those qualities which only make other men conspicuous in the world as it were supernumerary to him, is a circumstance which gives weight to his most indifferent actions; for as a known credit is ready cash to a trader, so is acknowledged merit immediate distinction, and serves in the place of equipage to a gentleman. This renders Polycarpus graceful in mirth, important in business, and regarded with love, in every ordinary occurrence. But not to dwell upon characters which have such particular recommendations to our hearts, let us turn our thoughts rather to the methods of pleasing which must carry men through the world who can not pretend to such advantages. Falling in with the particular humour or manner of one above you, abstracted from the general rules of good behaviour, is the *life of a slave*. A parasite differs in nothing from

the meanest servant, but that the footman hires himself for bodily labour, subjected to go and come at the will of his master, but the other gives up his very soul: he is prostituted to speak, and professes to think, after the mode of him whom he courts. This servitude to a patron, in an honest nature, would be more grievous than that of wearing his livery; therefore we will speak of those things only which are worthy and ingenuous.

The happy talent of pleasing either those above you or below you, seems to be wholly owing to the opinion they have of your sincerity. This quality is to attend the agreeable man in all the actions of his life; and I think there need no more be said in honour of it, than that it is what forces the approbation even of your opponents. The guilty man has an honour for the judge who with justice pronounces against him the sentence of death itself. The author of the sentence at the head of this paper, was an excellent judge of human life, and passed his own in company the most agreeable that ever was in the world. Augustus lived amongst his friends, as if he had his fortune to make in his own court; candour and affability, accompanied with as much power as ever mortal was vested with, were what made him in the utmost manner agreeable among a set of admirable men, who had thoughts too high for ambition, and views too large to be gratified by what he could give them in the disposal of an empire, without the pleasures of their mutual conversation. A certain unanimity of taste and *judgment*, which is natural to all of the same order *in the species*, was the band of this society; and

the Emperor assumed no figure in it, but what he thought was his due from his private talents and qualifications, as they contributed to advance the pleasures and sentiments of the company.

Cunning people, hypocrites, all who are but half virtuous, or half wise, are incapable of tasting the refined pleasure of such an equal company as could wholly exclude the regard of fortune in their conversations. Horace, in the discourse from whence I take the hint of the present speculation, lays down excellent rules for conduct in conversation with men of power: but he speaks it with an air of one who had no need of such an application for any thing which related to himself. It shows he understood what it was to be a skilful courtier, by just admonitions against importunity, and showing how forcible it was to speak modestly of your own wants. There is indeed something so shameless in taking all opportunities to speak of your own affairs, that he who is guilty of it towards him on whom he depends, fares like the beggar who exposes his sores, which, instead of moving compassion, makes the man he begs of turn away from the object.

I can not tell what is become of him, but I remember about sixteen years ago an honest fellow, who so justly understood how disagreeable the mention or appearance of his wants would make him, that I have often reflected upon him as a counterpart of Irus, whom I have formerly mentioned. (See Nos. 264, 360) This man, whom I have missed for some years in my walks, and have heard was some way employed about the army, made it a maxim, That good wigs, delicate linen, and a cheerful air, were to a poor de

pendant the same that working tools are to a poor artificer. It was no small entertainment to me, who knew his circumstances, to see him, who had fasted two days, attribute the thinness they told him of to the violence of some gallantries he had lately been guilty of. The skilful dissembler carried this on with the utmost address; and if any suspected his affairs were narrow, it was attributed to indulging himself in some fashionable vice, rather than an irreproachable poverty, which saved his credit with those on whom he depended.

The main art is to be as little troublesome as you can, and make all you hope for come rather as a favour from your patron than claim from you. But I am here prating of what is the method of pleasing so as to succeed in the world, when there are crowds who have, in city, town, court, and country, arrived to considerable acquisitions, and yet seem incapable of acting in any constant tenor of life, but have gone on from one successful error to another: therefore I think I may shorten this inquiry after the method of pleasing; and as the old beau said to his son, once for all, ‘Pray Jack, be a fine gentleman,’ so may I to my reader, abridge my instructions, and finish the art of pleasing, in a word, ‘Be rich.’

STEELE.

T.

No. 281. TUESDAY, JANUARY 22.

Pectoribus inhians spirantia consulit exta. VIRG. *ÆN.*

Anxious the reeking entrails he consults.

HAVING already given an account of the dissection of a *beau's head* (275) with the several discoveries made on that occasion, I shall here, according to my promise, enter upon the dissection of a *coquette's heart*, and communicate to the public such particularities as we observed in that curious piece of anatomy.

I should perhaps have waved this undertaking, had not I been put in mind of my promise by several of my unknown correspondents, who are very importunate with me to make an example of the coquette, as I have already done of the beau. It is therefore in compliance with the request of friends, that I have looked over the minutes of my former dream, in order to give the public an exact relation of it, which I shall enter upon without farther preface.

Our operator, before he engaged in this visionary dissection, told us, that there was nothing in his art more difficult than to lay open the heart of a coquette, by reason of the many labyrinths and recesses which are to be found in it, and which do not appear in the heart of any other animal.

He desired us first of all to observe the *pericardium*, or outward case of the heart, which we did very attentively; and by the help of our glasses discerned in it millions of little scars, which seemed to have been occasioned by the points of innumerable darts and arrows, that from

time to time had glanced upon the outward coat, though we could not discover the smallest orifice by which any of them had entered and pierced the inward substance.

Every smatterer in anatomy knows that this *pericardium*, or case of the heart, contains in it a thin reddish liquor, supposed to be bred from the vapours which exhale out of the heart, and being stopt here, are condensed into this watery substance. Upon examining this liquor, we found that it had in it all the qualities of that spirit which is made use of in the thermometer, to show the change of weather.

Nor must I here omit an experiment one of the company assured us he himself had made with this liquor, which he found in great quantity about the heart of a coquette, whom he had formerly dissected. He affirmed to us, that he had actually inclosed it in a small tube, made after the manner of a weather-glass; but that instead of acquainting him with the variations of the atmosphere, it showed him the qualities of those persons who entered the room where it stood. He affirmed also, that it rose at the approach of a plume of feathers, an embroidered coat, or a pair of fringed gloves; and that it fell as soon as an ill-shaped periwig, a clumsy pair of shoes, or an unfashionable coat, came into his house; nay, he proceeded so far as to assure us, that upon his laughing aloud, when he stood by it, the liquor mounted very sensibly, and immediately sunk again upon his looking serious. In short, he told us, that he knew very well by this invention whenever he had a man of sense or a coxcomb in *his room*.

Having cleared away the *pericardium*, or the case, and liquor above-mentioned, we came to the heart itself. The outward surface of it was extremely slippery, and the *mucro*, or point, so very cold withal, that upon endeavouring to take hold of it, it glided through the fingers like a smooth piece of ice.

The fibres were turned and twisted in a more intricate and perplexed manner than they are usually found in other hearts; insomuch that the whole heart was wound up together in a gordian knot, and must have had very irregular and unequal motions while it was employed in its vital function.

One thing we thought very observable, namely, that upon examining all the vessels which came into it, or issued out of it, we could not discover any communication that it had with the tongue.

We could not but take notice likewise, that several of those little nerves in the heart which are affected by the sentiments of love, hatred, and other passions, did not descend to this before us from the brain, but from the muscles which lie about the eye.

Upon weighing the heart in my hand, I found it to be extremely light, and consequently very hollow; which I did not wonder at, when upon looking into the inside of it, I saw multitudes of cells and cavities running one within another, as our historians describe the apartments of Rosamond's bower. Several of these little hollows were stuffed with innumerable sorts of trifles, which I shall forbear giving any particular account of, and shall therefore only take notice o

what lay first and uppermost, which upon our unfolding it, and applying our microscopes to it, appeared to be a flame-coloured hood.

We were informed that the lady of this heart, when living, received the addresses of several who made love to her, and did not only give each of them encouragement, but made every one she conversed with believe that she regarded him with an eye of kindness; for which reason we expected to have seen the impression of multitudes of faces among the several plates and foldings of the heart; but to our great surprise not a single print of this nature discovered itself till we came into the very core and centre of it. We there observed a little figure, which, upon applying our glasses to it, appeared dressed in a very fantastic manner. The more I looked upon it, the more I thought I had seen the face before, but could not possibly recollect either the place or time; when at length one of the company who had examined this figure more nicely than the rest, showed us plainly by the make of its face, and the several turns of its features, that the little idol which was thus lodged in the very middle of the heart was the deceased beau, whose head I gave some account of in my last Tuesday's paper.

As soon as we had finished our dissection, we resolved to make an experiment of the heart, not being able to determine among ourselves the nature of its substance, which differed in so many particulars from that of the heart in other females. Accordingly we laid it into a pan of burning coals, when we observed in it a certain salamandrine quality, that made it capable of living in

the midst of fire and flame, without being consumed, or so much as singed.

As we were admiring this strange *phenomenon*, and standing round the heart in a circle, it gave a most prodigious sigh or rather crack, and dispersed all at once in smoke and vapour. This imaginary noise, which we thought was louder than the burst of a cannon, produced such a violent shake in my brain, that it dissipated the fumes of sleep, and left me in an instant broad awake.

ADDISON.

L.



No. 282. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23.

—*Spes incerta futuri.*

VIRG. *ÆN.*

Hopes and fears in equal balance laid.

DRYDEN.

It is a lamentable thing that every man is full of complaints, and constantly uttering sentences against the fickleness of fortune, when people generally bring upon themselves all the calamities they fall into, and are constantly heaping up matter for their own sorrow and disappointment. That which produces the greatest part of the delusions of mankind, is a false hope which people indulge with so sanguine a flattery to themselves that their hearts are bent upon fantastical advantages which they have no reason to believe should ever have arrived to them. By this unjust measure of calculating their happiness, they often *mourn with real affliction for imaginary losses.*

When I am talking of this unhappy way of accounting for ourselves, I can not but reflect upon a particular set of people who in their own favour resolve every thing that is possible into what is probable, and then reckon on that probability as on what must certainly happen. Will Honeycomb, upon my observing his looking on a lady with some particular attention, gave me an account of the great distresses which had laid waste that her very fine face, and had given an air of melancholy to a very agreeable person. That lady, and a couple of sisters of hers, were, said Will, fourteen years ago, the greatest fortunes about town; but without having any loss by bad tenants, by bad securities, or any damage by sea or land, are reduced to very narrow circumstances. They were at that time the most inaccessible, haughty beauties in town; and their pretensions to take upon them at that unmerciful rate, were raised upon the following scheme, according to which all their lovers were answered.

‘Our father is a youngish man, but then our mother is somewhat older, and not likely to have any children. His estate being £800 *per annum*, at 20 years purchase, is worth £16,000. Our uncle, who is above 50, has £400 *per annum*, which at the aforesaid rate, is £8000. There is a widow aunt, who has £10,000 at her own disposal, left by her husband, and an old maiden aunt, who has £6000. Then our father’s mother has £900 *per annum*, which is worth £18,000, and £1000 each of us has of her own, which can not be taken from us. These summed up together stand thus.

	£	This equally divid-
' Father's 800—	16,000	ed between us three,
Uncle's 400—	8,000	amounts to £20,000
Aunts' { 10,000 }	16,000	each; an allowance
{ 6,000 }		
Grandmother 900—	18,000	being given for en-
Own 1,000 each—	3,000	largement upon com-
		mon fame, we may
		lawfully pass for
Total 61,000	£30,000	fortunes.'

In prospect of this, and the knowledge of their own personal merit, every one was contemptible in their eyes, and they refused those offers which had been frequently made them. But mark the end: the mother dies, the father is married again, and has a son; on him was entailed the father's, uncle's, and grandmother's estate. This cut off £42,000. The maiden aunt married a tall Irishman, and with her went the £6000. The widow died, and left but enough to pay her debts and bury her; so that there remained for these three girls but their own £1000. They had by this time passed their prime, and got on the wrong side of thirty; and must pass the remainder of their days upbraiding mankind that they mind nothing but money, and bewailing that virtue, sense and modesty are had at present in no manner of estimation.

I mention this case of ladies before any other, because it is the most irreparable: for though youth is the time least capable of reflection, it is in that sex the only season in which they can advance their fortunes. But if we turn our thoughts to the men, we see such crowds of them *unhappy from no other reason but an ill-ground-*

ed hope, that it is hard to say which they rather deserve, our pity or contempt. It is not unpleasant to see a fellow, after growing old in attendance, and after having passed half a life in servitude, call himself the unhappiest of all men, and pretend to be disappointed because a courtier broke his word. He that promises himself any thing but what may naturally arise from his own property or labour, and goes beyond the desire of possessing above two parts in three even of that, lays up for himself an increasing heap of afflictions and disappointments. There are but two means in the world of gaining by other men, and these are by being either agreeable or considerable. The generality of mankind do all things for their own sakes; and when you hope any thing from persons above you, if you can not say, 'I can be thus agreeable, or thus serviceable,' it is ridiculous to pretend to the dignity of being unfortunate when they leave you; you were injudicious in hoping for any other than to be neglected, for such as can come within these descriptions of being capable to please or serve your patron, when his humour or interests call for their capacity either way.

It would not, methinks, be a useless comparison between the condition of a man who shuns all the pleasures of life, and of one who makes it his business to pursue them. Hope in the recluse makes his austerities comfortable, while the luxurious man gains nothing but uneasiness from his enjoyments. What is the difference in the happiness of him who is macerated by abstinence, *and his who is surfeited with excess?* he who *resigns the world* has no temptation to envy, ha-

tred, malice, anger, but is in constant possession of a serene mind; he who follows the pleasures of it, which are in their very nature disappointing, is in constant search of care, solicitude, remorse, and confusion.

‘MR. SPECTATOR, *January the 14th, 1712.*

I am a young woman, and have my fortune to make; for which reason I come constantly to church to hear divine service and make conquests; but one great hindrance in this my design is, that our clerk, who was once a gardener, has this Christmas so over-decked the church with greens, that he has quite spoiled my prospect, insomuch that I have scarce seen the young baronet I dress at, these three weeks, though we have both been very constant at our devotions, and do not sit above three pews off. The church, as it is now equipt, looks more like a green-house than a place of worship. The middle aisle is a very pretty shady walk, and the pews look like so many arbours on each side of it. The pulpit itself has such clusters of ivy, holly and rosemary, about it, that a light fellow in our pew took occasion to say, that the congregation heard the word out of a bush, like Moses. Sir Anthony Love’s pew in particular, is so well hedged, that all my batteries have no effect. I am obliged to shoot at random among the boughs, without taking any manner of aim. Mr. Spectator, unless you’ll give orders for removing these greens, I shall grow a very awkward creature at church, and soon have little else to do there but to say my prayers. I am in haste, dear sir, Your most obedient servant,

‘JENNY SIMPER’

T.

STEELE

No. 283. THURSDAY, JANUARY 24.

Magister artis et largitor ingenii
Venter——— PERS.

Necessity is the mother of invention. ENG. PROV.

LUCIAN rallies the philosophers in his time, who could not agree whether they should admit riches into the number of real goods; the professors of the severer sects threw them quite out, while others as resolutely inserted them.

I am apt to believe, that as the world grew more polite, the rigid doctrines of the first were wholly discarded, and I do not find any one so hardy at present as to deny, that there are very great advantages in the enjoyment of a plentiful fortune. Indeed the best and wisest of men, though they may possibly despise a good part of those things which the world calls pleasure, can, I think, hardly be insensible of that weight and dignity which a moderate share of wealth adds to their characters, counsels, and actions.

We find it is a general complaint in professions and trades, that the richest members of them are chiefly encouraged; and this is falsely imputed to the ill-nature of mankind, who are ever bestowing their favours on such as least want them. Whereas, if we fairly consider their proceedings in this case, we shall find them founded on undoubted reason: since supposing both equal in their natural integrity, I ought, in common prudence, to fear foul play from an indigent person, rather than from one whose circumstances seem

to have placed him above the bare temptation of money. .

This reason also makes the commonwealth regard her richest subjects as those who are most concerned for her quiet and interest, and consequently fittest to be intrusted with her highest employments. On the contrary, Catiline's saying to those men of desperate fortunes who applied themselves to him, and of whom he afterwards composed his army, that they had nothing to hope for but from a civil war, was too true not to make the impressions he desired.

I believe I need not fear but that what I have said in praise of money will be more than sufficient with most of my readers to excuse the subject of my present paper, which I intend as an essay on the ways to raise a man's fortune, or the art of growing rich.

The first and most infallible method towards the attaining of this end is thrift. All men are not equally qualified for getting money, but it is in the power of every one alike to practise this virtue; and I believe there are very few persons, who, if they please to reflect on their past lives, will not find that had they saved all those little sums which they have spent unnecessarily, they might at present have been masters of a competent fortune. Diligence justly claims the next place to thrift. I find both these excellently well recommended to common use in the three following Italian proverbs:

‘Never do that by proxy which you can do yourself.

‘Never defer that till to-morrow which you can do to-day.

‘Never neglect small matters and expenses.’

A third instrument of growing rich is method in business; which, as well as the two former, is also attainable by persons of the meanest capacities.

The famous De Wit, one of the greatest statesmen of the age in which he lived, being asked by a friend, how he was able to despatch that multitude of affairs in which he was engaged, replied, that his whole art consisted in doing one thing at once. ‘If,’ says he, ‘I have any necessary despatches to make, I think of nothing else till those are finished; if any domestic affairs require my attention, I give myself up wholly to them until they are set in order.’

In short, we often see men of dull and phlegmatic tempers arriving to great estates, by making a regular and orderly disposition of their business; and that without it the greatest parts and most lively imaginations rather puzzle their affairs than bring them to a happy issue.

From what has been said, I think I may lay it down as a maxim, that every man of good common sense may, if he pleases, in his particular station of life, most certainly be rich. The reason why we sometimes see that men of the greatest capacities are not so, is either because they despise wealth in comparison of something else, or at least are not content to be getting an estate, unless they may do it their own way, and at the same time enjoy all the pleasures and gratifications of life.

But besides these ordinary forms of growing *rich*, it must be allowed that there is room for

genius, as well in this as in all other circumstances of life.

Though the ways of getting money were long since very numerous, and though as many new ones have been found out of late years, there is certainly still remaining so large a field for invention, that a man of an indifferent head might easily sit down and draw up such a plan for the conduct and support of his life, as was never yet once thought of.

We daily see methods put in practice by hungry and ingenious men, which demonstrate the power of invention in this particular.

It is reported of Scaramouch, the first famous Italian comedian, that being at Paris and in great want, he bethought himself of constantly plying near the door of a noted perfumer in that city, and when any one came out who had been buying snuff, never failed to desire a taste of them; when he had by this means got together a quantity made up of several different sorts, he sold it again at a low rate to the same perfumer, who finding out the trick, called it *tabac de mille fleurs*, or *snuff of a thousand flowers*. The story farther tells us, that by this means he got a very comfortable subsistence, till making too much haste to grow rich, he one day took such an unreasonable pinch out of the box of a Swiss officer as engaged him in a quarrel, and obliged him to quit that ingenious way of life.

Nor can I in this place omit doing justice to a youth of my own country, who, though he is scarce yet twelve years old, has, with great industry and application, attained the art of heating the grenadier's march on his chin. I am credi-

bly informed that by this means he does not only maintain himself and his mother, but that he is laying up money every day, with a design, if the war continues, to purchase a drum at least, if not a pair of colours.

I shall conclude these instances with the device of the famous Rabelais, when he was at a great distance from Paris, and without money to bear his expenses thither. This ingenious author, being thus sharp set, got together a convenient quantity of brick-dust, and having disposed of it into several papers, writ upon one, *Poison for monsieur*, upon a second, *Poison for the dauphin*, and on a third, *Poison for the king*. Having made this provision for the royal family of France, he laid his papers so that his landlord, who was an inquisitive man and a good subject, might get a sight of them.

The plot succeeded as he desired. The host gave immediate intelligence to the secretary of state, the secretary presently sent down a special messenger who brought the traitor to court, and provided him at the king's expense with proper accommodations on the road. As soon as he appeared, he was known to be the celebrated Rabelais, and his powder, upon examination, being found very innocent, the jest was only laughed at; for which a less eminent droll would have been sent to the galleys.

Trade and commerce might doubtless be still varied a thousand ways, out of which would arise such branches as have not yet been touched. The famous Doily is still fresh in every one's memory, who raised a fortune by finding out materials for such stuffs as might at once be cheap and gen-

teel. I have heard it affirmed, that had not he discovered this frugal method of gratifying our pride, we should hardly have been able to carry on the last war.

I regard trade not only as highly advantageous to the commonwealth in general, but as the most natural and likely method of making a man's fortune, having observed, since my being a Spectator in the world, greater estates got about 'Change than at Whitehall or St. James's. I believe I may also add, that the first acquisitions are generally attended with more satisfaction, and as good a conscience.

I must not, however, close this essay, without observing, that what has been said is only intended for persons in the common ways of thriving, and is not designed for those men who from low beginnings push themselves up to the top of states, and the most considerable figures in life. My maxim of *saving* is not designed for such as these, since nothing is more usual than for *thrift* to disappoint the ends of *ambition*; it being almost impossible that the mind should be intent upon trifles, while it is at the same time forming some great design.

I may therefore compare these men to a great poet, who, as Longinus says, while he is full of the most magnificent ideas, is not always at leisure to mind the little beauties and niceties of his art.

I would, however, have all my readers take great care how they mistake themselves for uncommon *geniuses*, and men above rule, since it is very easy for them to be deceived in this particular.

No. 284. FRIDAY, JANUARY 25.

Posthabui tamen illorum mea seria ludo. VIRG.

Their mirth to share, I bid my business wait.

AN unaffected behaviour is without question a very great charm; but, under the notion of being unconstrained and disengaged, people take upon them to be unconcerned in any duty of life. A general negligence is what they assume upon all occasions, and set up for an aversion to all manner of business and attention. 'I am the carelessst creature in the world,' 'I have certainly the worst memory of any man living,' are frequent expressions in the mouth of a pretender of this sort. It is a professed maxim with these people never to *think*: there is something so solemn in reflection, they forsooth, can never give themselves time for such a way of employing themselves. It happens often that this sort of man is heavy enough in his nature to be a good proficient in such matters as are attainable by industry; but alas! he has such an ardent desire to be what he is not, to be too volatile, to have the faults of a person of spirit, that he professes himself the most unfit man living for any manner of application. When this humour enters into the head of a female, she generally professes sickness upon all occasions, and acts all things with an indisposed air: she is offended, but her mind is too lazy to raise her to anger, therefore she lives only as actuated by a violent spleen and gentle scorn. She has hardly curiosity to listen to scandal of *her acquaintance*, and has never attention enough

to hear them commended. This affectation in both sexes makes them vain of being useless, and take a certain pride in their insignificancy.

Opposite to this folly is another no less unreasonable, and that is the impertinence of being always in a hurry. There are those who visit ladies, and beg pardon, before they are well seated in their chairs, that they just called in, but are obliged to attend business of importance elsewhere the very next moment: thus they run from place to place, professing that they are obliged to be still in another company than that which they are in. These persons who are just a-going somewhere else, should never be detained; let all the world allow that business is to be minded, and their affairs will be at an end. Their vanity is to be importuned, and compliance with their multiplicity of affairs would effectually despatch them. The travelling ladies, who have half the town to see in an afternoon, may be pardoned for being in a constant hurry; but it is inexcusable in men to come where they have no business, to profess they absent themselves where they have. It has been remarked by some nice observers and critics, that there is nothing discovers the true temper of a person so much as his letters. I have by me two epistles, which are written by two people of the different humours above-mentioned. It is wonderful that a man can not observe upon himself when he sits down to write, but that he will gravely commit himself to paper the same man that he is in the freedom of conversation. I have hardly seen a line from any of these gentlemen, but spoke them as absent from what they were doing, as they profess they are when they

come into company. For the folly is, that they have persuaded themselves they really are busy. Thus their whole time is spent in suspense of the present moment to the next, and then from the next to the succeeding, which to the end of life is to pass away with pretence to many things, and execution of nothing.

‘SIR,

‘THE post is just going out, and I have many other letters of very great importance to write this evening, but I could not omit making my compliments to you for your civilities to me when I was last in town. It is my misfortune to be so full of business, that I can not tell you a thousand things which I have to say to you. I must desire you to communicate the contents of this to no one living; but believe me to be, with the greatest fidelity, sir,

‘Your most obedient humble servant,

‘STEPHEN COURIER.’

‘MADAM,

‘I HATE writing of all things in the world; however, though I have drunk the waters, and am told I ought not to use my eyes so much, I can not forbear writing to you, to tell you I have been to the last degree hipped since I saw you. How could you entertain such a thought, as that I should hear of that silly fellow with patience? Take my word for it, there is nothing in it; and you may believe it, when so lazy a creature as I am, undergo the pains to assure you of it, by taking pen, ink, and paper, in my hand. Forgive

this. you know I shall not often offend in this kind. I am very much

‘Your servant,

‘BRIDGET EITHERDOWN.’

‘The fellow is of your country; pr’ythee send me word, however, whether he has so great an estate?’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

Jan. 24, 1712.

‘I AM clerk of the parish from whence Mrs. Simper sends her complaint in your Spectator of Wednesday last. I must beg of you to publish this as a public admonition to the aforesaid Mrs. Simper, otherwise all my honest care in the disposition of the greens in the church will have no effect. I shall therefore with your leave lay before you the whole matter. I was formerly, as she charges me, for several years, a gardener in the county of Kent: but I must absolutely deny that it is out of any affection I retain for my old employment that I have placed my greens so liberally about the church, but out of a particular spleen I conceived against Mrs. Simper, (and others of the same sisterhood) some time ago. As to herself, I had one day set the hundredth psalm, and was singing the first line in order to put the congregation into the tune; she was all the while curtsying to Sir Anthony, in so affected and indecent a manner, that the indignation I conceived at it made me forget myself so far, as from the tune of that psalm to wander into Southwell tune, and from thence into Windsor tune, still unable to recover myself, till I had with the utmost confusion set a new one. Nay, I have often seen

her rise up and smile, and curtsy to one at the lower end of the church, in the midst of a Gloria Patri: and when I have spoken the assent to a prayer with a long Amen, uttered with decent gravity, she has been rolling her eyes round about in such a manner as plainly showed, however she was moved, it was not towards a heavenly object. In fine, she extended her conquests so far over the males, and raised such envy in the females, that what between love of those, and the jealousy of these, I was almost the only person that looked in a prayer-book all church-time. I had several projects in my head to put a stop to this growing mischief; but as I have long lived in Kent, and there often heard how the Kentish men evaded the conqueror, by carrying green boughs over their heads, it put me in mind of practising this device against Mrs. Simper. I find I have preserved many a young man from her eye-shot by this means; therefore, humbly pray the boughs may be fixed till she shall give security for her peaceable intentions.

‘ Your humble servant,

‘ FRANCIS STERNHOLD.’

STEELE.

T.

No. 285. SATURDAY, JANUARY 26.

*Ne, quicumque Deus, quicumque adhibebitur heros,
Regali conspectus in auro nuper et ostro,
Migret in obscuras humili sermone tabernas:
Aut, dum vitat humum, nubes et inania captet.*

HOR. ARS. POET.

But then they did not wrong themselves so much,
To make a god, a hero, or a king,
(Stript of his golden crown, and purple robe)
Descend to a mechanic dialect;
Nor (to avoid such meanness) soaring high,
With empty sound, and airy notions, fly. ROSCOMMON.

HAVING already treated of the fable, the characters, and sentiments in the *Paradise Lost*, we are in the last place to consider the language: and as the learned world is very much divided upon Milton as to this point, I hope they will excuse me if I appear particular in any of my opinions, and incline to those who judge the most advantageously of the author.

It is requisite that the language of an heroic poem should be both perspicuous and sublime, in proportion as either of these two qualities are wanting, the language is imperfect. Perspicuity is the first and most necessary qualification: inso-much that a good-natured reader sometimes overlooks a little slip even in the grammar or syntax, where it is impossible for him to mistake the poet's sense. Of this kind is that passage in Milton, wherein he speaks of Satan:

‘———God and his Son except,
Created thing nought valu'd he nor shunn'd.’

And that in which he describes Adam and Eve:

‘Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.’

It is plain, that in the former of these passages, according to the natural syntax, the divine persons mentioned in the first line are represented as created beings; and that in the other, Adam and Eve are confounded with their sons and daughters. Such little blemishes as these, when the thought is great and natural, we should, with Horace, impute to a pardonable inadvertency, or to the weakness of human nature, which can not attend to each minute particular, and give the last finishing to every circumstance in so long a work. The ancient critics, therefore, who were acted* by a spirit of candour, rather than that of cavilling, invented certain figures of speech, on purpose to palliate little errors of this nature in the writings of those authors who had so many greater beauties to atone for them.

If clearness and perspicuity were only to be consulted, the poet would have nothing else to do but to clothe his thoughts in the most plain and natural expressions. But since it often happens that the most obvious phrases, and those which are used in ordinary conversation, become too familiar to the ear, and contract a kind of meanness by passing through the mouths of the vulgar, a poet should take particular care to guard himself against idiomatic ways of speak-

* *i. e.* Actuated.—This word is frequently so used in the *Spectator*; as also by Dr. Locke and Dr. South.

ing. Ovid and Lucan have many poornesses of expression upon this account, as taking up with the first phrases that offered, without putting themselves to the trouble of looking after such as would not only have been natural, but also elevated and sublime. Milton has but few failings of this kind; of which, however, you may meet with some instances, as in the following passages:

‘Embrios and idiots, eremites and friars,
White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery.
Here pilgrims roam——
——A while discourse they hold,
No fear lest dinner cool; when thus began
Our author——
Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curse
My head, ill-fare our ancestor impure,
For this we may thank Adam.

The great masters in composition knew very well that many an elegant phrase becomes improper for a poet or an orator, when it has been debased by common use. For this reason the works of ancient authors, which are written in dead languages, have a great advantage over those which are written in languages that are now spoken.—Were there any mean phrases or idioms in Virgil and Homer, they would not shock the ear of the most delicate modern reader so much as they would have done that of an old Greek or Roman, because we never hear them pronounced in our streets or in ordinary conversation.

It is not therefore sufficient, that the language of an epic poem be perspicuous, unless it be also

sublime. To this end it ought to deviate from the common forms and ordinary phrases of speech. The judgment of a poet very much discovers itself in shunning the common roads of expression, without falling into such ways of speech as may seem stiff and unnatural; he must not swell into a false sublime, by endeavouring to avoid the other extreme. Among the Greeks, Æschylus, and sometimes Sophocles, were guilty of this fault; among the Latins, Claudian and Statius; and among our own countrymen, Shakspeare and Lee. In these authors the affectation of greatness often hurts the perspicuity of the style, as in many others the endeavour after perspicuity prejudices its greatness.

Aristotle has observed, that the idiomatic style may be avoided, and the sublime formed, by the following methods. First, by the use of metaphors; such are those of Milton.

Imparadis'd in one another's arms,
——And in his hand a reed
Stood waving *tipt* with fire.——
The grassy clods now *calv'd*.——
Spangled *with eyes*.——

In these and innumerable other instances, the metaphors are very bold, but just: I must however observe, that the metaphors are not so thick sown in Milton, which always savours too much of wit; that they never clash with one another, which, as Aristotle observes, turns a sentence into a kind of an enigma or riddle; and that he seldom has recourse to them where the proper and natural words will do as well.

Another way of raising the language, and giv-

ing it a poetical turn, is to make use of the idioms of other tongues. Virgil is full of the Greek forms of speech, which the critics call *Hellenisms*, as Horace in his odes abounds with them much more than Virgil. I need not mention the several dialects which Homer has made use of for this end. Milton, in conformity with the practice of the ancient poets, and with Aristotle's rule, has infused a great many *Latinisms* as well as *Grecisms*, and sometimes *Hebraisms*, into the language of his poem; as towards the beginning of it.

‘ Nor did they *not* perceive the evil plight,
In which they were, or the fierce pains *not* feel.
Yet to their general’s voice they soon obey’d—
——Who shall tempt with wandering feet
The dark, unbottom’d infinite abyss,
And through the *palpable obscure* find out
His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight,
Upborn with indefatigable wings,
Over the *vast abrupt!*
——So both *ascend*
In the visions of God——’ Book 2.

Under this head may be reckoned the placing the adjective after the substantive, the transposition of words, the turning the adjective into a substantive, with several other foreign modes of speech which this poet has naturalized, to give his verse the greater sound, and throw it out of prose.

The third method mentioned by Aristotle is what agrees with the genius of the Greek language more than with that of any other tongue, and is therefore more used by Homer than by any other poet: I mean the lengthening of a

phrase by the addition of words which may either be inserted or omitted, as also by the extending or contracting of particular words by the insertion or omission of certain syllables. Milton has put in practice this method of raising his language, as far as the nature of our tongue will permit, as in the passage above-mentioned, *eremite*, for what is hermit in common discourse. If you observe the measure of his verse, he has with great judgment suppressed a syllable in several words, and shortened those of two syllables into one, by which method, besides the above-mentioned advantage, he has given a greater variety to his numbers. But this practice is more particularly remarkable in the names of persons and of countries, as *Beëlzebub*, *Hessebon*, and in many other particulars, wherein he has either changed the name, or made use of that which is not the most commonly known, that he might the better depart from the language of the vulgar.

The same reason recommended to him several old words, which also make his poem appear the more venerable, and give it a greater air of antiquity.

I must likewise take notice, that there are in Milton several words of his own coining, as *cerberean*, *miscreated*, *hell-doom'd*, *embryon*, *atoms*, and many others. If the reader is offended at this liberty in our English poet, I would recommend him to a discourse in Plutarch, which shows us how frequently Homer has made use of the same liberty.

Milton, by the above-mentioned helps, and by the choice of the noblest words and phrases which *our tongue* would afford him, has carried our lan-

guage to a greater height than any of the English poets have ever done before or after him, and made the sublimity of his style equal to that of his sentiments.

I have been the more particular in these observations on Milton's style, because it is that part of him in which he appears the most singular.—The remarks I have here made upon the practice of other poets, with my observations out of Aristotle, will perhaps alleviate the prejudice which some have taken to his poem upon this account; though, after all, I must confess that I think his style, though admirable in general, is in some places too much stiffened and obscured by the frequent use of those methods which Aristotle has prescribed for the raising of it.

This redundancy of those several ways of speech, which Aristotle calls *foreign language*, and with which Milton has so very much enriched, and in some places darkened, the language of his poem, was the more proper for his use, because his poem is written in blank verse. Rhyme, without any other assistance, throws the language off from prose, and very often makes an indifferent phrase pass unregarded; but where the verse is not built upon rhymes, there pomp of sound and energy of expression are indispensably necessary to support the style, and keep it from falling into the flatness of prose.

Those who have not a taste for this elevation of style, and are apt to ridicule a poet when he departs from the common forms of expression, would do well to see how Aristotle has treated an ancient author called Euclid for his insipid mirth

upon this occasion. Mr. Dryden used to call these sort of men his prose-critics.

I should under this head of the language, consider Milton's numbers, in which he has made use of several elisions, which are not customary among other English poets, as may be particularly observed in his cutting off the letter *Y*, when it precedes a vowel. This, and some other innovations in the measure of his verse, has varied his numbers in such a manner as make them incapable of satiating the ear, and cloying the reader, which the same uniform measure would certainly have done, and which the perpetual returns of rhyme never fail to do in long narrative poems. I shall close these reflections upon the language of *Paradise Lost*, with observing, that Milton has copied after Homer rather than Virgil in the length of his periods, the copiousness of his phrases, and the running of his verses into one another.

ADDISON.

L.



No. 286. MONDAY, JANUARY 28.

Nomina honesta prætenduntur vitiis.

TACIT.

Specious names are lent to cover vices.

* MR. SPECTATOR,

York, Jan. 18, 1712.

I PRETEND not to inform a gentleman of so just a taste, whenever he pleases to use it; but it may not be amiss to inform your readers, that there is a *false* delicacy as well as a true one. True delicacy, as I take it, consists in exactness of judg-

ment and dignity of sentiment, or, if you will, purity of affection, as this is opposed to corruption and grossness. There are pedants in breeding as well as in learning. The eye that can not bear the light is not delicate, but sore. A good constitution appears in the soundness and vigour of the parts, not in the squeamishness of the stomach, and a false delicacy is affectation, not politeness. What then can be the standard of delicacy, but truth and virtue? Virtue, which, as the satirist long since observed, is real honour, whereas the other distinctions among mankind are merely titular. Judging by that rule, in my opinion, and in that of many of your virtuous female readers, you are so far from deserving Mr. Courtly's accusation,* that you seem too gentle, and to allow too many excuses for an enormous crime, which is the reproach of the age, and is in all its branches and degrees expressly forbidden by that religion we pretend to profess; and whose laws in a nation that calls itself Christian, one would think, should take place of those rules which men of corrupt minds, and those of weak understandings follow. I know not any thing more pernicious to good manners, than the giving fair names to foul actions; for this confounds vice and virtue, and takes off that natural horror we have to evil. An innocent creature, who would start at the name of strumpet, may think it pretty to be called a mistress, especially if her seducer has taken care to inform her, that an union of heart is the principal matter in the sight of heaven, and that the business at church

* The first letter in No. 276. See also No. 274.

is a mere idle ceremony. Who knows not that the difference between obscene and modest words expressing the same action, consists only in the accessory idea? for there is nothing immodest in letters and syllables! Fornication and adultery are modest words; because they express an evil action as criminal, and so as to excite horror and aversion; whereas words representing the pleasure rather than the sin, are for this reason indecent and dishonest. Your papers would be chargeable with something worse than indelicacy, they would be immoral, did you treat the detestable sins of uncleanness in the same manner as you rally an impertinent self-love, and an artful glance; as those laws would be very unjust, that should chastise murder and petty larceny with the same punishment. Even delicacy requires that the pity shown to distressed indigent wickedness, first betrayed into, and then expelled, the harbours of the brothel, should be changed to detestation, when we consider pampered vice in the habitations of the wealthy. The most free person of quality, in Mr. Courtly's phrase, that is, to speak properly, a woman of figure who has forgot her birth and breeding, dishonoured her relations and herself, abandoned her virtue and reputation, together with the natural modesty of her sex, and risked her very soul, is so far from deserving to be treated with no worse character than that of a kind woman, which is doubtless Mr. Courtly's meaning, if he has any, that one can scarce be too severe on her, inasmuch as she sins against greater restraints, is less exposed, and liable to fewer temptation, than beauty in *poverty and distress*. It is hoped therefore, sir,

that you will not lay aside your generous design of exposing that monstrous wickedness of the town, whereby a multitude of innocents are sacrificed in a more barbarous manner than those who were offered to Moloch. The unchaste are provoked to see their vice exposed, and the chaste can not rake into such filth without danger of defilement; but a mere Spectator may look into the bottom, and come off without partaking in the guilt. The doing so will convince us you pursue public good, and not merely your own advantage; but if your zeal slackens, how can one help thinking that Mr. Courtly's letter, is but a feint to get off from a subject, in which either your own, or the private and base ends of others to whom you are partial, or those of whom you are afraid, would not endure reformation?

‘I am, Sir, your humble servant and admirer, so long as you tread in the paths of truth, virtue, and honour.’

Trin. Coll. Cantab. Jan. 12, 1711-12.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘It is my fortune to have a chamber-fellow, with whom, though I agree very well in many sentiments, yet there is one in which we are as contrary as light and darkness. We are both in love; his mistress is a lovely fair and mine a lovely brown. Now, as the praise of our mistress's beauty employs much of our time, we have frequent quarrels in entering upon that subject, while each says all he can to defend his choice. For my own part, I have racked my fancy to the utmost; and sometimes with the greatest warmth of imagination, have told him that night was

made before day, and many more fine things, though without any effect: nay, last night I could not forbear saying, with more heat than judgment, that the devil ought to be painted white. Now my desire is, sir, that you would be pleased to give us in black and white your opinion in the matter of dispute between us; which will either furnish me with fresh and prevailing arguments to maintain my own taste, or make me with less repining allow that of my chamber-fellow. I know very well that I have Jack Cleveland and Bond's Horace on my side; but then he has such a band of rhymers and romance-writers, with which he opposes me, and is so continually chiming to the tune of golden tresses, yellow locks, milk, marble, ivory, silver, swans, snow, daisies, doves and the Lord knows what, which he is always sounding with so much vehemence in my ears, that he often puts me into a brown study how to answer him; and I find that I am in a fair way to be quite confounded, without your timely assistance afforded to, Sir,

‘Your humble servant,

‘PHILOBRUNE.’

[THE AUTHOR UNKNOWN.]

Z.

No. 287. TUESDAY, JANUARY 29

Ω φιλαττη γη μητερ, ὡς σεμνον σφοδρ' α
 Τοις νεν εχουσι κημα;—— MENAND.

Dear native land, how do the good and wise
 Thy happy clime and countless blessings prize!

I LOOK upon it as a peculiar happiness, that were I to choose of what religion I would be, and under what government I would live, I should most certainly give the preference to that form of religion and government which is established in my own country. In this point I think I am determined by reason and conviction; but if I shall be told that I am actuated by prejudice, I am sure it is an honest prejudice, it is a prejudice that arises from the love of my country, and therefore such an one as I will always indulge. I have in several papers endeavoured to express my duty and esteem for the church of England, and design this as an essay upon the civil part of our constitution, having often entertained myself with reflections on this subject which I have not met with in other writers.

That form of government appears to me the most reasonable which is most conformable to the equality that we find in human nature, provided it be consistent with public peace and tranquillity. This is what may properly be called liberty, which exempts one man from subjection to another, so far as the order and economy of government will permit.

Liberty should reach every individual of a people, as they all share one common nature: &

it only spreads among particular branches, there had better be none at all, since such a liberty only aggravates the misfortune of those who are deprived of it, by setting before them a disagreeable subject of comparison.

This liberty is best preserved, where the legislative power is lodged in several persons, especially if those persons are of different ranks and interests; for where they are of the same rank, and consequently have an interest to manage peculiar to that rank, it differs but little from a despotical government in a single person. But the greatest security a people can have for their liberty, is when the legislative power is in the hands of persons so happily distinguished, that by providing for the particular interests of their several ranks, they are providing for the whole body of the people, or, in other words, when there is no part of the people that has not a common interest with at least one part of the legislators.

If there be but one body of legislators, it is no better than a tyranny; if there are only two, there will want a casting voice, and one of them must at length be swallowed up by disputes and contentions that will necessarily arise between them. Four would have the same inconvenience as two, and a greater number would cause too much confusion. I could never read a passage in Polybius, and another in Cicero, to this purpose, without a secret pleasure in applying it to the English constitution, which it suits much better than the Roman. Both these great authors give the pre-eminence to a mixt government consisting of *three branches*, the regal, the noble, and the popu-

lar. They had doubtless in their thoughts the constitution of the Roman commonwealth, in which the consul represented the king, the senate, the nobles, and the tribunes the people. This division of the three powers in the Roman constitution was by no means so distinct and natural as it is in the English form of government. Among several objections that might be made to it, I think the chief are those that affect the consular power, which had only the ornaments without the force of the regal authority. Their number had not a casting voice in it; for which reason, if one did not chance to be employed abroad, while the other sat at home, the public business was sometimes at a stand, while the consuls pulled two different ways in it. Besides, I do not find that the consuls had ever a negative voice in the passing of a law or decree of the senate; so that indeed they were rather the chief body of the nobility, or the first ministers of state, than a distinct branch of the sovereignty, in which none can be looked upon as a part who are not a part of the legislature. Had the consuls been invested with the regal authority to as great a degree as our monarchs, there would never have been any occasions for a dictatorship, which had in it the power of all the three orders, and ended in the subversion of the whole constitution.

Such a history as that of Suetonius, which gives us a succession of absolute princes, is to me an unanswerable argument against despotic power. Where the prince is a man of wisdom and virtue, it is indeed happy for his people that he is absolute; but since, in the common run of mankind, for one that is wise and good, you find ten

of a contrary character, it is very dangerous for a nation to stand to its chance, or to have its public happiness or misery depend on the virtues or vices of a single person. Look into the history I have mentioned, or into any series of absolute princes, how many tyrants must you read through, before you come to an emperor that is supportable? But this is not all; an honest private man often grows cruel and abandoned when converted into an absolute prince. Give a man power of doing what he pleases with impunity, you extinguish his fear, and consequently overturn in him one of the great pillars of morality. This too we find confirmed by matter of fact. How many hopeful heirs-apparent to grand empires, when in the possession of them, have become such monsters of lust and cruelty as are a reproach of human nature?

Some tell us we ought to make our governments on earth like that in heaven, which, say they, is altogether monarchical and unlimited. Was man like his Creator in goodness and justice, I should be for following this great model: but where goodness and justice are not essential to the ruler, I would by no means put myself into his hands, to be disposed of according to his particular will and pleasure.

It is odd to consider the connexion between despotic government and barbarity, and how the making of one person more than man makes the rest less. Above nine parts of the world in ten are in the lowest state of slavery, and consequently sunk in the most gross and brutal ignorance. European slavery is indeed a state of liberty, if compared with that which prevails in

the other three divisions of the world; and therefore it is no wonder that those who grovel under it have many tracks of light among them, of which the others are wholly destitute.

Riches and plenty are the natural fruits of liberty; and where these abound, learning and all the liberal arts, will immediately lift up their heads and flourish. As a man must have no slavish fears and apprehensions hanging upon his mind, who will indulge the flights of fancy or speculation, and push his researches into all the abstruse corners of truth, so it is necessary for him to have about him a competency of all the conveniences of life.

The first thing every one looks after, is to provide himself with necessaries. This point will engross our thoughts till it be satisfied. If this is taken care of to our hands, we look out for pleasures and amusements, and among a great number of idle people, there will be many whose pleasures will lie in reading and contemplation. These are the two great sources of knowledge; and as men grow wise they naturally love to communicate their discoveries; and others seeing the happiness of such a learned life, and improving by their conversation, emulate, imitate, and surpass one another, till a nation is filled with races of wise and understanding persons. • Ease and plenty are therefore the great cherishers of knowledge; and as most of the despotic governments of the world have neither of them, they are naturally overrun with ignorance and barbarity. In Europe, indeed, notwithstanding several of its princes are absolute, there are men famous for knowledge and learning; but the reason is be-

cause the subjects are many of them rich and wealthy, the prince not thinking fit to exert himself in his full tyranny like the princes of the eastern nations, lest his subjects should be invited to new-mould their constitution, having so many prospects of liberty within their view. But in all despotic governments, though a particular prince may favour arts and letters, there is a natural degeneracy of mankind, as you may observe from Augustus's reign, how the Romans lost themselves by degrees, till they fell to an equality with the most barbarous nations that surrounded them. Look upon Greece under its free states, and you would think its inhabitants lived in different climates, and under different heavens, from those at present: so different are the geniuses which are formed under Turkish slavery and Grecian liberty.

Besides poverty and want, there are other reasons that debase the minds of men, who live under slavery, though I look upon this as the principal. This natural tendency of despotic power to ignorance and barbarity, though not insisted upon by others, is, I think, an unanswerable argument against that form of government, as it shows how repugnant it is to the good of mankind, and the perfection of human nature, which ought to be the great ends of all civil institutions.

ADDISON.

L.

No. 288. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30

—*Pavor est utrique molestus.* HOR.

Both fear alike.

* MR. SPECTATOR,

WHEN you spoke of the jilts and coquettes, you then promised to be very impartial, and not to spare even your own sex, should any of their secret or open faults come under your cognizance; which has given me encouragement to describe a certain species of mankind under the denomination of male jilts. They are gentlemen who do not design to marry; yet, that they may appear to have some sense of gallantry, think they must pay their *devoirs* to one particular fair; in order to which they single out from amongst the herd of females her to whom they design to make their fruitless addresses. This done, they first take every opportunity of being in her company, and they never fail upon all occasions to be particular to her, laying themselves at her feet, protesting the reality of their passion with a thousand oaths, soliciting a return, and saying as many fine things as their stock of wit will allow; and if they are not deficient that way, generally speak so as to admit of a double interpretation; which the credulous fair is too apt to turn to her own advantage, since it frequently happens to be a raw, innocent young creature, who thinks all the world as sincere as herself, and so her unwary heart becomes an easy prey to those deceitful monsters, who no sooner perceive it, but imme

diately they grow cool, and shun her whom before they seemed so much to admire, and proceed to act the same common-place villany towards another. A coxcomb flushed with many of these infamous victories, shall say, he is sorry for the poor fools, protest and vow he never thought of matrimony, and wonder talking civilly can be so strangely misinterpreted. Now, Mr. Spectator, you that are a professed friend to love, will, I hope, observe upon those who abuse that noble passion, and raise it in innocent minds by a deceitful affectation of it, after which they desert the enamoured. Pray bestow a little of your counsel on those fond believing females, who already have or are in danger of having broken hearts; in which you will oblige a great part of this town, but in a particular manner, Sir,

‘Your (yet heart-whole) admirer,

‘and devoted humble servant,

‘MELAINIA.’

Melainia's complaint is occasioned by so general a folly, that it is wonderful one could so long overlook it. But this false gallantry proceeds from an impotence of mind, which makes those who are guilty of it incapable of pursuing what they themselves approve. Many a man wishes a woman his wife whom he dare not take for such. Though no one has power over his inclinations or fortunes, he is a slave to common fame. For this reason I think Melainia gives them too soft a name in that of male coquettes. I know not why irresolution of mind should not be more contemptible than impotence of body; and these *frivolous* admirers would be but tenderly used in

being only included in the same term with the insufficient another way. They whom my correspondent calls male coquettes shall hereafter be called fribblers. A fribbler is one who professes rapture and admiration for the woman to whom he addresses, and dreads nothing so much as her consent. His heart can flutter by the force of imagination, but can not fix from the force of judgment. It is not uncommon for the parents of young women of moderate fortune to wink at the addresses of fribblers, and expose their children to the ambiguous behaviour which Melainia complains of, till by the fondness to one they are to lose, they become incapable of love towards others, and by consequence in their future marriages lead a joyless or a miserable life. As therefore I shall, in the speculations which regard love, be as severe as I ought on jilts and libertine-women, so will I be as little merciful to insignificant and mischievous men. (No. 300.) In order to this all visitants who frequent families wherein there are young females, are forthwith required to declare themselves, or absent from places where their presence banishes such as would pass their time more to the advantage of those whom they visit. It is a matter of too great moment to be dallied with; and I shall expect from all my young people a satisfactory account of appearances. Strephon has from the publication hereof seven days to explain the riddle he presented to Eudamia; and Chloris an hour after this comes to her hand, to declare whether she will have Philotas, whom a woman, of no less merit than herself, and of superior fortune, languishes to call her own.

TO THE SPECTATOR.

‘ SIR,

‘ Since so many dealers turn authors and write quaint advertisements in praise of their wares, one who from an author turned dealer may be allowed, for the advancement of trade, to turn author again. I will not however set up like some of them, for selling cheaper than the most able honest tradesman can; nor do I send this to be better known for choice and cheapness of china and japan wares, tea, fans, muslins, pictures, arrack, and other Indian goods. Placed as I am in Leadenhall-street near the India Company, and the centre of that trade, thanks to my fair customers, my warehouse is graced as well as the benefit days of my plays and operas; and the foreign goods I sell seem no less acceptable than the foreign books I translated, Rabelais and Don Quixote: this the critics allow me; and while they like my wares, they may dispraise my writings. But as it is not so well known yet that I frequently cross the seas of late, and speaking Dutch and French, besides other languages, I have the convenience of buying and importing rich brocades, Dutch atlases, with gold and silver, or without, and other foreign silks of the newest modes and best fabrics, fine Flanders lace, linens, and pictures, at the best hand. This my new way of trade I have fallen into, I can not better publish than by an application to you. My wares are fit only for such as your readers; and I would beg of you to print this address in your paper, that those whose minds you adorn may take the ornaments *for their persons and houses* from me. This, sir,

if I may presume to beg it, will be the greater favour, as I have lately received rich silks and fine laces to a considerable value, which will be sold cheap for a quick return, and as I have also a large stock of other goods. Indian silks were formerly a great branch of our trade; and since we must not sell them, we must seek amends by dealing in others. This, I hope, will plead for one who would lessen the number of the teasers of the muses, and who, suiting his spirit to his circumstances, humbles the poet to exalt the citizen. Like a true tradesman, I hardly ever look into any books but those of accompts. To say the truth, I can not, I think, give you a better idea of my being a downright man of traffic, than by acknowledging I oftener read the advertisements than the matter of even your paper. I am under a great temptation to take this opportunity of admonishing other writers to follow my example, and trouble the town no more: but as it is my present business to increase the number of buyers rather than sellers, I hasten to tell you that I am, sir,

‘ Your most humble and

‘ most obedient servant,

‘ PETER MOTTEUX.’*

STEELE.

T.

* This man was well known at that time; he lived in Leadenhall street. He was found dead one morning near a house of bad fame in Star-Court.

No. 289. THURSDAY, JANUARY 31.

Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam. HOR.

Life's span forbids us to extend our cares,
And stretch our hopes beyond our years.

CREECH.

UPON taking my seat in a coffee-house I often draw the eyes of the whole room upon me, when in the hottest seasons of news; and at a time, perhaps, that the Dutch mail is just come in, they hear me ask the coffee-man for his last week's bill of mortality. I find that I have been sometimes taken, on this occasion, for a parish sexton, sometimes for an undertaker, and sometimes for a doctor of physic. In this, however, I am guided by the spirit of a philosopher, as I take occasion from hence to reflect upon the regular increase and diminution of mankind, and consider the various ways through which we pass from life to eternity. I am very well pleased with these weekly admonitions, that bring into my mind such thoughts as ought to be the daily entertainment of every reasonable creature; and can consider with pleasure to myself, by which of those deliverances, or, as we commonly call them, distempers, I may possibly make my escape out of this world of sorrows, into that condition of existence, wherein I hope to be happier than it is possible for me at present to conceive.

But this is not all the use I make of the above-mentioned weekly paper. A bill of mortality is in my opinion an unanswerable argument for a Providence. How can we, without supposing ourselves under the constant care of a Supreme

Being, give any possible account for that nice proportion which we find in every great city, between the deaths and births of its inhabitants, and between the number of males and that of females who are brought into the world? What else could adjust in so exact a manner the recruits of every nation to its losses, and divide these new supplies of people into such equal bodies of both sexes? Chance could never hold the balance with so steady a hand. Were we not counted out by an intelligent Supervisor, we should sometimes be overcharged with multitudes, and at others wasted away into a desert; we should be sometimes a *populus virorum*, as Florus elegantly expresses it, *a generation of males*, and at others a species of women. We may extend this consideration to every species of living creatures, and consider the whole animal world as an huge army made up of innumerable corps, if I may use that term, whose quotas have been kept entire near five thousand years, in so wonderful a manner, that there is not probably a single species lost during this long tract of time. Could we have general bills of mortality of every kind of animals, or particular ones of every species in each continent and island, I could almost say, in every wood, marsh, or mountain, what astonishing instances would they be of that Providence which watches over all his works?

I have heard of a great man in the Romish church, who, upon reading those words in the 5th chapter of Genesis, ‘And all the days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty years, and he died; and all the days of Seth were nine hundred and twelve years, and he died; and all the days

of Methuselah were nine hundred and sixty-nine years, and he died;' immediately shut himself up in a convent, and retired from the world, as not thinking any thing in this life worth pursuing which had not regard to another.

The truth of it is, there is nothing in history which is so improving to the reader as those accounts which we meet with of the deaths of eminent persons, and of their behaviour in that dreadful season. I may also add, that there are no parts in history which affect and please the reader in so sensible a manner. The reason I take to be this, because there is no other single circumstance in the story of any person which can possibly be the case of every one who reads it. A battle or a triumph are conjunctures in which not one man in a million is likely to be engaged; but when we see a person at the point of death, we can not forbear being attentive to every thing he says or does, because we are sure that some time or other we shall ourselves be in the same melancholy circumstances. The general, the statesman, or the philosopher, are perhaps characters which we may never act in; but the dying man is one whom, sooner or later, we shall certainly resemble.

It is, perhaps, for the same kind of reason, that few books written in English have been so much perused as Dr. Sherlock's Discourse upon Death; though at the same time I must own, that he who has not perused this excellent piece, has not perhaps read one of the strongest persuasives to a religious life that ever was written in any language.

The consideration with which I shall close this

essay upon death, is one of the most ancient and most beaten morals that has been recommended to mankind. But its being so very common, and so universally received, though it takes away from it the grace of novelty, adds very much to the weight of it, as it shows that it falls in with the general sense of mankind. In short, I would have every one consider, that he is in this life nothing more than a passenger, and that he is not to set up his rest here, but to keep an attentive eye upon that state of being to which he approaches every moment, and which will be for ever fixed and permanent. This single consideration would be sufficient to extinguish the bitterness of hatred, the thirst of avarice, and the cruelty of ambition.

I am very much pleased with the passage of Antiphanes, a very ancient poet, who lived near a hundred years before Socrates, which represents the life of man under this view, as I have here translated it word for word; ‘Be not grieved,’ says he, ‘above measure for thy deceased friends. They are not dead, but have only finished that journey which it is necessary for every one of us to take: we ourselves must go to that great place of reception in which they are all of them assembled, and in this general rendezvous of mankind live together in another state of being.’

I think I have, in a former paper, taken notice of those beautiful metaphors in scripture, where life is termed a pilgrimage, and those who pass through it are all called strangers and sojourners upon earth. I shall conclude this with a story which I have somewhere read in the travels of

Sir John Chardin; that gentleman, after having told us, that the inns which receive the caravans in Persia, and the eastern countries, are called by the name of caravansaries, gives us a relation to the following purpose:

A dervise, travelling through Tartary, being led at the town of Balk, went into the king's palace by mistake, as thinking it to be a public house or caravansary. Having looked about him some time, he entered into a long gallery, where he laid down his wallet, and spread his mat, in order to repose himself upon it, after the manner of the eastern nations. He had not been long in this posture before he was discovered by some of the guards, who asked him what was his business in that place? The dervise told them he intended to take up his night's lodging in that caravansary. The guards let him know, in a very angry manner, that the house he was in was not a caravansary, but the king's palace. It happened that the king himself passed through the gallery during this debate, and smiling at the mistake of the dervise, asked him how he could possibly be so dull as not to distinguish a palace from a caravansary? 'Sir,' says the dervise, 'give me leave to ask your majesty a question or two. Who were the persons that lodged in this house when it was first built?' The king replied, 'His ancestors.' 'And who,' says the dervise, 'was the last person that lodged here?' The king replied, 'His father.' 'And who is it,' says the dervise, 'that lodges here at present?' The king told him that it was he himself. 'And who,' says the dervise, 'will be here after you?' The king answered, 'The young prince his son.'

‘Ah, sir,’ said the dervise, ‘a house that changes its inhabitants so often, and receives such a perpetual succession of guests, is not a palace, but a caravansary.’

ADDISON.

L.



No. 290. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1.

Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba. HOR.

Forgets his swelling and gigantic words. ROSCOMMON.

THE players, who know I am very much their friend, take all opportunities to express a gratitude to me for being so. They could not have a better occasion of obliging me than one which they lately took hold of. They desired my friend, Will Honeycomb, to bring me to the reading of a new tragedy; it is called *The Distressed Mother*. I must confess, though some days are passed since I enjoyed that entertainment, the passions of the several characters dwell strongly upon my imagination; and I congratulate the age, that they are at last to see truth and human life represented in the incidents which concern heroes and heroines. The style of the play is such as becomes those of the first education, and the sentiments worthy those of the highest figure. It was a most exquisite pleasure to me, to observe real tears drop from the eyes of those who had long made it their profession to dissemble affliction; and the player who read, frequently threw down the book, till he had given vent to the humanity which rose in him at some irre-

sistible touches of the imagined sorrow. We have seldom had any female distress on the stage, which did not, upon cool examination, appear to flow from the weakness rather than the misfortune of the person represented: but in this tragedy you are not entertained with the ungoverned passions of such as are enamoured of each other merely as they are men and women, but their regards are founded upon high conceptions of each other's virtue and merit; and the character which gives name to the play, is one who has behaved herself with heroic virtue in the most important circumstances of a female life, those of a wife, a widow, and a mother. If there be those whose minds have been too attentive upon the affairs of life, to have any notion of the passion of love in such extremes as are known only to particular tempers, yet in the abovementioned considerations, the sorrow of the heroine will move even the generality of mankind. Domestic virtues concern all the world, and there is no one living who is not interested that Andromache should be an imitable character. The generous affection to the memory of her deceased husband, that tender care for her son, which is ever heightened with the consideration of his father, and these regards preserved in spite of being tempted with the possession of the highest greatness, are what can not but be venerable even to such an audience as at present frequents the English theatre. My friend, Will Honeycomb, commended several tender things that were said, and told me they were very genteel; but whispered me, that he feared the piece was not busy enough for the present taste. To supply this, he recommended to the players

to be very careful in their scenes, and above all things, that every part should be perfectly new dressed. I was very glad to find that they did not neglect my friend's admonition, because there are a great many in this class of criticism who may be gained by it; but indeed the truth is, that as to the work itself, it is every where nature. The persons are of the highest quality in life, even that of princes; but their quality is not represented by the poet, with directions that guards and waiters should follow them in every scene, but their grandeur appears in greatness of sentiments, flowing from minds worthy their condition. To make a character truly great, this author understands that it should have its foundation in superior thoughts and maxims of conduct. It is very certain, that many an honest woman would make no difficulty, though she had been the wife of Hector, for the sake of a kingdom to marry the enemy of her husband's family and country; and indeed who can deny but she might be still an honest woman, but no heroine? That may be defensible, nay laudable, in one character, which would be in the highest degree exceptionable in another. When Cato Uticensis killed himself, Cottius, a Roman of ordinary quality and character, did the same thing: upon which one said, smiling, 'Cottius might have lived, though Cæsar has seized the Roman liberty.' Cottius's condition might have been the same, let things at the upper end of the world pass as they would. What is further very extraordinary in this work is, that the persons are all of them laudable, and their misfortunes arise rather from unguarded virtue than propensity to vice. The town has an op-

portunity of doing itself justice in supporting the representations of passion, sorrow, indignation, even despair itself, within the rules of decency, honour, and good breeding: and since there is no one can flatter himself his life will be always fortunate, they may here see sorrow, as they would wish to bear it whenever it arrives.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I am appointed to act a part in the new tragedy called *The Distressed Mother*: it is the celebrated grief of Orestes which I am to personate: but I shall not act it as I ought; for I shall feel it too intimately to be able to utter it. I was last night repeating a paragraph to myself, which I took to be an expression of rage, and in the middle of the sentence there was a stroke of self-pity, which quite unmanned me. Be pleased, sir, to print this letter. that, when I am oppressed in this manner at such an interval, a certain part of the audience may not think I am out; and I hope, with this allowance, to do it with satisfaction.

‘I am, Sir,

‘Your most humble servant,

‘GEORGE POWELL.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘As I was walking t’other day in the Park, I saw a gentleman with a very short face; I desire to know whether it was you. Pray inform me as soon as you can, lest I become the most heroic Hecatissa’s rival.

‘Your humble servant to command,

‘SOPHIA.’

'DEAR MADAM,

'It is not me you are in love with, for I was very ill, and kept my chamber all that day.

'Your most humble servant,

'THE SPECTATOR.'

STEELE.

T.



No. 291. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2.

— *Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.*—

HOR.

But in a poem elegantly writ,
I will not quarrel with a slight mistake,
Such as our nature's frailty may excuse. ROSCOMMON.

I HAVE now considered Milton's *Paradise Lost* under those four great heads of the fable, the characters, the sentiments, and the language; and have shown that he excels, in general, under each of these heads. I hope that I have made several discoveries which may appear new even to those who are versed in critical learning. Were I indeed to choose my readers, by whose judgment I would stand or fall, they should not be such as are acquainted only with the French and Italian critics, but also with the ancient and modern who have written in either of the learned languages. Above all, I would have them well versed in the Greek and Latin poets, without which a man very often fancies that he understands a critic, when in reality he does not comprehend his meaning.

It is in criticism as in all other sciences and speculations; one who brings with him any implicit notions and observations which he has made in his reading of the poets, will find his own reflections methodized and explained, and perhaps several little hints that had passed in his mind perfected and improved in the works of a good critic; whereas one who has not these previous lights is very often an utter stranger to what he reads, and apt to put a wrong interpretation upon it.

Nor is it sufficient, that a man, who sets up for a judge in criticism, should have perused the authors abovementioned, unless he has also a clear and logical head. Without this talent he is perpetually puzzled and perplexed amidst his own blunders, mistakes the sense of those he would confute, or, if he chances to think right, does not know how to convey his thoughts to another with clearness and perspicuity. Aristotle, who was the best critic, was also one of the best logicians that ever appeared in the world.

Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding would be thought a very odd book for a man to make himself master of, who would get a reputation by critical writings; though at the same time it is very certain that an author who has not learned the art of distinguishing between words and things, and of ranging his thoughts and setting them in proper lights, whatever notions he may have, will lose himself in confusion and obscurity. I might further observe, that there is not a Greek or Latin critic who has not shown, even in the style of his criticisms, that he was a master of all the elegance and delicacy of his native tongue.

The truth of it is, there is nothing more absurd, than for a man to set up for a critic, without a good insight into all the parts of learning; whereas many of those who have endeavoured to signalize themselves by works of this nature among our English writers, are not only defective in the abovementioned particulars, but plainly discover by the phrases which they make use of, and by their confused way of thinking, that they are not acquainted with the most common and ordinary systems of arts and sciences. A few general rules extracted out of the French authors, with a certain cant of words, has sometimes set up an illiterate heavy writer for a most judicious and formidable critic.

One great mark, by which you may discover a critic who has neither taste nor learning, is this, that he seldom ventures to praise any passage in an author which has not been before received and applauded by the public, and that his criticism turns wholly upon little faults and errors. This part of a critic is so very easy to succeed in, that we find every ordinary reader, upon the publishing of a new poem, has wit and ill-nature enough to turn several passages of it into ridicule, and very often in the right place. This Mr. Dryden has very agreeably remarked in these two celebrated lines:

‘Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.’

A true critic ought to dwell rather upon excellencies than imperfections, to discover the concealed beauties of a writer, and communicate to the world such things as are worth their obser-

No. 292. MONDAY, FEBRUARY 4.

*Illam, quicquid agit, quoquò vestigia flectit,
Componit furtim, subsequiturque decor.*

TIBULL. ELEG.

Whate'er she does, where'er her steps she bends,
Grace on each action silently attends.

As no one can be said to enjoy health, who is only not sick, without he feel within himself a lightsome and invigorating principle, which will not suffer him to remain idle, but still spurs him on to action; so in the practice of every virtue, there is some additional grace required, to give a claim of excelling in this or that particular action. A diamond may want polishing, though the value be still intrinsically the same; and the same good may be done with different degrees of lustre. No man should be contented with himself that he barely does well, but he should perform every thing in the best and most becoming manner that he is able.

Tully tells us, he wrote his book of Offices, because there was no time of life in which some correspondent duty might not be practised; nor is there a duty without a certain decency accompanying it, by which every virtue it is joined to, will seem to be doubled. Another may do the same thing, and yet the action want that air and beauty which distinguish it from others; like that inimitable sunshine Titian is said to have diffused over his landscapes, which denotes them his, and has been always unequalled by any other person.

There is no one action in which this quality I am speaking of will be more sensibly perceived, than in granting a request, or doing an office of kindness. Mummius, by his way of consenting to a benefaction, shall make it lose its name; while Carus doubles the kindness and the obligation: from the first, the desired request drops indeed at last, but from so doubtful a brow, that the obliged has almost as much reason to resent the manner of bestowing it, as to be thankful for the favour itself. Carus invites with a pleasing air, to give him an opportunity of doing an act of humanity, meets the petition half way, and consents to a request with a countenance which proclaims the satisfaction of his mind in assisting the distressed.

The decency then that is to be observed in liberality, seems to consist in its being performed with such cheerfulness, as may express the god-like pleasure to be met with in obliging one's fellow creatures; that may show good nature and benevolence overflowed, and do not, as in some men, run upon the tilt, and taste of the sediments of a grutching, uncommunicative disposition.

Since I have intimated that the greatest decorum is to be preserved in the bestowing our good offices, I will illustrate it a little by an example drawn from private life, which carries with it such a profusion of liberality, that it can be exceeded by nothing but the humanity and good nature which accompanies it. It is a letter of Pliny, which I shall here translate, because the action will best appear in its first dress of thought, without any foreign or ambitious ornaments.

PLINY TO QUINTILIAN.

‘ Though I am fully acquainted with the contentment and just moderation of your mind, and the conformity the education you have given your daughter bears to your own character; yet since she is suddenly to be married to a person of distinction, whose figure in the world makes it necessary for her to be at a more than ordinary expense in clothes and equipage suitable to her husband’s quality; by which, though her intrinsic worth be not augmented, yet will it receive both ornament and lustre; and knowing your estate to be as moderate as the riches of your mind are abundant, I must challenge to myself some part of the burthen; and, as a parent of your child, I present her with twelve hundred and fifty crowns towards these expenses; which sum had been much larger, had not I feared the smallness of it would be the greatest inducement with you to accept of it. Farewell.’

Thus should a benefaction be done with a good grace, and shine in the strongest point of light; it should not only answer all the hopes and exigencies of the receiver, but even outrun his wishes. It is this happy manner of behaviour which adds new charms to it, and softens those gifts of art and nature which otherwise would be rather distasteful than agreeable. Without it valour would degenerate into brutality, learning into pedantry, and the genteelst demeanour into affectation. Even religion itself, unless decency be the handmaid which waits upon her, is apt to make people appear guilty of sourness and ill-humour: but this shows virtue in her first original form, adds

a comeliness to religion, and gives its professors the justest title to the beauty of holiness. A man fully instructed in this art, may assume a thousand shapes, and please in all: he may do a thousand actions shall become none other but himself; not that the things themselves are different, but the manner of doing them.

If you examine each feature by itself, Aglaura and Caliclea are equally handsome; but take them in the whole, and you can not suffer the comparison; the one is full of numberless nameless graces, the other of as many nameless faults.

The comeliness of person, and the decency of behaviour, add infinite weight to what is pronounced by any one. It is the want of this that often makes the rebukes and advice of old rigid persons of no effect, and leave a displeasure in the minds of those they are directed to: but youth and beauty, if accompanied with a graceful and becoming severity, is of mighty force to raise, even in the most profligate, a sense of shame. In Milton, the devil is never described ashamed but once, and that at the rebuke of a beauteous angel.

So spake the cherub; and his grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible: abash'd the devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her own shape how lovely! saw,
And pined his loss.'

The care of doing nothing unbecoming has accompanied the greatest minds to their last moments. They avoided even an indecent posture in the very article of death. Thus Cæsar gathered his robe about him, that he might not fall in a

manner unbecoming of himself; and the greatest concern that appeared in the behaviour of Lucretia, when she stabbed herself, was, that her body should lie in an attitude worthy the mind which had inhabited it.

— *Ne non procumbat honestè,
Extrema hæc etiam cura cadentis erat.* OVID.

'Twas her last thought how decently to fall.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I am a young woman without a fortune, but of a very high mind: that is, good sir, I am to the last degree, proud and vain. I am ever railing at the rich, for doing things which, upon search into my heart, I find I am only angry at, because I can not do the same myself. I wear the hooped petticoat, and am all in calicoes, when the finest are in silks. It is a dreadful thing to be poor and proud; therefore, if you please, a lecture on that subject for the satisfaction of

'Your uneasy humble servant,

'JEZEBEL.'

[THE AUTHOR UNKNOWN.]

Z.



No. 293. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5.

Πασι γὰρ εὐφρονεσι συμμαχεῖ τύχη. FRAG.

The prudent still have fortune on their side.

THE famous Gracian,* in his little book, wherein he lays down maxims for a man's advancing

* He was a Jesuit, who published several volumes about

himself at court, advises his reader to associate himself with the fortunate, and to shun the company of the unfortunate; which, notwithstanding the baseness of the precept to an honest mind, may have something useful in it for those who push their interest in the world. It is certain a great part of what we call good or ill fortune, rises out of right or wrong measures and schemes of life. When I hear a man complain of his being unfortunate in all his undertakings, I shrewdly suspect him for a very weak man in his affairs. In conformity with this way of thinking, cardinal Richelieu used to say, that unfortunate and imprudent were but two words for the same thing. As the cardinal himself had a great share both of prudence and good fortune, his famous antagonist, the count d'Olivarez was disgraced at the court of Madrid, because it was alleged against him that he had never any success in his undertakings. This, says an eminent author, was indirectly accusing him of imprudence.

Cicero recommended Pompey to the Romans for their general upon three accounts, as he was a man of courage, conduct, and good fortune. It was, perhaps, for the reason abovementioned, namely, that a series of good fortune supposes a prudent management in the person whom it befalls, that not only Sylla the dictator, but several of the Roman emperors, as is still to be seen upon their medals,, among their other titles, gave themselves that of *Felix* or fortunate. The heathens, indeed, seem to have valued a man more

the year 1639, chiefly moral, but of a very mixed nature, and which contained many dishonourable principles.

for his good fortune than for any other quality; which I think is very natural for those who have not a strong belief of another world. For how can I conceive a man crowned with any distinguishing blessings, that has not some extraordinary fund of merit and perfection in him, which lies open to the Supreme eye, though perhaps it is not discovered by my observation? What is the reason Homer's and Virgil's heroes do not form a resolution or strike a blow, without the conduct and direction of some deity? Doubtless, because the poets esteemed it the greatest honour to be favoured by the gods, and thought the best way of praising a man was to recount those favours, which naturally implied an extraordinary merit in the person on whom they descended.

Those who believe a future state of rewards and punishments act very absurdly, if they form their opinions of a man's merit from his successes. But certainly, if I thought the whole circle of our being was concluded between our births and deaths, I should think a man's good fortune the measure and standard of his real merit, since Providence would have no opportunity of rewarding his virtue and perfections but in the present life. A virtuous unbeliever, who lies under the pressure of misfortunes, has reason to cry out as they say Brutus did a little before his death, 'O virtue! I have worshipped thee as a substantial good, but I find thou art an empty name.'

But to return to our first point: though prudence does undoubtedly, in a great measure, produce our good or ill fortune in the world, it is certain there are many unforeseen accidents and *occurrences*, which very often pervert the finest

schemes that can be laid by human wisdom. 'The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.' Nothing less than infinite wisdom can have an absolute command over fortune; the highest degree of it which man can possess is by no means equal to fortuitous events, and to such contingencies as may arise in the prosecution of our affairs. Nay, it very often happens, that prudence, which has always in it a great mixture of caution, hinders a man from being so fortunate as he might possibly have been without it. A person who only aims at what is likely to succeed, and follows closely the dictates of human prudence, never meets with those great and unforeseen successes, which are often the effect of a sanguine temper or a more happy rashness; and this, perhaps may be the reason, that according to the common observation, fortune, like other females, delights rather in favouring the young than the old.

Upon the whole, since man is so short sighted a creature, and the accidents which may happen to him so various, I can not but be of Dr. Tillotson's opinion in another case, that were there any doubt of a Providence, yet it certainly would be very desirable there should be such a Being of infinite wisdom and goodness, on whose direction we might rely in the conduct of human life.

It is a great presumption to ascribe our successes to our own management, and not to esteem ourselves upon any blessing, rather as it is the bounty of heaven, than the acquisition of our own prudence. I am very well pleased with a medal which was struck by Queen Elizabeth a little after the defeat of the invincible armada,

to perpetuate the memory of that extraordinary event. It is well known how the king of Spain, and others who were the enemies of that great princess, to derogate from her glory, ascribed the ruin of their fleet rather to the violence of storms and tempests, than to the bravery of the English. Queen Elizabeth, instead of looking upon this as a diminution of her honour, valued herself upon such a signal favour of Providence; and accordingly, in the reverse of the medal abovementioned, has represented a fleet beaten by a tempest, and falling foul upon one another, with that religious inscription, *Afflavit Deus, et dissipantur*. ‘He blew with his wind, and they were scattered.’

It is remarked of a famous Grecian general, whose name I can not at present recollect,* and who had been a particular favourite of fortune, that upon recounting his victories among his friends, he added at the end of several great actions, ‘And in this Fortune had no share.’ After which it is observed in history, that he never prospered in any thing he undertook.

As arrogance, and a conceitedness of our own abilities, are very shocking and offensive to men of sense and virtue, we may be sure they are highly displeasing to that Being who delights in an humble mind, and, by several of his dispensations, seems purposely to show us that our own schemes or prudence have no share in our advancements.

Since on this subject I have already admitted several quotations which have occurred to my

* Timotheus the Athenian.

memory upon writing this paper, I will conclude it with a little Persian fable. A drop of water fell out of a cloud into the sea, and finding itself lost in such an immensity of fluid matter, broke out in the following reflection: 'Alas! what an inconsiderable creature am I in this prodigious ocean of water; my existence is of no concern to the universe; I am reduced to a kind of nothing; and am less than the least of the works of God.' It so happened that an oyster, which lay in the neighbourhood of this drop, chanced to gape and swallow it up in the midst of this its humble soliloquy. The drop, says the fable, lay a great while hardening in the shell, till by degrees it was ripened into a pearl, which falling into the hands of a diver, after a long series of adventures, is at present that famous pearl which is fixed on the top of the Persian diadem.

ADDISON.

L.



No. 294. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6.

Difficile est plurimùm virtutem revereri qui semper secundâ fortunâ sit usus.

TULL. AD HERENNIUM.

The man who is always fortunate can not easily have a great reverence for virtue.

INSOLENCE is the crime of all others which every man is apt to rail at; and yet there is one respect in which almost all men living are guilty of it, and that is in the case of laying greater value upon the gifts of fortune than we ought. It is here in England come into our very lan-

guage, as a propriety of distinction, to say when we would speak of persons to their advantage, they are people of condition. There is no doubt but the proper use of riches implies that a man should exert all the good qualities imaginable: and if we mean by a man of condition or quality, one who, according to the wealth he is master of, shows himself just, beneficent, and charitable, that term ought very deservedly to be had in the highest veneration; but when wealth is used only as it is the support of pomp and luxury, to be rich is very far from being a recommendation to honour and respect. It is indeed the greatest insolence imaginable, in a creature who would feel the extremes of thirst and hunger, if he did not prevent his appetites before they call upon him, to be so forgetful of the common necessity of human nature, as never to cast an eye upon the poor and needy. The fellow who escaped from a ship which struck upon a rock in the west, and joined with the country-people to destroy his brother sailors, and make her a wreck, was thought a most execrable creature; but does not every man who enjoys the possession of what he naturally wants, and is unmindful of the unsupplied distress of other men, betray the same temper of mind?—When a man looks about him, and with regard to riches and poverty, beholds some drawn in pomp and equipage, and they and their very servants with an air of scorn and triumph overlooking the multitude that pass by them; and, in the same street, a creature of the same make, crying out in the name of all that is good and sacred to behold his misery, and give *him some supply* against hunger and nakedness,

who would believe these two beings were of the same species? But so it is, that the consideration of fortune has taken up all our minds, and, as I have often complained, poverty and riches stand in our imaginations in the places of guilt and innocence. But in all seasons there will be some instances of persons who have souls too large to be taken with popular prejudices, and while the rest of mankind are contending for superiority in power and wealth, have their thoughts bent upon the necessities of those below them. The charity schools, which have been erected of late years, are the greatest instances of public spirit the age has produced; but indeed when we consider how long this sort of beneficence has been on foot, it is rather from the good management of those institutions, than from the number or value of the benefactions to them, that they make so great a figure. One would think it impossible, that in the space of fourteen years there should not have been five thousand pounds bestowed in gifts this way, nor sixteen hundred children, including males and females, put out to methods of industry. It is not allowed me to speak of luxury and folly with the severe spirit they deserve: I shall only therefore say, I shall very readily compound with any lady in a hoop-petticoat, if she gives the price of one half yard of the silk towards clothing, feeding and instructing an innocent helpless creature of her own sex in one of these schools. The consciousness of such an action will give her features a nobler life on this illustrious day* than all the jewels that can hang in

* The birth-day of Queen Ann.

her hair, or can be clustered in her bosom. It would be uncourtly to speak in harsher words to the fair, but to men one may take a little more freedom. It is monstrous how a man can live with so little reflection as to fancy he is not in a condition very unjust and disproportioned to the rest of mankind, while he enjoys wealth, and exerts no benevolence or bounty to others. As for this particular occasion of these schools, there can not any offer more worthy a generous mind. Would you do a handsome thing without return? Do it for an infant that is not sensible of the obligation. Would you do it for public good? Do it for one who will be an honest artificer. Would you do it for the sake of heaven? Give it to one who shall be instructed in the worship of him for whose sake you gave it. It is methinks a most laudable institution this, if it were of no other expectation than that of producing a race of good and useful servants, who will have more than a liberal, a religious education. What would not a man do, in common prudence, to lay out in purchase of one about him, who would add to all his orders he gave, the weight of the commandments to enforce an obedience to them? For one who would consider his master as his father, his friend, and benefactor, upon easy terms, and in expectation of no other return but moderate wages and gentle usage? It is the common vice of children to run too much among the servants; from such as are educated in these places they would see nothing but lowliness in the servant, which would not be disingenuous in the child. All the ill offices and defamatory whispers which take *their birth* from domestics, would be prevented,

if this charity could be made universal; and a good man might have a knowledge of the whole life of the persons he designs to take into his house for his own service, or that of his family or children, long before they were admitted. This would create endearing dependencies, and the obligation would have a paternal air in the master who would be relieved from much care and anxiety by the gratitude and diligence of an humble friend attending him as his servant. I fall into this discourse from a letter sent to me, to give me notice that fifty boys would be clothed and take their seats, at the charge of some generous benefactors, in St. Bride's church, on Sunday next. I wish I could promise to myself any thing which my correspondent seems to expect from a publication of it in this paper; for there can be nothing added to what so many excellent and learned men have said on this occasion. But that there may be something here which would move a generous mind, like that of him who wrote to me, I shall transcribe a handsome paragraph of Dr. Snape's sermon on these charities, which my correspondent enclosed with his letter.

‘The wise Providence has amply compensated the disadvantages of the poor and indigent in wanting many of the conveniences of this life, by a more abundant provision for their happiness in the next. Had they been higher born, or more richly endowed, they would have wanted this manner of education, of which those only enjoy the benefit who are low enough to submit to it; where they have such advantages without money and without price, as the rich can not purchase with it. The learning which is given is

generally more edifying to them than that which is sold to others: thus do they become more exalted in goodness by being depressed in fortune; and their poverty is, in reality, their preferment.'

STEELE.

T.



No. 295. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7.

*Prodiga non sentit pereuntem fœmina censum:
At velut exhausta redivivus pullulet arcâ
Nummus, et è pleno semper tollatur acervo,
Non unquam reputat, quanti sibi gaudia constant.* JUV.

But womankind, that never knows a mean,
Down to the dregs their sinking fortunes drain:
Hourly they give, and spend, and waste, and wear,
And think no pleasure can be bought too dear. DRYDEN.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

I AM turned of my great climacteric, and am naturally a man of a meek temper. About a dozen years ago I was married for my sins, to a young woman of a good family, and of a high spirit; but could not bring her to close with me before I had entered into a treaty with her longer than that of the grand alliance. Among other articles, it was therein stipulated, that she should have £400 a year for pin-money, which I obliged myself to pay quarterly into the hands of one who acted as her plenipotentiary in that affair. I have ever since religiously observed my part in this solemn agreement. Now, sir, so it is, that the lady has had several children since I married her; to which, if I should credit our malicious neighbours, her pin-money has not a little con-

tributed. The education of these my children, who, contrary to my expectation, are born to me every year, straitens me so much, that I have begged their mother to free me from the obligation of the abovementioned pin-money, that it may go towards making a provision for her family. This proposal makes her noble blood swell in her veins, insomuch that finding me a little tardy in my last quarter's payment, she threatens every day to arrest me; and proceeds so far as to tell me, that if I do not do her justice, I shall die in a gaol. To this she adds, when her passion will let her argue calmly, that she has several play debts on her hand, which must be discharged very suddenly, and that she can not lose her money as becomes a woman of her fashion, if she makes me any abatement in this article. I hope, sir, you will take an occasion from hence to give your opinion upon a subject which you have not yet touched, and inform us if there are any precedents for this usage among our ancestors; or whether you find any mention of pin-money in Grotius, Puffendorf, or any other of the civilians.

‘I am ever the humblest of your admirers,

‘JOSIAH FRIBBLE, ESQ.

As there is no man living who is a more professed advocate for the fair sex than myself, so there is none that would be more unwilling to invade any of their ancient rights and privileges: but as the doctrine of pin-money is of a very late date, unknown to our great-grandmothers, and not yet received by many of our modern ladies, I think it is for the interest of both sexes to keep it from spreading.

Mr. Fribble may not, perhaps, be much mistaken where he intimates, that the supplying a man's wife with pin-money is furnishing her with arms against himself, and in a manner becoming accessory to his own dishonour. We may indeed generally observe, that in proportion as a woman is more or less beautiful, and her husband advanced in years, she stands in need of a greater or less number of pins, and, upon a treaty of marriage, rises or falls in her demands accordingly. It must likewise be owned, that high quality in a mistress does very much inflame this article in the marriage reckoning.

But where the age and circumstances of both parties are pretty much upon a level, I can not but think insisting upon pin-money is very extraordinary; and yet we find several matches broken off upon this very head. What would a foreigner, or one who is a stranger to this practice, think of a lover that forsakes his mistress, because he is not willing to keep her in pins? But what would he think of the mistress, should he be informed that she asks five or six hundred pounds a-year for this use? Should a man unacquainted with our customs be told the sums which are allowed in Great Britain under the title of pin-money, what a prodigious consumption of pins would he think there was in this island? 'A pin a day,' says our frugal proverb, 'is a groat a year;' so that according to this calculation, my friend Fribble's wife must every year make use of eight millions six hundred and forty thousand new pins.

I am not ignorant that our British ladies allege *they* comprehend under this general term several

other conveniences of life; I could therefore wish, for the honour of my countrywomen, that they had rather call it needle-money, which might have implied something of good housewifery, and not have given the malicious world occasion to think, that dress and trifles have always the uppermost place in a woman's thoughts.

I know several of my fair readers urge, in defence of this practice, that it is but a necessary provision they make for themselves, in case their husband proves a churl or a miser; so that they consider this allowance as a kind of alimony which they may lay their claim to without actually separating from their husbands. But, with submission, I think a woman who will give up herself to a man in marriage, where there is the least room for such an apprehension, and trust her person to one whom she will not rely on for the common necessities of life, may very properly be accused, in the phrase of a homely proverb, of being *penny wise and pound foolish*.

It is observed of over-cautious generals, that they never engage in a battle without securing a retreat, in case the event should not answer their expectations; on the other hand, the greatest conquerors have burnt their ships, or broke down the bridges behind them, as being determined either to succeed or die in the engagement. In the same manner I should very much suspect a woman who takes such precautions for her retreat, and contrives methods how she may live happily without the affection of one to whom she joins herself for life. Separate purses between man and wife, are, in my opinion, as unnatural as separate beds. A marriage can not be happy,

where the pleasures, inclinations, and interests of both parties are not the same. There is no greater incitement to love in the mind of man, than the sense of a person's depending upon him for her ease and happiness; as a woman uses all her endeavours to please the person whom she looks upon as her honour, her comfort, and her support.

For this reason I am not very much surprised at the behaviour of a rough country squire, who being not a little shocked at the proceeding of a young widow that would not recede from her demands of *pin-money*, was so enraged at her mercenary temper, that he told her in great wrath, 'As much as she thought him her slave, he would show all the world he did not care a *pin* for her.' Upon which he flew out of the room and never saw her more.

Socrates, in Plato's Alcibiades, says, he was informed by one who had travelled through Persia, that as he passed over a great tract of land, and inquired what the name of the place was, they told him it was the Queen's Girdle: to which he adds, that another wide field, which lay by it, was called the Queen's Veil; and that in the same manner there was a large portion of ground set aside for every part of her majesty's dress. These lands might not improperly be called the queen of Persia's *pin-money*.

I remember my friend Sir Roger, who I dare say never read this passage in Plato, told me some time since that upon his courting the perverse widow, of whom I have given an account in former papers, he had disposed of a hundred acres in a diamond ring, which he would have *presented* her with, had she thought fit to accept

it: and that upon her wedding day she should have carried on her head fifty of the tallest oaks upon his estate. He further informed me, that he would have given her a coal-pit to keep her in clean linen; that he would have allowed her the profits of a windmill for her fans; and have presented her once in three years with the shearing of his sheep for her under petticoats. To which the knight always adds, that though he did not care for fine clothes himself, there should not have been a woman in the country better dressed than my lady Coverley. Sir Roger, perhaps, may in this, as well as in many other of his devices, appear something odd and singular; but if the humour of pin-money prevail, I think it would be very proper for every gentleman of an estate to mark out so many acres of it under the title of 'The pins.'

ADDISON.

L.



No. 296. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8.

— *Nugis addere pondus.* HOR.

— Add weight to trifles.

'DEAR SPEC,

'Having lately conversed much with the fair sex, on the subject of your speculations, which since their appearance in public have been the chief exercise of the female loquacious faculty, I found the fair ones possessed with a dissatisfaction at your prefixing Greek mottos to the frontispiece of your late papers; and as a man of gal-

lantry, I thought it a duty incumbent on me to impart it to you, in hopes of a reformation, which is only to be effected by a restoration of the Latin to the usual dignity in your papers, which of late the Greek, to the great displeasure of your female readers, has usurped; for though the Latin has the recommendation of being as unintelligible to them as the Greek, yet being written of the same character with their mother-tongue, by the assistance of a spelling-book it is legible; which quality the Greek wants: and since the introduction of operas into this nation, the ladies are so charmed with sounds abstracted from their ideas, that they adore and honour the sound of Latin, as it is old Italian. I am a solicitor for the fair sex; and therefore think myself in that character more likely to be prevalent in this request than if I should subscribe myself by my proper name.'

J. M.'

'I desire you may insert this in one of your speculations, to show my zeal for removing the dissatisfaction of the fair sex, and restoring you to their favour.

'SIR,

'I was some time since in company with a young officer, who entertained us with the conquest he had made over a female neighbour of his, when a gentleman who stood by, as I suppose, envying the captain's good fortune, asked him what reason he had to believe the lady admired him? Why, says he, my lodgings are opposite to her's, and she is continually at her window, either at work, reading, taking snuff, or

putting herself in some toying posture, on purpose to draw my eyes that way. The confession of this vain soldier made me reflect on some of my own actions; for you must know, sir, I am often at a window which fronts the apartments of several gentlemen, who I doubt not have the same opinion of me. I must own I love to look at them all, one for being well dressed, a second for his fine eye, and one particular one, because he is the least man I ever saw: but there is something so easy and pleasant in the manner of my little man, that I observe he is a favourite of all his acquaintance. I could go on to tell you of many others, that I believe think I have encouraged them from my window: but pray let me have your opinion of the use of the window in the apartment of a beautiful lady; and how often she may look out at the same man, without being supposed to have a mind to jump out to him.

‘Yours,

‘AURELIA CARELESS.’

Twice.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I have for some time made love to a lady who received it with all the kind returns I ought to expect; but without any provocation, that I know of, she has of late shunned me with the utmost abhorrence, insomuch that she went out of church last Sunday in the midst of divine service, upon my coming into the same pew. Pray, sir, what must I do in this business?’

‘Your servant,

‘EUPHUES.’

Let her alone ten days.

‘MR. SPECTATOR, *York, Jan. 20, 1711-12.*

‘We have in this town a sort of people who pretend to wit, and write lampoons: I have lately been the subject of one of them. The scribbler had not genius enough in verse to turn my age, as indeed I am an old maid, into raillery, for affecting a youthier turn than is consistent with my time of day; and therefore he makes the title of his madrigal, the character of Mrs. Judith Lovebane, born in the year 1680. What I desire of you is, that you disallow that a coxcomb who pretends to write verse should put the most malicious thing he can say in prose. This I humbly conceive, will disable our country wits, who indeed take a great deal of pains to say any thing in rhyme, though they say it very ill.

‘I am, sir, your humble servant,

‘SUSANNA LOVEBANE.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘We are several of us, gentlemen and ladies, who board in the same house, and after dinner one of our company, an agreeable man enough otherwise, stands up and reads your paper to us all. We are the civilest people in the world to one another; and therefore I am forced to this way of desiring our reader, when he is doing this office, not to stand before the fire. This will be a general good to our family this cold weather. He will, I know, take it to be our common request when he comes to these words, ‘Pray, sir, sit down,’ which I desire you to insert, and you will particularly oblige

‘Your daily reader,

‘CHARITY FROST.’

‘SIR,

‘I am a great lover of dancing, but can not perform so well as some others; however, by my out-of-the-way capers, and some original grimaces, I don’t fail to divert the company, particularly the ladies, who laugh immoderately all the time. Some who pretend to be my friends, tell me they do it in derision, and would advise me to leave it off, withal that I make myself ridiculous. I don’t know what to do in this affair, but I am resolved not to give over upon any account till I have the opinion of the Spectator.

‘Your humble servant,

‘JOHN TROTT.’

If Mr. Trott is not awkward out of time, he has a right to dance, let who will laugh: but if he has no ear, he will interrupt others; and I am of opinion he should sit still. Given under my hand this fifth of February, 1711-12.

THE SPECTATOR.

STEELE.

T.



No. 297. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9.

— *velut si*

Egregio inspersos reprehendas corpore nævos.

HOR.

As perfect beauties often have a mole.

CREECH.

AFTER what I have said in my last Saturday’s paper, I shall enter on the subject of this without further preface, and remark the several defects which appear in the fable, the characters, the sen-

timents, and the language of Milton's *Paradise Lost*; not doubting but the reader will pardon me, if I allege at the same time whatever may be said for the extenuation of such defects. The first imperfection which I shall observe in the fable is, that the event of it is unhappy.

The fable of every poem is, according to Aristotle's division, either *simple* or *implex*. It is called simple when there is no change of fortune in it; implex, when the fortune of the chief actor changes from bad to good, or from good to bad. The implex fable is thought the most perfect; I suppose, because it is more proper to stir up the passions of the reader, and to surprise him with a greater variety of accidents.

The implex fable is therefore of two kinds; in the first, the chief actor makes his way through a long series of dangers and difficulties, till he arrives at honour and prosperity, as we see in the stories of Ulysses and Æneas. In the second, the chief actor in the poem falls from some eminent pitch of honour and prosperity into misery and disgrace. Thus we see Adam and Eve sinking from a state of innocence and happiness into the most abject condition of sin and sorrow.

The most taking tragedies among the ancients were built on this last sort of implex fable, particularly the tragedy of *Œdipus*; which proceeds upon a story, if we may believe Aristotle, the most proper for tragedy that could be invented by the wit of man. I have taken some pains in a former paper, to show that this kind of implex fable, wherein the event is unhappy, is more apt to affect an audience than that of the first kind; notwithstanding many excellent pieces among the

ancients, as well as most of those which have been written of late years in our own country, are raised upon contrary plans. I must however own, that I think this kind of fable, which is the most perfect in tragedy, is not so proper for an heroic poem.

Milton seems to have been sensible of this imperfection in his fable, and has therefore endeavoured to cure it by several expedients; particularly by the mortification which the great adversary of mankind meets with upon his return to the assembly of infernal spirits, as it is described in a beautiful passage of the tenth book; and likewise by the vision wherein Adam at the close of the poem sees his offspring triumphing over his great enemy, and himself restored to a happier paradise than that from which he fell.

There is another objection against Milton's fable, which is indeed almost the same with the former, though placed in a different light; namely, that the hero in the *Paradise Lost* is unsuccessful, and by no means a match for his enemies. This gave occasion to Mr. Dryden's reflection, that the devil was in reality Milton's hero. I think I have obviated this objection in my first paper. The *Paradise Lost* is an epic or a narrative poem, and he that looks for a hero in it, searches for that which Milton never intended; but if he will needs fix the name of a hero upon any person in it, it is certainly the Messiah, who is the hero both in the principal action and in the chief episodes. Paganism could not furnish out a real action for a fable greater than that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*; and therefore a Heathen could not form a higher notion of a poem than

drop his story very frequently for the sake of his unnecessary digressions, or his *diverticula*, as Scaliger calls them. If he gives us an account of the prodigies which preceded the civil war, he declaims upon the occasion, and shows how much happier it would be for man, if he did not feel his evil fortune before it comes to pass; and suffer not only by its real weight, but by the apprehension of it. Milton's complaint for his blindness, his panegyric on marriage, his reflections on Adam and Eve's going naked, of the angel's eating, and several other passages in his poem, are liable to the same exception; though I must confess there is so great a beauty in these very digressions, that I would not wish them out of his poem.

I have, in a former paper, spoken of the characters of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and declared my opinion as to the allegorical persons who are introduced in it. (No. 273.)

If we look into the sentiments, I think they are sometimes defective under the following heads; first, as there are several of them too much pointed, and some that degenerate even into puns. Of this last kind I am afraid is that in the first book, where, speaking of the pygmies, he calls them,

‘—— The small *infantry*
Warr'd on by cranes.’

Another blemish that appears in some of his thoughts, is his frequent allusion to heathen fables, which are not certainly of a piece with the divine subject of which he treats. I do not find fault with these allusions where the poet himself *represents* them as fabulous, as he does in some

places, but where he mentions them as truths and matters of fact. The limits of my paper will not give me leave to be particular in instances of this kind; the reader will easily remark them in his perusal of the poem.

A third fault in his sentiments is an unnecessary ostentation of learning, which likewise occurs very frequently. It is certain that both Homer and Virgil were masters of all the learning of their times, but it shows itself in their works after an indirect and concealed manner. Milton seems ambitious of letting us know, by his excursions on free-will and predestination, and his many glances upon history, astronomy, geography, and the like, as well as by the terms and phrases he sometimes makes use of, that he was acquainted with the whole circle of arts and sciences.

If, in the last place, we consider the language of this great poet, we must allow what I have hinted at in a former paper, that it is often too much laboured, and sometimes obscured by old words, transpositions, and foreign idioms. Seneca's objection to the style of a great author, *Riget ejus oratio, nihil in eâ placidum, nihil lene*, is what many critics make to Milton; as I can not wholly refute it, so I have already apologized for it in another paper: to which I may further add, that Milton's sentiments and ideas were so wonderfully sublime, that it would have been impossible for him to have represented them in their full strength and beauty, without having recourse to these foreign assistances. Our language sunk under him, and was unequal to that

greatness of soul which furnished him with such glorious conceptions.

A second fault in his language is, that he often affects a kind of gingle in his words, as in the following passages and many others:

And brought into the *world* a *world* of woe.
 — Begirt th' Almighty throne
Beseeching or *besieging*—
 This *tempted* our *attempt*
 At one slight *bound* high overleapt all *bound*.

I know there are figures of this kind of speech; that some of the greatest ancients have been guilty of it, and that Aristotle himself has given it a place in his rhetoric among the beauties of that art. But as it is in itself poor and trifling, it is, I think, at present universally exploded by all the masters of polite writing.

The last fault which I shall take notice of in Milton's style, is the frequent use of what the learned call *technical words*, or terms of art. It is one of the greatest beauties of poetry to make hard things intelligible, and to deliver what is abstruse of itself in such easy language as may be understood by ordinary readers: besides, that the knowledge of a poet should rather seem born with him, or inspired, than drawn from books and systems. I have often wondered how Mr. Dryden could translate a passage out of Virgil after the following manner:

Tack to the larboard, and stand off to sea;
 Veer starboard sea and land.

Milton makes use of larboard in the same manner. When he is upon building, he mentions

Doric pillars, pilasters, cornice, freeze, architrave. When he talks of heavenly bodies, you meet with ecliptic and eccentric, the trepidation, stars dropping from the zenith, rays culminating from the equator. To which might be added many instances of the like kind in several other arts and sciences.

I shall in my next papers give an account of the many particular beauties in Milton, which would have been too long to insert under those general heads I have already treated of, and with which I intend to conclude this piece of criticism.

ADDISON.

L.



No. 298. MONDAY, FEBRUARY 11.

Nusquam tuta fides—— VIRG.

Honour is no where safe.

London, Feb. 9, 1711-12.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I AM a virgin, and in no case despicable; but yet such as I am I must remain, or else become, it is to be feared, less happy; for I find not the least good effect from the just correction you some time since gave that too free, that looser part of our sex which spoils the men; the same connivance at the vices, the same easy admittance of addresses, the same vitiated relish for the conversation of the greatest rakes, or, in a more fashionable way of expressing one’s self, of such as have seen the world most, still abounds, increases, multiplies.

‘The humble petition, therefore, of many of the most strictly virtuous, and of myself, is, that you will once more exert your authority, and, according to your late promise, your full, your impartial authority, on this sillier branch of our kind: for why should they be the uncontrollable mistresses of our fate? Why should they with impunity indulge the males in licentiousness whilst single, and we have the dismal hazard and plague of reforming them when married! Strike home, sir, then, and spare not, or all our maiden hopes, our gilded hopes of nuptial felicity, are frustrated, are vanished; and you yourself, as well as Mr. Courtly, will, by smoothing over immodest practices with the gloss of soft and harmless names, for ever forfeit our esteem. Nor think that I am herein more severe than need be: if I have not reason more than enough, do you and the world judge from this ensuing account, which, I think, will prove the evil to be universal.

‘You must know then, that since your reprehension of this female degeneracy came out, I have had a tender of respects from no less than five persons, of tolerable figure too, as times go: but the misfortune is, that four of the five are professed followers of the mode. They would face me down, that all women of good sense ever were, and ever will be, latitudinarians in wedlock; and always did and will give and take what they profanely term conjugal liberty of conscience.

‘The two first of them, a captain and a merchant, to strengthen their arguments, pretend to repeat after a couple of ladies of quality and wit, that Venus was always kind to Mars; and what *soul that has the least spark of generosity can deny*

a man of bravery any thing? And how pitiful a trader that, whom no woman but his own wife will have correspondence and dealings with? Thus these; whilst the third, the country squire, confessed, that indeed he was surprised into good-breeding, and entered into the knowledge of the world unawares; that dining the other day at a gentleman's house, the person who entertained was obliged to leave him with his wife and nieces; where they spoke with so much contempt of an absent gentleman for being so slow at a hint, that he resolved never to be drowsy, unmannerly, or stupid for the future, at a friend's house; and on a hunting morning, not to pursue the game, either with the husband abroad, or with the wife at home.

‘The next that came was a tradesman, no less full of the age than the former: for he had the gallantry to tell me, that at a late junket which he was invited to, the motion being made, and the question being put, it was by maid, wife, and widow resolved, *nemine contradicente*, that a young sprightly journeyman is absolutely necessary in their way of business: to which they had the assent and concurrence of the husbands present. I dropped him a curtesy, and gave him to understand that was his audience of leave.

‘I am reckoned pretty, and have had very many advances besides these; but have been very averse to hear any of them, from my observation on these abovementioned, till I hoped some good from the character of my present admirer, a clergyman. But I find even amongst them there are indirect practices in relation to love, and our *treaty is at present a little in suspense till some*

circumstances are cleared. There is a charge against him among the women, and the case is this: it is alleged, that a certain endowed female would have appropriated herself to and consolidated herself with a church, which my divine now enjoys, or, which is the same thing, did prostitute herself to her friends doing this for her; that my ecclesiastic, to obtain the one, did engage himself to take off the other that lay on hand; but that on his success in the spiritual, he again renounced the carnal.

‘I put this closely to him, and taxed him with disingenuity. He to clear himself made the subsequent defence, and that in the most solemn manner possible: That he was applied to and instigated to accept of a benefice: that a conditional offer thereof was indeed made him at first, but with disdain by him rejected: that when nothing, as they easily perceived, of this nature could bring him to their purpose, assurance of his being entirely unengaged beforehand, and safe from all their after-expectations (the only stratagem left to draw him in) was given him: that, pursuant to this, the donation itself was without delay, before several reputable witnesses, tendered to him gratis, with the open profession of not the least reserve, or most minute condition; but that yet immediately after induction, his insidious introducer, or her crafty procurer, which you will, industriously spread the report, which had reached my ears, not only in the neighbourhood of that said church, but in London, in the university, in mine and his own country, and wherever else it might probably obviate his application to any *other woman*, and so confine him to this alone:

and in a word, that as he never did make any previous offer of his service, or the least step to her affection; so, on his discovery of these designs thus laid to trick him, he could not but afterwards, in justice to himself, vindicate both his innocence and freedom by keeping his proper distance.'

'This is his apology; and I think I shall be satisfied with it. But I can not conclude my tedious epistle, without recommending to you not only to resume your former chastisement, but to add to your criminals the simoniacal ladies, who seduce the sacred order into the difficulty of either breaking a mercenary troth, made to them whom they ought not to deceive, or by breaking or keeping it, offending against Him whom they can not deceive. Your assistance and labours of this sort would be of great benefit, and your speedy thoughts on this subject would be very seasonable to, sir,

'Your most obedient servant,

'CHASTITY LOVEWORTH.'

STEELE.

T.

No. 299. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12.

*Malo venusinam, quàm te, Cornelia, mater
Gracchorum, si cum magnis virtutibus affers
Grande supercilium, et numeras in dote triumphos.
Tolle tuum precor Annibalem, victumque Syphacem
In castris; et cum tota Carthagine migra.* JUV. SAT.

Some country girl scarce to a curtsey bred,
Would I much rather than Cornelia wed:
If supercilious, haughty, proud, and vain,
She brought her father's triumphs in her train.
Away with all your Carthaginian state;
Let vanquish'd Hannibal without doors wait;
Too burly and too big to pass my narrow gate. DRYDEN.

It is observed that a man improves more by reading the story of a person eminent for prudence and virtue, than by the finest rules and precepts of morality. In the same manner, a representation of those calamities and misfortunes which a weak man suffers from wrong measures, and ill concerted schemes of life, is apt to make a deeper impression upon our minds than the wisest maxims and instructions that can be given us for avoiding the like follies and indiscretions in our own private conduct. It is for this reason that I lay before my reader the following letter, and leave it with him to make his own use of it, without adding any reflections of my own upon the subject matter.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘Having carefully perused a letter sent you by Josiah Fribble, Esq. with your subsequent discourse upon pin-money, (No. 295) I do presume

to trouble you with an account of my own case, which I look upon to be no less deplorable than that of 'squire Fribble. I am a person of no extraction, having begun the world with a small parcel of rusty iron, and was for some years commonly known by the name of Jack Anvil.* I have naturally a very happy genius for getting money, insomuch that by the age of five-and-twenty, I had scraped together four thousand two hundred pounds five shillings and a few odd pence. I then launched out into considerable business, and became a bold trader both by sea and land; which in a few years raised me a very considerable fortune. For these my good services I was knighted in the thirty-fifth year of my age, and lived with great dignity among my city neighbours by the name of Sir John Anvil. Being in my temper very ambitious, I was now bent upon making a family, and accordingly resolved that my descendants should have a dash of good blood in their veins. In order to this I made love to the lady Mary Oddly, an indigent young woman of quality. To cut short the marriage treaty, I threw her a *carte blanche*, as our newspapers call it, desiring her to write upon it her own terms. She was very concise in her demands, insisting only that the disposal of my fortune, and the regulation of my family should be entirely in her hands. Her father and brothers appeared exceedingly averse to this match, and would not see me for some time; but at present are so well reconciled, that they dine with me al-

* An Iron-monger originally, afterwards created a knight, and changed his name from Anvil to Enville.

most every day, and have borrowed considerable sums of me, which my lady Mary very often twits me with, when she would show me how kind her relations are to me. She had no portion, as I told you before; but what she wanted in fortune she makes up in spirit. She at first changed my name to Sir John Envil, and at present writes herself Mary Enville. I have had some children by her, whom she has christened with the surnames of her family, in order, as she tells me, to wear out the homeliness of their parentage by the father's side. Our eldest son is the honourable Oddly Enville, esq., and our eldest daughter Harriot Enville. Upon her first coming into my family, she turned off a parcel of very careful servants, who had been long with me, and introduced in their stead a couple of black-a-moors, and three or four very genteel fellows in laced liveries, besides her French woman, who is perpetually making a noise in the house in a language which nobody understands except my lady Mary. She next set herself to reform every room in my house, having glazed all my chimney-pieces with looking-glasses, and planted every corner with such heaps of china, that I am obliged to move about my own house with the greatest caution and circumspection, for fear of hurting some of our brittle furniture. She makes an illumination once a week with wax candles in one of the largest rooms, in order, as she phrases it, to see company; at which time she always desires me to be abroad, or to confine myself to the cock-loft, that I may not disgrace her among her visitants of quality. Her footmen, as I told you before, are such beaux, that I do not much care for

asking them questions: when I do, they answer me with a saucy frown, and say that every thing which I find fault with was done by my lady Mary's order. She tells me that she intends they shall wear swords with their next liveries, having lately observed the footmen of two or three persons of quality hanging behind the coach with swords by their sides. As soon as the first honeymoon was over, I represented to her the unreasonableness of those daily innovations which she made in my family; but she told me I was no longer to consider myself as Sir John Anvil, but as her husband; and added with a frown, that I did not seem to know who she was. I was surprised to be treated thus, after such familiarities as had passed between us. But she has since given me to know, that whatever freedoms she may sometimes indulge me in, she expects in general to be treated with the respect that is due to her birth and quality. Our children have been trained up from their infancy with so many accounts of their mother's family, that they know the stories of all the great men and women it has produced. Their mother tells them, that such an one commanded in such a sea engagement, that their great grandfather had a horse shot under him at Edge-Hill, that their uncle was at the siege of Buda, and that her mother danced in a ball at court with the duke of Monmouth, with abundance of fiddle-faddle of the same nature. I was the other day a little out of countenance at a question of my little daughter Harriot, who asked me, with a great deal of innocence, why I never told them of the generals and admirals that had been in *my* family. As for my eldest son, Oddly, &c

has been so spirited up by his mother, that if he does not mend his manners, I shall go near to disinherit him. He drew his sword upon me before he was nine years old, and told me, that he expected to be used like a gentleman: upon my offering to correct him for his insolence, my lady Mary stept in between us, and told me that I ought to consider there was some difference between his mother and mine. She is perpetually finding out the features of her own relations in every one of my children, though, by the way, I have a little chub-faced boy as like me as he can stare, if I durst say so. But what most angers me, when she sees me playing with any of them upon my knees, she has begged me more than once to converse with the children as little as possible, that they may not learn any of my awkward tricks.

‘ You must farther know, since I am opening my heart to you, that she thinks herself my superior in sense as much as she is in quality; and therefore treats me like a plain well-meaning man, who does not know the world. She dictates to me in my own business, sets me right in points of trade; and if I disagree with her about any of my ships at sea, wonders that I will dispute with her, when I know very well that her great grandfather was a flag officer.

‘ To complete my sufferings, she has teased me for this quarter of a year last past, to remove into one of the squares at the other end of the town, promising for my encouragement, that I shall have as good a cockloft as any gentleman in the square; to which the honourable Oddly Enville, *esq.*, always adds, like a jack-a-napes as he is,

that he hopes it will be as near the court as possible.

‘ In short, Mr. Spectator, I am so much out of my natural element, that to recover my old way of life I would be content to begin the world again, and be plain Jack Anvil; but alas! I am in for life, and am bound to subscribe myself, with great sorrow of heart,

‘ Your humble servant,

‘ JOHN ENVILLE, KNT.

ADDISON.

L.



No. 300. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13.

— *Diversum vitio vitium propè majus.* HOR. EP.

— Another failing of the mind,
Greater than this, of a quite different kind. POOLEY.

‘ MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ WHEN you talk of the subject of love, and the relations arising from it, methinks you should take care to leave no fault unobserved which concerns the state of marriage. The great vexation that I have observed in it is, that the wedded couple seem to want opportunities of being often enough alone together; and are forced to quarrel and be fond before company. Mr. Hotspur and his lady, in a room full of their friends, are ever saying something so smart to each other, and that but just within rules, that the whole company stand in the utmost anxiety and suspense for fear of their falling into extremities which they could not be present at. On the other side, Tom

Faddle and his pretty spouse, wherever they come, are billing at such a rate, as they think must do our hearts good to behold them. Can not you possibly propose a mean between being wasps and doves in public? I should think, if you advise to hate or love sincerely, it would be better; for if they would be so discreet as to hate from the very bottom of their hearts, their aversion would be too strong for little gibes every moment; and if they loved with that calm and noble value which dwells in the heart, with a warmth like that of life-blood, they would not be so impatient of their passions as to fall into observable fondness. This method, in each case, would save appearances; but as those who offend on the fond side are by much the fewer, I would have you begin with them, and go on to take notice of a most impertinent license married women take, not only to be very loving to their spouses in public, but also make nauseous allusions to private familiarities, and the like.—Lucina is a lady of the greatest discretion, you must know, in the world; and withal very much a physician: upon the strength of these two qualities there is nothing she will not speak of before us virgins; and she every day talks with a very grave air, in such a manner as is very improper so much as to be hinted at but to obviate the greatest extremity. Those whom they call good bodies, notable people, hearty neighbours, and the purest goodest company in the world, are the greatest offenders in this kind. Here I think I have laid before you an open field for pleasantry; and hope you will show these people that at *least* they are not witty; in which you will save

from many a blush a daily sufferer, who is very much,

‘Your most humble servant,
‘SUSANNA LOVEWORTH.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘In yours of Wednesday the 30th past, you and your correspondents are very severe on a sort of men whom you call male coquettes, but without any other reason, in my apprehension, than that of paying a shallow compliment to the fair sex, by accusing some men of imaginary faults, that the women may not seem to be the more faulty sex; though at the same time you suppose there are some so weak as to be imposed upon by fine things and false addresses. I can not persuade myself that your design is to debar the sexes the benefit of each other’s conversation within the rules of honour; nor will you, I dare say, recommend to them, or encourage the common tea-table talk, much less that of politics and matters of state; and if these are forbidden subjects of discourse, then, as long as there are any women in the world who take a pleasure in hearing themselves praised, and can bear the sight of a man prostrate at their feet, so long I shall make no wonder that there are those of the other sex who will pay them those impertinent humiliations. We should have few people such fools as to practise flattery, if all were so wise as to despise it. I don’t deny but you would do a meritorious act, if you could prevent all impositions on the simplicity of young women; but I must confess I don’t apprehend you have laid the fault on the proper persons; and if I trouble you with

my thoughts upon it, I promise myself your pardon. Such of the sex as are raw and innocent, and most exposed to these attacks, have, or their parents are much to blame if they have not, one to advise and guard them, and are obliged themselves to take care of them; but if these, who ought to hinder men from all opportunities of this sort of conversation, instead of that encourage and promote it, the suspicion is very just that there are some private reasons for it; and I'll leave it to you to determine on which side a part is then acted. Some women there are who are arrived at years of discretion, I mean are got out of the hands of their parents and governors, and are set up for themselves, who yet are liable to these attempts, but if these are prevailed upon, you must excuse me if I lay the faults upon them, that their wisdom is not grown with their years. My client, Mr. Strephon, whom you summoned to declare himself, gives you thanks however for your warning, and begs the favour only to enlarge his time for a week, or to the last day of the term, and then he will appear gratis, and pray no day over.

‘Yours,

‘PHILANTHROPOS.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I was last night to visit a lady whom I much esteem, and always took for my friend, but met with so very different a reception from what I expected, that I can not help applying myself to you on this occasion. In the room of that civility and familiarity I used to be treated with by her, an *affected* strangeness in her looks, and coldness in *her* behaviour, plainly told me I was not the wel-

come guest which the regard and tenderness she has often expressed for me gave me reason to flatter myself to think I was. Sir, this is certainly a great fault, and I assure you a very common one: therefore I hope you will think it a fit subject for some part of a Spectator. Be pleased to acquaint us how we must behave ourselves towards this valetudinary friendship, subject to so many heats and colds, and you will oblige, sir,

‘ Your humble servant,

‘ MIRANDA.’

‘ SIR,

‘ I can not forbear acknowledging the delight your late Spectators on Saturdays have given me; for they are writ in the honest spirit of criticism, and called to my mind the following four lines I had read long since in a prologue to a play called Julius Cæsar,* which has deserved a better fate. The verses are addressed to the little critics.

‘ Show your small talent, and let that suffice ye;
But grow not vain upon it, I advise ye,
For every fop can find out faults in plays:
You’ll ne’er arrive at knowing when to praise.’

‘ Yours,

D. G.’

T.

STEELE.

* A tragedy by Alexander, earl of Stirling. His style is sententious, but not correct or pure. It is faulty in not ending with the death of Cæsar.

No. 301. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14.

*Possint ut juvenes ~~maere~~ fervidi
Multo non sine risu,
Dilapsam in cineres facem.*

HOR.

That all may laugh to see that glaring light,
Which lately shone so fierce and bright,
End in a stink at last, and vanish into night. ANON.

WE are generally so much pleased with any little accomplishments, either of body or mind, which have once made us remarkable in the world, that we endeavour to persuade ourselves it is not in the power of time to rob us of them. We are eternally pursuing the same methods which first procured us the applauses of mankind. It is from this notion that an author writes on, though he is come to dotage, without ever considering that his memory is impaired, and that he has lost that life and those spirits which formerly raised his fancy and fired his imagination. The same folly hinders a man from submitting his behaviour to his age, and makes Clodius, who was a celebrated dancer at five-and-twenty, still love to hobble in a minuet, though he is past three-score. It is this, in a word, which fills the town with elderly fops and superannuated coquettes.

Canidia, a lady of this latter species, passed by me yesterday in her coach. Canidia was a naughty beauty of the last age, and was followed by crowds of adorers, whose passions only pleased her as they gave her opportunities of playing the tyrant. She then contracted that awful cast of the eye and forbidding frown, which she has

not yet laid aside, and has still all the insolence of beauty without its charms. If she now attracts the eyes of any beholders, it is only by being remarkably ridiculous; even her own sex laugh at her affectation; and the men, who always enjoy an ill-natured pleasure in seeing an imperious beauty humbled and neglected, regard her with the same satisfaction that a free nation sees a tyrant in disgrace.

Will Honeycomb, who is a great admirer of the gallantries in King Charles the Second's reign, lately communicated to me a letter written by a wit of that age to his mistress, who it seems was a lady of Canidia's humour; and though I do not always approve of my friend Will's taste, I liked this letter so well, that I took a copy of it, with which I shall here present my reader.

TO CHLOE.

‘MADAM,

‘Since my waking thoughts have never been able to influence you in my favour, I am resolved to try whether my dreams can make any impression on you. To this end I shall give you an account of a very odd one which my fancy presented to me last night, within a few hours after I left you.

‘Methought I was unaccountably conveyed into the most delicious place mine eyes ever beheld; it was a large valley divided by a river of the purest water I had ever seen. The ground on each side of it rose by an easy ascent, and was covered with flowers of an infinite variety, which as they were reflected in the water doubled the beauties of the place, or rather formed an imagi-

nary scene more beautiful than the real. On each side of the river was a range of lofty trees, whose boughs were loaded with almost as many birds as leaves. Every tree was full of harmony.

‘I had not gone far in this pleasant valley, when I perceived that it was terminated by a most magnificent temple. The structure was ancient and regular. On the top of it was figured the god Saturn, in the same shape and dress that the poets usually represent Time.

‘As I was advancing to satisfy my curiosity by a nearer view, I was stopped by an object far more beautiful than any I had before discovered in the whole place. I fancy, madam, you will easily guess that this could hardly be any thing but yourself: in reality it was so. You lay extended on the flowers by the side of the river, so that your hands, which were thrown in a negligent posture, almost touched the water. Your eyes were closed; but if your sleep deprived me of the satisfaction of seeing them, it left me at leisure to contemplate several other charms, which disappear when your eyes are open. I could not but admire the tranquillity you slept in, especially when I considered the uneasiness you produce in so many others.

‘While I was wholly taken up in these reflections, the doors of the temple flew open with a very great noise; and, lifting up my eyes, I saw two figures in human shape coming into the valley. Upon a nearer survey, I found them to be *Youth* and *Love*. The first was encircled with a kind of purple light, that spread a glory over *all the place*; the other held a flaming torch in his *hand*. I could observe, that all the way as they

came towards us, the colours of the flowers appeared more lively, the trees shot out in blossoms, the birds threw themselves into pairs, and serenaded them as they passed: the whole face of nature glowed with new beauties. They were no sooner arrived at the place where you lay, than they seated themselves on each side of you. On their approach, methought I saw a new bloom arise in your face, and new charms diffuse themselves over your whole person. You appeared more than mortal; but to my great surprise, continued fast asleep, though the two deities made several gentle efforts to awaken you.

‘After a short time, *Youth*, displaying a pair of wings, which I had not before taken notice of, flew off. *Love* still remained, and holding the torch which he had in his hand before your face, you still appeared as beautiful as ever. The glaring of the light in your eyes at length awakened you; when, to my great surprise, instead of acknowledging the favour of the deity, you frowned upon him, and struck the torch out of his hand into the river. The god, after having regarded you with a look that spoke at once his pity and displeasure, flew away. Immediately a kind of gloom overspread the whole place. At the same time I saw a hideous spectre enter at one end of the valley; his eyes were sunk into his head, his face was pale and withered, and his skin puckered up in wrinkles. As he walked on the sides of the bank, the river froze, the flowers faded, the trees shed their blossoms, the birds dropped from off the boughs, and fell dead at his feet. By these marks I knew him to be *Old Age*. You were seized with the utmost horror and amaze-

ment at his approach. You endeavoured to have fled, but the phantom caught you in his arms. You may easily guess at the change you suffered in this embrace. For my own part, though I am still too full of the dreadful idea, I will not shock you with a description of it. I was so startled at the sight, that my sleep immediately left me, and I found myself awake, at leisure to consider of a dream which seems too extraordinary to be without a meaning. I am, madam, with the greatest passion,

‘ Your most obedient,

‘ Most humble servant, &c.

BUDGELL.

X.



No. 302. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15.

— *Lachrymæque decoræ,*

Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.

VIRG. ÆN.

Becoming sorrows, and a virtuous mind,
More lovely, in a beauteous form enshrin'd.

I READ what I give for the entertainment of this day with a great deal of pleasure, and publish it just as it came to my hands. I shall be very glad to find there are many guessed at for Emilia.*

* The character of Emilia (Ann, Countess of Coventry) was drawn by Dr. Brome.

It is said that Steele was only the transcriber of this paper, and with justice.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘If this paper has the good fortune to be honoured with a place in your writings, I shall be the more pleased, because the character of Emilia is not an imaginary but a real one. I have industriously obscured the whole, by the addition of one or two circumstances of no consequence, that the person it is drawn from might still be concealed; and that the writer of it might not be in the least suspected, and for some other reasons, I choose not to give it in the form of a letter; but, if besides the faults of the composition, there be any thing in it more proper for a correspondent than the Spectator himself to write, I submit it to your better judgment to receive any other model you think fit. I am, sir,

‘Your very humble servant.’

There is nothing which gives one so pleasing a prospect of human nature, as the contemplation of wisdom and beauty; the latter is the peculiar portion of that sex which is therefore called fair; but the happy concurrence of both these excellencies in the same person is a character too celestial to be frequently met with. Beauty is an overweening self-sufficient thing, careless of providing itself any more substantial ornaments; nay, so little does it consult its own interests, that it too often defeats itself by betraying that innocence which renders it lovely and desirable. As therefore virtue makes a beautiful woman appear more beautiful, so beauty makes a virtuous woman really more virtuous. Whilst I am considering these two perfections gloriously

united in one person, I can not help representing to my mind the image of Emilia.

Who ever beheld the charming Emilia, without feeling in his breast at once the glow of love and the tenderness of virtuous friendship? The unstudied graces of her behaviour, and the pleasing accents of her tongue, insensibly draw you on to wish for a nearer enjoyment of them; but even her smiles carry in them a silent reproof to the impulses of licentious love. Thus, though the attractives of her beauty play almost irresistibly upon you, and create desire, you immediately stand corrected, not by the severity but the decency of her virtue. That sweetness and good-humour which is so visible in her face, naturally diffuses itself into every word and action: a man must be a savage, who, at the sight of Emilia, is not more inclined to do her good than gratify himself. Her person, as it is thus studiously embellished by nature, thus adorned with unpremeditated graces, is a fit lodging for a mind so fair and lovely; there dwell rational piety, modest hope, and cheerful resignation.

Many of the prevailing passions of mankind do undeservedly pass under the name of religion, which is thus made to express itself in action, according to the nature of the constitution in which it resides: so that, were we to make a judgment from appearances, one would imagine religion in some is little better than sullenness and reserve, in many fear, in others the despondings of a melancholy complexion, in others the formality of insignificant unaffecting observances, in others severity, in others ostentation. In Emilia it is a *principle* founded in reason and enlivened with

hope; it does not break forth into irregular fits and sallies of devotion, but is an uniform and consistent tenor of action: it is strict without severity, compassionate without weakness; it is the perfection of that good-humour which proceeds from the understanding, not the effect of an easy constitution.

By a generous sympathy in nature, we feel ourselves disposed to mourn when any of our fellow-creatures are afflicted: but injured innocence, and beauty in distress, is an object that carries in it something inexpressibly moving; it softens the most manly heart with the tenderest sensations of love and compassion, till at length it confesses its humanity, and flows out into tears.

Were I to relate that part of Emilia's life which has given her an opportunity of exerting the heroism of Christianity, it would make too sad, too tender, a story; but when I consider her alone in the midst of her distresses, looking beyond this gloomy vale of affliction and sorrow into the joys of heaven and immortality, and when I see her in conversation thoughtless and easy, as if she were the most happy creature in the world, I am transported with admiration. Surely never did such a philosophic soul inhabit such a beauteous form! for beauty is often made a privilege against thought and reflection; it laughs at wisdom, and will not abide the gravity of its instructions.

Were I able to represent Emilia's virtues in their proper colours and their due proportions, love or flattery might perhaps be thought to have drawn the picture larger than life; but as this is but an imperfect draught of so excellent a character, and as I can not, will not hope to have any

interest in her person, all that I can say of her is but impartial praise extorted from me by the prevailing brightness of her virtues. So rare a pattern of female excellence ought not to be concealed, but should be set out to the view and imitation of the world; for how amiable does virtue appear thus, as it were, made visible to us in so fair an example!

Honorio's disposition is of a very different turn; her thoughts are wholly bent upon conquest and arbitrary power. That she has some wit and beauty nobody denies, and therefore has the esteem of all her acquaintance, as a woman of an agreeable person and conversation; but, whatever her husband may think of it, that is not sufficient for Honorio. She waves that title to respect as a mean acquisition, and demands veneration in the right of an idol; for this reason her natural desire of life is continually checked with an inconsistent fear of wrinkles and old age.

Emilia can not be supposed ignorant of her personal charms, though she seems to be so; but she will not hold her happiness upon so precarious a tenure, whilst her mind is adorned with beauties of a more exalted and lasting nature. When in the full bloom of youth and beauty we saw her surrounded with a crowd of adorers, she took no pleasure in slaughter and destruction, gave no false deluding hopes which might increase the torments of her disappointed lovers; but having for some time given into the decency of a virgin coyness, and examined the merit of their several pretensions, she at length gratified her own, by resigning herself to the ardent passion of Bromius. Bromius was then master of many good qualities

and a moderate fortune, which was soon after unexpectedly increased to a plentiful estate. This for a good while proved his misfortune, as it furnished his inexperienced age with the opportunities of evil company and a sensual life. He might have longer wandered in the labyrinths of vice and folly, had not Emilia's prudent conduct won him over to the government of his reason. Her ingenuity has been constantly employed in humanizing his passions and refining his pleasures: she has showed him, by her own example, that virtue is consistent with decent freedoms and good humour, or rather, that it can not subsist without them. Her good sense readily instructed her, that a silent example, and an easy unrepining behaviour, will always be more persuasive than the severity of lectures and admonitions; and that there is so much pride interwoven into the make of human nature, that an obstinate man must only take the hint from another, and then be left to advise and correct himself. Thus, by an artful train of management, and unseen persuasions, having at first brought him not to dislike, and at length to be pleased with that which otherwise he would not have bore to hear of, she then knew how to press and secure this advantage, by approving it as his thought, and seconding it as his proposal. By this means she has gained an interest in some of his leading passions, and made them accessory to his reformation.

There is another particular of Emilia's conduct which I can not forbear mentioning: to some perhaps it may at first sight appear but a trifling inconsiderable circumstance; but for my part, I think it highly worthy of observation, and to be

recommended to the consideration of the fair sex. I have often thought wrapping gowns and dirty linen, with all that huddled economy of dress which passes under the general name of *a mob*, the bane of conjugal love, and one of the readiest means imaginable to alienate the affection of a husband, especially a fond one. I have heard some ladies, who have been surprised by company, in such a deshabelle, apologize for it after this manner: 'Truly I am ashamed to be caught in this pickle: but my husband and I were sitting all alone by ourselves, and I did not expect to see such good company.' This, by the way, is a fine compliment to the good man; which it is ten to one but he returns in dogged answers and a churlish behaviour, without knowing what it is that puts him out of humour.

Emilia's observation teaches her, that as little inadvertencies and neglects cast a blemish upon a great character; so the neglect of apparel, even among the most intimate friends, does insensibly lessen their regards to each other, by creating a familiarity too low and contemptible. She understands the importance of those things which the generality account trifles; and considers every thing as a matter of consequence, that has the least tendency towards keeping up or abating the affection of her husband; him she esteems as a fit object to employ her ingenuity in pleasing, because he is to be pleased for life.

By the help of these, and a thousand other nameless arts, which it is easier for her to practise than for another to express, by the obstinacy of her goodness and unprovoked submission, in spite of all her afflictions and ill usage, Bromius

is become a man of sense, and a kind husband, and Emilia a happy wife.

Ye guardian angels, to whose care Heaven has entrusted its dear Emilia, guide her still forward in the paths of virtue, defend her from the insolence and wrongs of this undiscerning world; at length when we must no more converse with such purity on earth, lead her gently hence, innocent and unreprouable, to a better place, where, by an easy transition from what she now is, she may shine forth an angel of light.

STEELE.

T.



No. 303. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16.

——— *Volet hæc sub luce videri,
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen.*

HOR.

——— Some choose the clearest light,
And boldly challenge the most piercing eye. ROSCOMMON.

I HAVE seen in the works of a modern philosopher a map of the spots in the sun. My last paper of the faults and blemishes in Milton's *Paradise Lost* may be considered as a piece of the same nature. To pursue the allusion: as it is observed, that among the bright parts of the luminous body above-mentioned, there are some which glow more intensely, and dart a stronger light than others; so, notwithstanding I have already shown Milton's poem to be very beautiful in general, I shall now proceed to take notice of such beauties as appear to me more exquisite than the rest. Milton has proposed the subject of his poem in the following verses.

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing heav'nly muse!——

These lines are perhaps as plain, simple and unadorned as any of the whole poem; in which particular the author has conformed himself to the example of Homer, and the precept of Horace.

His invocation to a work which turns in a great measure upon the creation of the world, is very properly made to the muse who inspired Moses in those books from whence our author drew his subject; and to the Holy Spirit who is therein represented as operating after a particular manner in the first production of nature. This whole exordium rises very happily into noble language and sentiment, as I think the transition to the fable is exquisitely beautiful and natural.

The nine days astonishment, in which the angels lay entranced after their dreadful overthrow and fall from heaven, before they could recover either the use of thought or speech, is a noble circumstance, and very finely imagined. The division of hell into seas of fire, and into firm ground impregnated with the same furious element, with that particular circumstance of the exclusion of hope from those infernal regions, are instances of the same great and fruitful invention.

The thoughts in the first speech and description of Satan, who is one of the principal actors in this poem are wonderfully proper to give us a *full idea* of him. His pride, envy, and revenge,

obstinacy, despair, and impenitence, are all of them very artfully interwoven. In short, his first speech is a complication of all those passions which discover themselves separately in several other of his speeches in the poem. The whole part of this great enemy of mankind is filled with such incidents as are very apt to raise and terrify the reader's imagination. Of this nature, in the book now before us, is his being the first that awakens out of the general trance, with his posture on the burning lake, his rising from it, and the description of his shield and spear.

Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate,
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blaz'd, his other parts beside
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood.——
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
Driven backwards slope their pointing spires, and
roll'd
In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
That felt unusual weight——
——His pond'rous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast: the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artists view
At ev'ning from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains on her spotted globe:
His spear (to equal which the tallest pine,
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great admiral, were but a wand)
He walk'd with, to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marl——

To which we may add his call to the falling angels that lay plunged and stupified in the sea of fire.

He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded.

But there is no single passage in the whole poem worked up to a greater sublimity than that wherein his person is described in those celebrated lines:

—He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower, &c.

His sentiments are every way answerable to his character, and subject to a created being of the most exalted and most depraved nature. Such is that in which he takes possession of his place of torments:

—Hail horrors! hail
Infernal world! and thou profoundest hell,
Receive thy new possessor, one who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.

And afterwards,

—Here at least
We shall be free, th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy; will not drive us hence;
Here we may reign secure; and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, tho' in hell:
Better to reign in hell than serve in heav'n.

Amidst those impieties which this enraged spirit utters in other places of the poem, the au-

thor has taken care to introduce none that is not big with absurdity and incapable of shocking a religious reader; his words, as the poet himself describes them, bearing only a semblance of worth, not substance. He is likewise with great art described as owning his adversary to be almighty. Whatever perverse interpretation he puts on the justice, mercy, and other attributes of the Supreme Being, he frequently confesses his omnipotence, that being the perfection he was forced to allow him, and the only consideration which could support his pride, under the shame of his defeat.

Nor must I here omit that beautiful circumstance of his bursting out in tears, upon his survey of those innumerable spirits whom he had involved in the same guilt and ruin with himself.

—He now prepar'd
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he essay'd: and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth——

The catalogue of evil spirits has abundance of learning in it, and a very agreeable turn of poetry, which rises in a great measure from its describing the places where they were worshipped, by those beautiful marks of rivers so frequent among the ancient poets. The author had doubtless in this place Homer's catalogue of ships, and Virgil's list of warriors, in his view. The characters of Moloch and Belial prepare the reader's mind for their respective speeches and behaviour in the second and sixth book. The account of

Thammuz is finely romantic, and suitable to what we read among the ancients of the worship which was paid to that idol.

——Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In am'rous ditties all a summer's day;
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
Infected Zion's daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw; when, by the vision led,
His eyes survey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah.——

The reader will pardon me if I insert as a note on this beautiful passage, the account given us by the late ingenious Mr. Maundrell of this ancient piece of worship, and probably the first occasion of such a superstition. 'We came to a fair large river—doubtless the ancient river Adonis, so famous for the idolatrous rites performed here in lamentation of Adonis. We had the fortune to see what may be supposed to be the occasion of that opinion which Lucian relates concerning this river, viz. that this stream, at certain seasons of the year, especially about the feast of Adonis, is of a bloody colour, which the heathens looked upon as proceeding from a kind of sympathy in the river for the death of Adonis, who was killed by a wild boar in the mountains out of which this stream rises. Something like this we saw actually come to pass; for the water was stained to a surprising redness; and as we observed in travelling, had discoloured the sea a great way into a

reddish hue; occasioned doubtless by a sort of minium, or red earth, washed into the river by the violence of the rain, and not by any stain from Adonis's blood.'

The passage in the catalogue, explaining the manner how spirits transform themselves by contraction, or enlargement of their dimensions, is introduced with great judgment, to make way for several surprising accidents in the sequel of the poem. There follows one at the very end of the first book, which is what the French critics call *marvellous*, but at the same time *probable*, by reason of the passage last mentioned. As soon as the infernal palace is finished, we are told the multitude and rabble of spirits immediately shrunk themselves into a small compass, that there might be room for such a numberless assembly in this capacious hall. But it is the poet's refinement upon this thought which I most admire, and which is indeed very noble in itself. For he tells us, that notwithstanding the vulgar among the fallen spirits contracted their forms, those of the first rank and dignity still preserved their natural dimensions.

Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms
Reduc'd their shapes immense; and were at large,
Though without number, still amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great seraphic lords and cherubim,
In close recess and secret conclave sat,
A thousand demi-gods, on golden seats,
Frequent and full——

The character of Mammon, and the description of the Pandæmonium, are full of beauties.

There are several other strokes in the first book wonderfully poetical, and instances of that sub-time genius so peculiar to the author. Such is the description of Azazel's stature, and the infernal standard which he unfurls; as also of that ghastly light by which the fiends appear to one another in their place of torments.

The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimm'ring of those livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful——

The shout of the whole host of fallen angels
when drawn up in battle array:

——The universal host up-sent
A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.

The review which the leader makes of his infernal army.

—— He through the armed files
Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views, their order due,
Their visages and stature as of gods;
Their number last he sums; and now his heart
Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength
Glories——

The flash of light which appeared upon the
drawing of their swords;

He spake; and to confirm his words out flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty cherubim: the sudden blaze
Far round illumin'd hell——

The sudden production of the Pandæmonium:

Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet.

The artificial illuminations made in it:

—— From the arched roof,
Pendant by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With *naphtha* and *asphaltus*, yielded light
As from a sky——

There are also several noble similes and allusions in the first book of *Paradise Lost*. And here I must observe, that when Milton alludes either to things or persons, he never quits his simile till it rises to some very great idea, which is often foreign to the occasion that gave birth to it. The resemblance does not, perhaps, last above a line or two; but the poet runs on with the hint till he has raised out of it some glorious image or sentiment, proper to inflame the mind of the reader, and to give it that sublime kind of entertainment which is suitable to the nature of a heroic poem. Those who are acquainted with Homer's and Virgil's way of writing, can not but be pleased with this kind of structure in Milton's similitudes. I am the more particular on this head, because ignorant readers, who have formed their taste upon the quaint similes, and little turns of wit which are so much in vogue among modern poets, can not relish these beauties which are of a much higher nature, and are therefore apt to censure Milton's comparisons, in which they do not see any surprising points of likeness. Monsieur Perrault was a man of this vitiated relish

and for that very reason has endeavoured to turn into ridicule several of Homer's similitudes, which he calls *comparaisons à longue queue*, 'long-tailed comparisons.' I shall conclude this paper on the first book of Milton with the answer which Monsieur Boileau makes to Perrault on this occasion: 'Comparisons,' says he, 'in odes and epic poems are not introduced only to illustrate and embellish the discourse, but to amuse and relax the mind of the reader, by frequently disengaging him from too painful an attention to the principal subject, and by leading him into other agreeable images. Homer, says he, excelled in this particular; whose comparisons abound with such images of nature as are proper to relieve and diversify his subjects. He continually instructs the reader, and makes him take notice, even in objects which are every day before his eyes, of such circumstances as we should not otherwise have observed.' To this he adds, as a maxim universally acknowledged, 'That it is not necessary in poetry for the points of the comparison to correspond with one another exactly, but that a general resemblance is sufficient, and that too much nicety in this particular savours of the rhetorician and epigrammatist.'

In short, if we look into the conduct of Homer, Virgil, and Milton; as the great fable is the soul of each poem, so, to give their works an agreeable variety, their episodes are so many short fables, and their similes so many short episodes; to which you may add; if you please, that their metaphors are so many short similes. If the reader considers the comparisons in the first book of *Milton*, of the sun in an eclipse, of the sleeping

leviathan, of the bees swarming about their hive, of the fairy dance, in the view wherein I have here placed them, he will easily discover the great beauties that are in each of those passages.

ADDISON.

L.



No. 304. MONDAY, FEBRUARY 18.

Vulnus alit venis et cæco carpitur igni. VIRG.

A latent fire preys on his fev'rish veins.

THE circumstances of my correspondent, whose letter I now insert, are so frequent, that I can not want compassion so much as to forbear laying it before the town. There is something so mean and inhuman in a direct Smithfield bargain for children, that if this lover carries his point, and observes the rules he pretends to follow, I do not only wish him success, but also that it may animate others to follow his example. I know not one motive relating to this life which could produce so many honourable and worthy actions, as the hopes of obtaining a woman of merit: there would ten thousand ways of industry and honest ambition be pursued by young men, who believed that the persons admired had value enough for their passion to attend the event of their good fortune in all their applications, in order to make their circumstances fall in with the duties they owe to themselves, their families, and their country: all these relations a man should think of who intends to go into the state of marriage, and ex

pects to make it a state of pleasure and satisfaction.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

I have for some years indulged a passion for a young lady of age and quality suitable to my own, but very much superior in fortune. It is the fashion with parents, how justly I leave you to judge, to make all regards give way to the article of wealth. From this one consideration it is that I have concealed the ardent love I have for her; but I am beholden to the force of my love for many advantages which I reaped from it towards the better conduct of my life. A certain complacency to all the world, a strong desire to oblige wherever it lay in my power, and a circumspect behaviour in all my words and actions, have rendered me more particularly acceptable to all my friends and acquaintance. Love has had the same good effect upon my fortune; and I have increased in riches in proportion to my advancement in those arts which make a man agreeable and amiable. There is a certain sympathy which will tell my mistress, from these circumstances, that it is I who writ this for her reading, if you will please to insert it. There is not a downright enmity, but a great coldness, between our parents; so that if either of us declared any kind sentiments for each other, her friends would be very backward to lay an obligation upon our family, and mine to receive it from hers. Under these delicate circumstances it is no easy matter to act with safety. I have no reason to fancy my mistress has any regard for me, but *from a very disinterested value which I have for*

her. If from any hint in any future paper of yours she gives me the least encouragement, I doubt not but I shall surmount all other difficulties; and inspired by so noble a motive for the care of my fortune, as the belief she is to be concerned in it, I will not despair of receiving her one day from her father's own hand. I am, sir,

‘Your most obedient humble servant,
‘CLYTANDER.’

TO HIS WORSHIP THE SPECTATOR.

*The humble petition of Anthony Title-page,
Stationer, in the centre of Lincoln's-Inn-
Fields,*

SHOWETH,

That your petitioner and his forefathers have been sellers of books for time immemorial; that your petitioner's ancestor, Crouch-back Title-page, was the first of that vocation in Britain, who keeping his station, in fair weather at the corner of Lothbury, was, by way of eminency, called ‘The Stationer;’ a name which from him all succeeding booksellers have affected to bear: that the station of your petitioner and his father has been in the place of his present settlement ever since that square has been built; that your petitioner has formerly had the honour of your worship's custom, and hopes you never had reason to complain of your pennyworths: that particularly he sold you your first Lilly's Grammar, and at the same time a Wit's Commonwealth almost as good as new; moreover, that your first rudimental essays in Spectatorship were made

in your petitioner's shop, where you often practised for hours together, sometimes on his books upon the rails, sometimes on the little hieroglyphics, either gilt, silvered, or plain, which the Egyptian women, on the other side of the shop, had wrought in gingerbread, and sometimes on the English youth, who in sundry places there were exercising themselves in the traditional sports of the field.

From these considerations it is, that your petitioner is encouraged to apply himself to you, and to proceed humbly to acquaint your worship, that he has certain intelligence that you receive great numbers of defamatory letters designed by their authors to be published, which you throw aside and totally neglect; your petitioner therefore prays, that you will please to bestow on him those refuse letters, and he hopes by printing them to get a more plentiful provision for his family; or, at the worst, he may be allowed to sell them by the pound weight to his good customers the pastry-cooks of London and Westminster:

And your petitioner shall ever pray, &c.

TO THE SPECTATOR.

The humble petition of Bartholomew Lady-Love, of Roundcourt, in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, in behalf of himself and neighbours,

SHOWETH,

That your petitioners have with great industry and application arrived at the most exact art

of invitation or entreaty, that by a beseeching air and persuasive address they have for many years last past peaceably drawn in every tenth passenger, whether they intended or not to call at their shops, to come in and buy; and from that softness of behaviour, have arrived among tradesmen at the gentle appellation of 'The Fawners.'

That there have of late set up amongst us certain persons from Monmouth-street and Long-lane, who, by the strength of their arms, and loudness of their throats, draw off the regard of all passengers from your said petitioners, from which violence they are distinguished by the name of the 'The Worriers.'

That while your petitioners stand ready to receive passengers with a submissive bow, and repeat with a gentle voice, 'Ladies, what do you want? Pray look in here;' the Worriers reach out their hands at pistol-shot, and seize the customers at arm's length.

That while the Fawners strain and relax the muscles of their faces, in making distinction between a spinster in a coloured scarf and a hand-maid in a straw hat, the Worriers use the same roughness to both, and prevail upon the easiness of the passengers to the impoverishment of your petitioners.

Your petitioners therefore most humbly pray, that the Worriers may not be permitted to inhabit the politer parts of the town: and that Roundcourt may remain a receptacle for buyers of a more soft education.

And your petitioners, &c.

• The petition of the New-Exchange, concerning
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ing the arts of buying and selling, and particularly valuing goods by the complexion of the seller, will be considered on another occasion.'

STEELE.

T.



No. 305. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 19.

*Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis
Tempus eget*

VIRG. ÆN.

These times want other aids. DRYDEN.

OUR late newspapers being full of the project now on foot in the court of France, for establishing a political academy, and I myself having received letters from several virtuosos among my foreign correspondents which give some light into that affair, I intend to make it the subject of this day's speculation. A general account of this project may be met with in the Daily Courant of last Friday, in the following words, translated from the Gazette of Amsterdam:—

' *Paris, February 12.*—It is confirmed that the king has resolved to establish a new academy for politics, of which the Marquis de Torcy, minister and secretary of state is to be protector. Six academicians are to be chosen, endowed with proper talents, for beginning to form this academy, into which no person is to be admitted under twenty-five years of age. They must likewise have each an estate of two thousand livres a year, either in possession or to come to them by inheritance. The king will allow to each a pen-

sion of a thousand livres. They are likewise to have able masters to teach them the necessary sciences, and to instruct them in all the treaties of peace, alliance, and others, which have been made in several ages past. These members are to meet twice a week at the Louvre. From this seminary are to be chosen secretaries to embassies, who by degrees may advance to higher employments.

Cardinal Richelieu's politics made France the terror of Europe: the statesmen who have appeared in that nation of late years have, on the contrary, rendered it either the pity or contempt of its neighbours. The cardinal erected that famous academy which has carried all the parts of polite learning to the greatest height. His chief design in that institution was to divert the men of genius from meddling with politics, a province in which he did not care to have any one else interfere with him. On the contrary, the Marquis de Torcy seems resolved to make several young men in France as wise as himself, and is therefore taken up at present in establishing a nursery of statesmen.

Some private letters add, that there will also be erected a seminary of petticoat politicians, who are to be brought up at the feet of Madam de Maintenon, and to be despatched into foreign courts upon any emergencies of state; but as the news of this last project has not been yet confirmed, I shall take no farther notice of it.

Several of my readers may doubtless remember, that upon the conclusion of the last war, which had been carried on so successfully by the enemy, their generals were many of them trans-

formed into ambassadors: but the conduct of those who have commanded in the present war has, it seems, brought so little honour and advantage to their great monarch, that he is resolved to trust his affairs no longer in the hands of those military gentlemen.

The regulations of this new academy very much deserve our attention. The students are to have in possession, or reversion, an estate of two thousand French livres per annum, which, as the present exchange runs, will amount to at least one hundred and twenty-six pounds English. This, with the royal allowance of a thousand livres, will enable them to find themselves in coffee and snuff; not to mention newspapers, pens and ink, wax and wafers, with the like necessities for politicians.

A man must be at least five-and-twenty before he can be initiated into the mysteries of this academy; though there is no question but many grave persons of a much more advanced age, who have been constant readers of the Paris Gazette, will be glad to begin the world anew, and enter themselves upon this list of politicians.

The society of these hopeful young gentlemen is to be under the direction of six professors, who, it seems, are to be speculative statesmen, and drawn out of the body of the Royal Academy. These six wise masters, according to my private letters, are to have the following parts allotted them.

The first is to instruct the students in state ledgerdemain; as how to take off the impression of a seal, to split a wafer, to open a letter, to fold it up again, with other the like ingenious feats of

dexterity and art. When the students have accomplished themselves in this part of their profession, they are to be delivered into the hands of their second instructor, who is a kind of posture-master.

This artist is to teach them how to nod judiciously, to shrug up their shoulders in a dubious case, to connive with either eye, and in a word, the whole practice of political grimace.

The third is a sort of language master, who is to instruct them in the style proper for a minister in his ordinary discourse. And to the end that this college of statesmen may be thoroughly practised in the political style, they are to make use of it in their common conversations before they are employed either in foreign or domestic affairs. If one of them asks another, what o'clock it is? the other is to answer him indirectly, and, if possible, to turn off the question. If he is desired to change a *Louis d'or*, he must beg time to consider of it. If it be inquired of him whether the king is at Versailles or Marly? he must answer in a whisper. If he be asked the news of the late gazette, or the subject of a proclamation? he is to reply that he has not yet read it; or if he does not care for explaining himself so far, he needs only draw his brow up in wrinkles, or elevate the left shoulder.

The fourth professor is to teach the whole art of political characters and hieroglyphics; and to the end that they may be perfect also in this practice, they are not to send a note to one another though it be but to borrow a Tacitus or a Machiavel, which is not written in cypher.

Their fifth professor, it is thought, will be cho-

sen out of the society of Jesuits, and is to be well read in the controversies of probable doctrines, mental reservation, and the rights of princes. This learned man is to instruct them in the grammar, syntax, and construing part of treaty-latin; how to distinguish between the spirit and the letter; and likewise demonstrate how the same form of words may lay an obligation upon any prince in Europe, different from that which it lays upon his most Christian Majesty. He is likewise to teach them the art of finding flaws, loopholes and evasions, in the most solemn compacts, and particularly a great rabbinical secret, revived of late years by the fraternity of Jesuits, namely, that contradictory interpretations of the same article may both of them be true and valid.

When our statesmen are sufficiently improved by these several instructors, they are to receive their last polishing from one who is to act among them as master of the ceremonies. This gentleman is to give them lectures upon the important points of the elbow-chair and the stair-head; to instruct them in the different situations of the right hand; and to furnish them with bows and inclinations of all sizes, measures, and proportions. In short, this professor is to give the society their stiffening, and infuse into their manners that beautiful political starch, which may qualify them for levees, conferences, visits, and make them shine in what vulgar minds are apt to look upon as trifles.

I have not yet heard any further particulars which are to be observed in this society of unfledged statesmen: but I must confess, had I a son of five and twenty, that should take it into

his head at that age to set up for a politician, I think I should go near to disinherit him for a blockhead. Besides, I should be apprehensive, lest the same arts which are to enable him to negotiate between potentates might a little infect his ordinary behaviour between man and man. There is no question but these young Machiavels will, in a little time, turn their college up-side-down with plots and stratagems, and lay as many schemes to circumvent one another in a frog or a salad, as they may hereafter put in practice to overreach a neighbouring prince or state.

We are told, that the Spartans, though they punished theft in their young men when it was discovered, looked upon it as honourable if it succeeded. Provided the conveyance was clean and unsuspected, a youth might afterwards boast of it.—This, says the historians, was to keep them sharp, and to hinder them from being imposed upon either in their public or private negotiations. Whether any such relaxations of morality, such little *jeux d'esprit*, ought not to be allowed in this intended seminary of politicians, I shall leave to the wisdom of their founder.

In the meantime, we have fair warning given us by this doughty body of statesmen: and as Sylla saw many Mariuses in Cæsar, so I think we may discover many Torcys in this college of Academicians. Whatever we think of ourselves, I am afraid neither our Smyrna nor St. James's will be a match for it. Our coffee-houses are indeed very good institutions; but whether or no these our British schools of politics may furnish out as able envoys and secretaries as an academy

that is set apart for that purpose, will deserve our serious consideration, especially if we remember that our country is more famous for producing men of integrity than statesmen; and that, on the contrary, French truth and British policy make a conspicuous figure in NOTHING, as the Earl of Rochester has very well observed in his admirable poem upon that barren subject.

ADDISON.

L.



No. 306. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20

—*Quæ forma, ut se tibi semper
Imputet?* JUV.

What beauty, or what chastity, can bear
So great a price, if stately and severe
She still insults? DRYDEN.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I WRITE this to communicate to you a misfortune which frequently happens, and therefore deserves a consolatory discourse on the subject. I was within this half year in the possession of as much beauty and as many lovers as any young lady in England. But my admirers have left me, and I can not complain of their behaviour. I have within that time had the small-pox: and this face, which (according to many amorous epistles which I have by me) was the seat of all that was beautiful in woman, is now disfigured with scars. It goes to the very soul of me to speak what I really think of my face; and though I think I did *not over-rate* my beauty while I had it, it has ex-

tremely advanced in its value with me now it is lost. There is one circumstance which makes my case very particular; the ugliest fellow that ever pretended to me, was, and is most in my favour, and he treats me at present the most unreasonably. If you could make him return an obligation which he owes me, in liking a person that is not amiable;—but there is, I fear, no possibility of making passion move by the rules of reason and gratitude. But say what you can to one who has survived herself, and knows not how to act in a new being. My lovers are at the feet of my rivals, my rivals are every day bewailing me, and I can not enjoy what I am, by reason of the distracting reflection upon what I was. Consider the woman I was did not die of old age; but I was taken off in the prime of youth, and according to the course of nature may have forty years after life to come. I have nothing of myself left which I like, but that I am, sir,

‘ Your most humble servant,

‘ PARTHENISSA.’*

When Louis of France had lost the battle of Ramilies, the addresses to him at that time were full of his fortitude, and they turned his misfortune to his glory; in that, during his prosperity, he could never have manifested his heroic constancy under distresses, and so the world had lost the most eminent part of his character. Parthenissa’s condition gives her the same opportu-

* This letter is ascribed to Mr. Hughes; the lady meant is a Miss Rotheram, who was first married to Lord Effingham, and after his death to the reverend Mr. Wyatt.

nity; and to resign conquests is a task as difficult in a beauty as a hero. In the very entrance upon this work she must burn all her love-letters; or, since she is so candid as not to call her lovers, who follow her no longer, unfaithful, it would be a very good beginning of a new life from that of a beauty, to send them back to those who writ them, with this honest inscription, 'Articles of a marriage-treaty broken off by the small-pox.' I have known but one instance where a matter of this kind went on after a like misfortune; where the lady, who was a woman of spirit, writ this billet to her lover:

'SIR,

'If you flattered me before I had this terrible malady, pray come and see me now: but if you sincerely liked me, stay away: for I am not the same

'CORINNA.'

The lover thought there was something so sprightly in her behaviour, that he answered,

'MADAM,

'I am not obliged, since you are not the same woman, to let you know whether I flattered you or not, but I assure you I do not, when I tell you I now like you above all your sex, and hope you will bear what may befall me when we are both one, as well as you do what happens to yourself now you are single; therefore I am ready to take such a spirit for my companion as soon as you *please*.

'AMILCAR.'

If Parthenissa can now possess her own mind, and think as little of her beauty as she ought to have done when she had it, there will be no great diminution of her charms; and if she was formerly affected too much with them, an easy behaviour will more than make up for the loss of them. Take the whole sex together, and you find those who have the strongest possession of men's hearts are not eminent for their beauty: you see it often happens, that those who engage men to the greatest violence, are such as those who are strangers to them would take to be remarkably defective for that end. The fondest lover I know, said to me one day in a crowd of women at an entertainment of music, 'You have often heard me talk of my beloved; that woman there,' continued he, smiling, when he had fixed my eye, 'is her very picture.' The lady he showed me was by much the least remarkable for beauty of any in the whole assembly; but having my curiosity extremely raised, I could not keep my eyes off her. Her eyes at last met mine, and with a sudden surprise she looked round her to see who near her was remarkably handsome that I was gazing at. This little act explained the secret: she did not understand herself for the object of love, and therefore she was so. The lover is a very honest plain man; and what charmed him was, a person that goes along with him in the cares and joys of life, not taken up with herself, but sincerely attentive, with a ready and cheerful mind, to accompany him in either.

I can tell Parthenissa for her comfort, that the beauties generally speaking, are the most impertinent and disagreeable of women. An apparent

desire of admiration, a reflection upon their own merit, and a precise behaviour in their general conduct, are almost inseparable accidents in beauties. All you obtain of them is granted to importunity and solicitation for what did not deserve so much of your time, and you recover from the possession of it as out of a dream.

You are ashamed of the vagaries of fancy which so strangely misled you; and your admiration of a beauty, merely as such, is inconsistent with a tolerable reflection upon yourself: the cheerful good-humoured creatures, into whose heads it never entered that they could make any man unhappy, are the persons formed for making men happy. There is Miss Liddy can dance a jig, raise paste, write a good hand, keep an account, give a reasonable answer, and do as she is bid; while her eldest sister, Madam Martha, is out of humour, has the spleen, learns by reports of people of higher quality new ways of being uneasy and displeased. And this happens for no reason in the world, but that poor Liddy, knows she has no such thing as a certain negligence that is so becoming; that there is not I know not what in her air; and that if she talks like a fool, there is no one will say, 'Well, I know not what it is, but every thing pleases when she speaks it.'

Ask any of the husbands of your great beauties, and they will tell you that they hate their wives nine hours of every day they pass together. There is such a particularity forever affected by them, that they are encumbered with their charms in all they say or do. They pray at public devotions as they are beauties; they converse on *ordinary* occasions as they are beauties. Ask

Belinda what it is o'clock, and she is at a stand whether so great a beauty should answer you. In a word, I think, instead of offering to administer consolation to Parthenissa, I should congratulate her metamorphosis; and however she thinks she was not the least insolent in the prosperity of her charms, she was enough so to find she may make herself a much more agreeable creature in her present adversity. The endeavour to please is highly promoted by a consciousness that the approbation of the person you would be agreeable to is a favour you do not deserve; for in this case assurance of success is the most certain way to disappointment. Good nature will always supply the absence of beauty, but beauty can not long supply the absence of good nature.

P. S.

'MADAM,

February 18.

'I have yours of this day, wherein you twice bid me not disoblige you; but you must explain yourself farther before I know what to do.

'Your most obedient servant,

'THE SPECTATOR.'

STEELE.

T.

No. 307. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21.

— *Versate diu, quid ferre recusent,
Quid valeant humeri*— — HOR. ARS. POET.

— Often try what weight you can support,
And what your shoulders are too weak to bear.
ROSCOMMON.

I AM so well pleased with the following letter, that I am in hopes it will not be a disagreeable present to the public.

‘ SIR,

‘ Though I believe none of your readers more admire your agreeable manner of working up trifles than myself, yet as your speculations are now swelling into volumes, and will in all probability pass down to future ages, methinks I would have no single subject in them, wherein the general good of mankind is concerned, left unfinished.

‘ I have a long time expected, with great impatience, that you would enlarge upon the ordinary mistakes which are committed in the education of our children. I the more easily flattered myself that you would, one time or other, resume this consideration, because you tell us that your 168th paper was only composed of a few broken hints; but finding myself hitherto disappointed, I have ventured to send you my own thoughts on this subject.

‘ I remember Pericles, in his famous oration at the funeral of those Athenian young men who perished in the Samian expedition, has a thought

very much celebrated by several ancient critics, namely, that the loss which the commonwealth suffered by the destruction of its youth, was like the loss which the year would suffer by the destruction of the spring. The prejudice which the public sustains from a wrong education of children is an evil of the same nature, as it in a manner starves posterity, and defrauds our country of those persons who, with due care, might make an eminent figure in their respective posts of life.

‘ I have seen a book written by Juan Huartes, a Spanish physician, entitled *Examen de Ingenios*, wherein he lays it down as one of his first positions, that nothing but nature can qualify a man for learning; and that without a proper temperament for the particular art or science which he studies, his utmost pains and application, assisted by the ablest masters, will be to no purpose.

‘ He illustrates this by the example of Tully’s son Marcus.

‘ Cicero, in order to accomplish his son in that sort of learning which he designed him for, sent him to Athens, the most celebrated academy at that time in the world, and where a vast concourse, out of the most polite nations, could not but furnish the young gentleman with a multitude of great examples and accidents that might insensibly have instructed him in his designed studies: he placed him under the care of Cratippus, who was one of the greatest philosophers of the age; and, as if all the books which were at that time written had not been sufficient for his use, he composed others on purpose for him: notwith-

standing all this, history informs us, that Marcus proved a mere blockhead, and that nature, who it seems was even with the son for her prodigality to the father, rendered him incapable of improving by all the rules of eloquence, the precepts of philosophy, his own endeavours, and the most refined conversation in Athens. The author therefore proposes, that there should be certain triers or examiners appointed by the state to inspect the genius of every particular boy, and to allot him the part that is most suitable to his natural talents.

‘Plato, in one of his dialogues, tells us that Socrates, who was the son of a midwife, used to say, that as his mother, though she was very skilful in her profession, could not deliver a woman unless she was first with child, so neither could he himself raise knowledge out of a mind where nature had not planted it.

‘Accordingly the method this philosopher took, of instructing his scholars by several interrogatories or questions, was only helping the birth, and bringing their own thoughts to light.

‘The Spanish doctor abovementioned, as his speculations grew more refined, asserts, that every kind of wit has a particular science corresponding to it, and in which alone it can be truly excellent. As to those geniuses which may seem to have an equal aptitude for several things, he regards them as so many unfinished pieces of nature wrought off in haste.

‘There are, indeed, but very few to whom nature has been so unkind, that they are not capable of shining in some science or other. There is a certain bias towards knowledge in every

mind, which may be strengthened and improved by proper applications.

‘The story of Clavius* is very well known, he was entered into a college of Jesuits, and after having been tried at several parts of learning, was upon the point of being dismissed as a hopeless blockhead, till one of the fathers took it into his head to make an essay of his parts in geometry; which it seems hit his genius so luckily, that he afterwards became one of the greatest mathematicians of the age. It is commonly thought that the sagacity of the fathers in discovering the talent of a young student has not a little contributed to the figure which their order has made in the world.

‘How different from this manner of education is that which prevails in our own country, where nothing is more usual than to see forty or fifty boys of several ages, tempers, and inclinations, ranged together in the same class, employed upon the same authors, and enjoined the same tasks? Whatever their natural genius may be, they are all to be made poets, historians, and orators alike: they are all obliged to have the same capacity, to bring in the same tale of verse, and to furnish out the same portion of prose: every boy is bound to have as good a memory as the captain of the form. To be brief, instead of adapting studies to the particular genius of a youth, we expect from the young man that he should adapt his genius to his studies. This, I must confess, is not so much to be imputed to the instructor as to the parent, who

* Christopher Clavius, an astronomer and geometrician. He published five volumes in folio, 1607.

will never be brought to believe that his son is not capable of performing as much as his neighbours, and that he may not make him whatever he has a mind to.

‘ If the present age is more laudable than those which have gone before it in any single particular, it is in that generous care which several well-disposed persons have taken in the education of poor children; and as in these charity schools there is no place left for the overweening fondness of a parent, the directors of them would make them beneficial to the public, if they considered the precept which I have been thus long inculcating. They might easily, by well examining the parts of those under their inspection, make a just distribution of them into proper classes and divisions, and allot to them this or that particular study, as their genius qualifies them for professions, trades, handicrafts, or service by sea or land.

‘ How is this kind of regulation wanting in the three great professions?

‘ Dr. South complaining of persons who took upon them holy orders, though altogether unqualified for the sacred function, says somewhere, that many a man runs his head against a pulpit, who might have done his country excellent service at the plough-tail.

‘ In like manner many a lawyer, who makes but an indifferent figure at the bar, might have made a very elegant waterman, and have shined at the Temple-stairs, though he can get no business in the house.

‘ I have known a corn-cutter, who with a right *education* would have made an excellent physician.

‘To descend lower, are not our streets filled with sagacious draymen, and politicians in liveries? We have several tailors of six feet high, and meet with many a broad pair of shoulders that are thrown away upon a barber, when perhaps at the same time we see a pigmy porter reeling under a burden, who might have managed a needle with much dexterity, or have snapped his fingers with great ease to himself and advantage to the public.

‘The Spartans, though they acted with the spirit which I am here speaking of, carried it much farther than what I propose. Among them it was not lawful for the father himself to bring up his children after his own fancy. As soon as they were seven years old they were all listed in several companies, and disciplined by the public.

The old men were spectators of their performances, who often raised quarrels among them, and set them at strife with one another, that by these early discoveries they might see how their several talents lay, and without any regard to their quality, dispose of them accordingly for the service of the commonwealth. By this means Sparta soon became the mistress of Greece, and famous through the whole world for her civil and military discipline.

‘If you think this letter deserves a place among your speculations, I may perhaps trouble you with some other thoughts on the same subject.*

‘I am, &c.’

BUDGELL

X.

* See Nos. 313 and 337.

No. 308. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22.

~~—~~*Jam protorvā**Fronte petet Lalage maritum.* HOR. OD.~~—~~Lalage will soon proclaim

Her love, nor blush to own her flame. CREECH.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I give you this trouble in order to propose myself to you as an assistant in the weighty cares which you have thought fit to undergo for the public good. I am a very great lover of women, that is to say, honestly; and as it is natural to study what one likes, I have industriously applied myself to understand them. The present circumstance relating to them is, that I think there wants under you as a Spectator, a person to be distinguished and vested in the power and quality of a censor on marriages. I lodge at the Temple, and know, by seeing women come hither, and afterwards observing them conducted by their counsel to judges’ chambers, that there is a custom in case of making conveyance of a wife’s estate, that she is carried to a judge’s apartment, and left alone with him to be examined in private whether she has not been frightened or sweetened by her spouse into the act she is going to do, or whether it is of her own free will. Now if this be a method founded upon reason and equity, why should there not be also a proper officer for examining such as are entering into the state of matrimony, whether they are forced by parents on one side, or moved by *interest only* on the other, to come together, and

bring forth such awkward heirs as are the product of half love and constrained compliances? There is nobody, though I say it myself, would be fitter for this office than I am: for I am an ugly fellow of great wit and sagacity. My father was a hale country 'squire; my mother a witty beauty of no fortune: the match was made by consent of my mother's parents against her own; and I am the child of the rape on the wedding night; so that I am as healthy and as homely as my father, but as sprightly and agreeable as my mother. It would be of great ease to you if you would use me under you, that matches might be better regulated for the future, and we might have no more children of squabbles. I shall not reveal all my pretensions till I receive your answer; and am, sir, your most humble servant,

‘ MULES PALFREY.’

‘ MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ I am one of those unfortunate men within the city-walls, who am married to a woman of quality; but her temper is something different from that of lady Anvil. My lady's whole time and thoughts are spent in keeping up to the mode both in apparel and furniture. All the goods in my house have been changed three times in seven years. I have had seven children by her; and by our marriage articles, she was to have her apartment new furnished as often as she lay in. Nothing in our house is useful but that which is fashionable; my pewter holds out generally half a year, my plate a full twelvemonth; chairs are not fit to sit in that were made two years since, nor beds fit for any thing but to sleep in that have

value time as Fribble's wife does her pin-money, (see No. 295). We are pretty well assured that your indulgence to Trot was only in relation to country dances; however, we have deferred the issuing an order of council upon the premises, hoping to get you to join with us, that Trot, nor any of his clan, presume for the future to dance any but country dances, unless a hornpipe upon a festival day. If you will do this, you will oblige a great many ladies, and particularly

‘Your most humble servant,

York, Feb. 16.

‘ELIZ. SWEEPSTAKES.’

I never meant any other than that Mr. Trot should confine himself to country dances. And I further direct, that he shall take out none but his own relations according to their nearness of blood; but any gentlewoman may take out him.

THE SPECTATOR.

London, Feb. 21.

STEELE.

T.



No. 309. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23.

*Dî, quibus imperium est animarum, umbræque silentes,
Et Chaos, et Phlegethon, loca nocte silentia late:*

Sit mihi fas audita loqui! sit numine vestro

Pandere res altâ terrâ et carligine mersas.

VIRG.

Ye realms, yet unreveal'd to human sight,

Ye gods who rule the regions of the night,

Ye gliding ghosts, permit me to relate

The mystic wonders of your silent state. DRYDEN.

I HAVE before observed in general, that the persons whom Milton introduces into his poem

always discover such sentiments and behaviour as are in a peculiar manner conformable to their respective characters. Every circumstance in their speeches and actions is with great justness and delicacy adapted to the persons who speak and act. As the poet very much excels in this consistency of his characters, I shall beg leave to consider several passages of the second book in this light. That superior greatness and mock-majesty, which is ascribed to the prince of the fallen angels, is admirably preserved in the beginning of this book. His opening and closing the debate; his taking on himself that great enterprise, at the thought of which the whole infernal assembly trembled; his encountering the hideous phantom who guarded the gates of hell, and appeared to him in all his terrors; are instances of that proud and daring mind which could not brook submission even to Omnipotence.

Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast
With horrid strides: hell trembled as he strode:
Th' undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admir'd, not fear'd——

The same boldness and intrepidity of behaviour discovers itself in the several adventures which he meets with during his passage through the regions of unformed matter, and particularly in his address to those tremendous powers who are described as presiding over it.

The part of Moloch is likewise in all its circumstances full of that fire and fury which distinguish this spirit from the rest of the fallen angels. He is described in the first book as besmeared

with the blood of human sacrifices, and delighted with the tears of parents and the cries of children: in the second book he is marked out as the fiercest spirit that fought in heaven; and if we consider the figure which he makes in the sixth book where the battle of the angels is described, we find it every way answerable to the same furious enraged character.

———Where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloch, furious king, who him defy'd,
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of heav'n
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous: but anon
Down cloven to the waist, with shatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing.——

It may be worth while to observe, that Milton has represented this violent impetuous spirit, who is hurried on by such precipitate passions, as the first that rises in that assembly to give his opinion upon their present posture of affairs. Accordingly he declares himself abruptly for war, and appears incensed at his companions for losing so much time as even to deliberate upon it. All his sentiments are rash, audacious, and desperate. Such is that of arming themselves with their tortures, and turning their punishments upon him who inflicted them.

———No, let us rather choose,
Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once
O'er heaven's high towers to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the tort'rer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see

Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his angels; and his throne itself
Mixt with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented torments.—

His preferring annihilation to shame or misery, is also highly suitable to his character, as the comfort he draws from their disturbing the peace of heaven, that, if it be not victory, it is revenge, is a sentiment truly diabolical, and becoming the bitterness of this implacable spirit.

Belial is described in the first book as the idol of the lewd and luxurious. He is in the second book, pursuant to that description, characterized as timorous and slothful; and if we look into the sixth book, we find him celebrated in the battle of angels for nothing but that scoffing speech which he makes to Satan on their supposed advantage over the enemy. As his appearance is uniform, and of a piece, in these three several views, we find his sentiments in the infernal assembly every way conformable to his character. Such are his apprehensions of a second battle, his horrors of annihilation, his preferring to be miserable rather than not to be. I need not observe that the contrast of thought in this speech, and that which precedes it, gives an agreeable variety to the debate.

Mammon's character is so fully drawn in the first book, that the poet adds nothing to it in the second.

We were before told that he was the first who taught mankind to ransack the earth for gold and silver, and that he was the architect of Pandæmonium, or the infernal palace, where the evil spirits were to meet in council. His speech in

this book is every way suitable to so depraved a character. How proper is that reflection, of their being unable to taste the happiness of heaven, were they actually there, in the mouth of one, who, while he was in heaven, is said to have had his mind dazzled with the outward pomps and glories of the place, and to have been more intent on the riches of the pavement, than on the beatific vision. I shall also leave the reader to judge how agreeable the following sentiments are to the same character.

—————This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth heaven's all-ruling sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobscur'd,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Must'ring their rage, and heav'n resembles hell!
As he our darkness, can not we his light
Imitate when we please? This desert soil
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can heav'n show more?

Beelzebub, who is reckoned the second in dignity that fell, and is in the first book the second that awakens out of the trance, and confers with Satan upon the situation of their affairs, maintains his rank in the book now before us. There is a wonderful majesty described in his rising up to speak. He acts as a kind of moderator between the two opposite parties, and proposes a third undertaking, which the whole assembly gives into. The motion he makes of detaching one of their body in search of a new world is *grounded* upon a project devised by Satan, and

cursorily proposed by him in the following lines of the first book.

Space may produce new worlds, whereof so rife,
There went a fame in heaven, that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plan
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the sons of heaven:
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere;
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial spirits in bondage, nor th' abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature——

It is on this project that Beelzebub grounds his proposal:—

——What if we find
Some easier enterprise? There is a place
(If ancient and prophetic fame in heaven
Err not) another world, the happy seat
Of some new race call'd *Man*, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In power and excellence, but favour'd more
Of him who rules above: so was his will
Pronounc'd among the gods, and by an oath,
That shook heaven's whole circumference, confirm'd.

The reader may observe how just it was not to omit in the first book the project upon which the whole poem turns; as also that the prince of the fallen angels was the only proper person to give it birth, and that the next to him in dignity was the fittest to second and support it.

There is, besides, I think, something wonderfully beautiful, and very apt to affect the reader's imagination in this ancient prophecy or report in heaven, concerning the creation of man. No-

thing could show more the dignity of the species than this tradition which ran of them before their existence. They are represented to have been the talk of heaven before they were created. Virgil, in compliment to the Roman commonwealth, makes the heroes of it appear in their state of pre-existence; but Milton does a far greater honour to mankind in general, as he gives us a glimpse of them even before they are in being.

The rising of this great assembly is described in a very sublime and poetical manner.

Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote——

The diversions of the fallen angels, with the particular account of their place of habitation, are described with great pregnancy of thought and copiousness of invention. The diversions are every way suitable to beings who had nothing left them but strength and knowledge misapplied. Such are their contentions at the race, and in feats of arms, with their entertainment in the following lines:

Others with vast Typhæan rage more fell
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind: hell scarce holds the wild uproar.

Their music is employed in celebrating their own criminal exploits, and their discourse in sounding the unfathomable depths of fate, free-will, and foreknowledge.

The several circumstances in the description of *hell* are finely imagined, as the four rivers

which disgorge themselves into the sea of fire, the extremes of cold and heat, and the river of oblivion. The monstrous animals produced in that infernal world are represented by a single line, which gives us a more horrid idea of them than a much longer description would have done:

———Nature breeds

Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, unutterable, and *worse*
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire.

This episode of the fallen spirits, and their place of habitation, comes in very happily to unbend the mind of the reader from its attention to the debate. An ordinary poet would indeed have spun out so many circumstances to a great length, and by that means have weakened, instead of illustrated the principal fable.

The flight of Satan to the gates of hell is finely imagined.

I have already declared my opinion of the allegory (No. 273) concerning Sin and Death, which is however a very finished piece in its kind, when it is not considered as a part of an epic poem. The genealogy of the several persons is contrived with great delicacy. Sin is the daughter of Satan, and Death the offspring of Sin. The incestuous mixture between Sin and Death produces those monsters and hell-hounds which from time to time enter into their mother, and tear the bowels of her who gave them birth. These are the terrors of an evil conscience, and the proper fruits of Sin, which naturally rise from the apprehensions of Death. This last beautiful moral

1

is, I think, clearly intimated in the speech of Sin, where, complaining of this her dreadful issue, she adds:—

*Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death, my son and foe, who sets them on;
And me his parent would full soon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd—*

I need not mention to the reader the beautiful circumstance in the last part of this quotation. He will likewise observe how naturally the three persons concerned in this allegory are tempted by one common interest to enter into a confederacy together, and how properly Sin is made the portress of hell, and the only being that can open the gates to the world of tortures.

The descriptive part of this allegory is likewise very strong, and full of sublime ideas. The figure of death, the regal crown upon his head, his menace of Satan, his advancing to the combat, the outcry at his birth, are circumstances too noble to be passed over in silence; and extremely suitable to this King of Terrors. I need not mention the justness of thought which is observed in the generation of these several symbolical persons; that Sin was produced upon the first revolt of Satan; that Death appeared soon after he was cast into hell, and that the terrors of conscience were conceived at the gate of this place of torments. The description of the gates is very poetical, as the opening of them is full of Milton's spirit.

———On a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound

Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
Excell'd her power; the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a banner'd host
Under spread ensigns marching might pass through
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.

In Satan's voyage through the chaos there are several imaginary persons described as residing in that immense waste of matter. This may perhaps be conformable to the taste of those critics, who are pleased with nothing in a poet which has not life and manners ascribed to it; but for my own part, I am pleased most with those passages in this description which carry in them a greater measure of probability, and are such as might possibly have happened. Of this kind is his first mounting in the smoke that rises from the infernal pit, his falling into a cloud of nitre, and the like combustible materials, that by their explosion still hurried him forward in his voyage; his springing upward like a pyramid of fire, with his laborious passage through that confusion of elements, which the poet calls

‘The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave.’

The glimmering light which shot into the chaos from the utmost verge of the creation, with the distant discovery of the earth that hung close by the moon, are wonderfully beautiful and poetical.

ADDISON.

L.

the treaty between us. If it had proceeded, I should have behaved myself with all suitable regard to you; but, as it is, I beg we may be strangers for the future. Adieu. LYDIA.'

'This great indifference on this subject, and the mercenary motives for making alliances, is what I think lies naturally before you; and I beg of you to give me your thoughts upon it. My answer to Lydia was as follows, which I hope you will approve; for you are to know the woman's family affect a wonderful ease on these occasions, though they expect it should be painfully received on the man's side.

'MADAM,

'I have received yours, and knew the prudence of your house so well, that I always took care to be ready to obey your commands, though they should be to see you no more. Pray give my service to all the good family. Adieu.

'CLITOPHON.'

'The opera subscription is full.'

Memorandum. The censor of marriage to consider this letter, and report the common usages on such treaties, with how many pounds or acres are generally esteemed sufficient reason for preferring a new to an old pretender; with his opinion what is proper to be determined in such cases for the future.

'MR. SPECTATOR.

'There is an elderly person lately left off business, and settled in our town, in order, as he

thinks, to retire from the world; but he has brought with him such an inclination to tale-bearing, that he disturbs both himself and all our neighbourhood. Notwithstanding this frailty, the honest gentleman is so happy as to have no enemy; at the same time he has not one friend who will venture to acquaint him with his weakness. It is not to be doubted but if this failing were set in a proper light, he would quickly perceive the indecency and evil consequences of it. Now, sir, this being an infirmity which I hope may be corrected; and knowing that he pays much deference to you, I beg that when you are at leisure to give us a speculation on gossiping, you would think of my neighbour: you will thereby oblige several who will be glad to find a reformation in their gray-haired friend; and how becoming will it be for him, instead of pouring forth words at all adventures, to set a watch before the door of his mouth, to refrain his tongue, to check its impetuosity, and guard against the sallies of that little pert, forward, busy person; which, under a sober conduct, might prove a useful member of society? In compliance with those intimations, I have taken the liberty to make this address to you. I am, sir,

‘Your most obscure servant,

‘PHILANTHROPOS.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

Feb. 16, 1712.

‘This is to petition you in behalf of myself and many more of your gentle readers, that at any time when you may have private reasons against letting us know what you think yourself, you would be pleased to pardon us such letters

of your correspondents as seem to be of no use but to the printer.

‘It is further our humble request that you would substitute advertisements in the place of such epistles; and that in order hereunto, Mr. Buckley may be authorized to take up of your zealous friend Mr. Charles Lillie any quantity of words he shall from time to time have occasion for.

‘The many useful parts of knowledge which may be communicated to the public this way, will, we hope, be a consideration in favour of your petitioners.

‘And your petitioners, &c.’

Note. That particular regard be had to this petition, and the papers marked letter R may be carefully examined for the future.

STEELE.

T.



No. 311. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26.

*Nec Veneris pharetris mæcer est, aut lampade fervet:
Inde faces ardent, veniunt à dote sagittæ.* JOV. SAT.

He sighs, adores, and courts her every hour:
Who would not do as much for such a dower? DRYDEN

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I am amazed that among all the variety of characters with which you have enriched your speculations, you have never given us a picture of those audacious young fellows among us, who commonly go by the name of fortune-stealers.

You must know, sir, I am one who live in a continual apprehension of this sort of people that lie in wait, day and night, for our children, and may be considered as a kind of kidnappers within the law. I am the father of a young heiress, whom I begin to look upon as marriageable, and who has looked upon herself as such for above these six years. She is now in the eighteenth year of her age. The fortune-hunters have already cast their eyes upon her, and take care to plant themselves in her view whenever she appears in any public assembly. I have myself caught a young jack-a-napes with a pair of silver fringed gloves in the very fact. You must know, sir, I have kept her as a prisoner of state ever since she was in her teens. Her chamber windows are cross-barred; she is not permitted to go out of the house but with her keeper, who is a staid relation of my own; I have likewise forbid her the use of pen and ink for this twelvemonth last past, and do not suffer a band-box to be carried into her room before it has been searched. Notwithstanding these precautions, I am at my wits end for fear of any sudden surprise. There were, two or three nights ago, some fiddles heard in the street, which I am afraid portend me no good; not to mention a tall Irishman, that has been seen walking before my house, more than once this winter. My kinswoman likewise informs me, that the girl has talked to her twice or thrice of a gentleman in a fair wig, and that she loves to go to church more than ever she did in her life. She gave me the slip about a week ago; upon which my whole house was in alarm. I immediately despatched a hue and cry after her to the 'Change, to her

mantuamaker, and to the young ladies that visit her; but after above an hour's search she returned of herself, having been taking a walk, as she told me, by Rosamond's pond. I have hereupon turned off her woman, doubled her guards, and given new instructions to my relation, who, to give her her due, keeps a watchful eye over all her motions. This, sir, keeps me in a perpetual anxiety, and makes me very often watch when my daughter sleeps, as I am afraid she is even with me in her turn. Now, sir, what I would desire of you is, to represent to this fluttering tribe of young fellows, who are for making their fortunes by these indirect means, that stealing a man's daughter for the sake of her portion is but a kind of a tolerated robbery; and that they make but poor amends to the father, whom they plunder after this manner by going to bed with his child. Dear sir, be speedy in your thoughts on this subject, that, if possible, they may appear before the disbanding of the army. I am, sir,

‘Your most humble servant,

‘TIM WATCHWELL.’

Themistocles, the great Athenian general, being asked, whether he would choose to marry his daughter to an indigent man of merit, or to a worthless man of an estate? replied, that he should prefer a man without an estate to an estate without a man. The worst of it is, our modern fortune-hunters are those who turn their heads that way, because they are good for nothing else. If a young fellow finds he can make nothing of Coke and Littleton, he provides himself with a ladder of ropes, and by that means very often enters upon the premises.

The same art of scaling has likewise been practised with good success by many military engineers. Stratagems of this nature make parts and industry superfluous, and cut short the way to riches.

Nor is vanity a less motive than idleness to this kind of mercenary pursuit. A fop, who admires his person in a glass, soon enters into a resolution of making his fortune by it, not questioning but every woman that falls in his way will do him as much justice as he does himself. When an heiress sees a man throwing particular graces into his ogle, or talking loud within her hearing, she ought to look to herself; but if withal she observes a pair of red heels, a patch, or any other particularity in his dress, she can not take too much care of her person. These are baits not to be trifled with, charms that have done a world of execution, and made their way into hearts which have been thought impregnable. The force of a man with these qualifications is so well known, that I am credibly informed there are several female undertakers about the 'Change, who upon the arrival of a likely man out of a neighbouring kingdom, will furnish him with a proper dress from head to foot, to be paid for at a double price on the day of marriage.

We must, however, distinguish between fortune-hunters and fortune-stealers. The first are those assiduous gentlemen who employ their whole lives in the chase, without ever coming at the quarry. Suffenus has combed and powdered at the ladies for thirty years together, and taken his stand in a side box, till he is grown wrinkled under their eyes. He is now laying the same

snares for the present generation of beauties, which he practised on their mothers. Cottilus, after having made his applications to more than you meet with in Mr. Cowley's ballad of mistresses, was at last smitten with a city lady of £20,000 sterling, but died of old age before he could bring matters to bear. Nor must I here omit my worthy friend Mr. Honeycomb, who has often told us in the club, that for twenty years successively, upon the death of a childless rich man, he immediately drew on his boots, called for his horse, and made up to the widow. When he is rallied upon his ill success, Will, with his usual gaiety, tells us that he always found her pre-engaged.

Widows are indeed the great game of your fortune-hunters. There is scarce a young fellow in the town of six feet high, that has not passed in review before one or other of these wealthy relicts. Hudibras's Cupid, who

— took his stand

Upon a widow's jointure land,

is daily employed in throwing darts, and kindling flames. But as for widows, they are such a subtle generation of people, that they may be left to their own conduct; or, if they make a false step in it, they are answerable for it to nobody but themselves. The young innocent creatures, who have no knowledge and experience of the world, are those whose safety I would principally consult in this speculation. The stealing of such a one should, in my opinion, be as punishable as a rape. Where there is no judgment there is no choice; and why the inveigling a woman before

she is come to years of discretion, should not be as criminal as the seducing of her before she is ten years old, I am at a loss to comprehend.

ADDISON.

L.



No. 312. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27.

Quod huic officium, quæ laus, quod decus erit tanti, quod adipisci cum dolore corporis velit, qui dolorem summum malum sibi persuaserit? Quam porro quis ignominiam, quam turpitudinem non pertulerit, ut effugiat dolorem, si id summum malum esse decreverit?

TULL.

What duty will a man perform, what praise, what honour, will he think worth purchasing, at the expense of his ease, who is persuaded that pain is the greatest of evils? And what ignominy, what baseness, will he not submit to, in order to avoid pain, if he has determined it to be the worst of misfortunes?

It is a very melancholy reflection, that men are usually so weak, that it is absolutely necessary for them to know sorrow and pain, to be in their right senses. Prosperous people (for happy there are none) are hurried away with a fond sense of their present condition, and thoughtless of the mutability of fortune. Fortune is a term which we must use in such discourses as these, for what is wrought by the unseen hand of the Disposer of all things. But, methinks, the disposition of a mind which is truly great, is that which makes misfortunes and sorrows little when they befall ourselves, great and lamentable when they befall other men. The most unpardonable malefactor in the world, going to his death and

bearing it with composure, would win the pity of those who should behold him; and this not because his calamity is deplorable, but because he seems himself not to deplore it: we suffer for him who is less sensible of his own misery, and are inclined to despise him who sinks under the weight of his distresses. On the other hand, without any touch of envy, a temperate and well-governed mind looks down on such as are exalted with success, with a certain shame for the imbecility of human nature, that can so far forget how liable it is to calamity, as to grow giddy with only the suspense of sorrow, which is the portion of all men. He therefore who turns his face from the unhappy man, who will not look again when his eye is cast upon modest sorrow, who shuns affliction like a contagion, does but pamper himself up for a sacrifice, and contract in himself a greater aptitude to misery by attempting to escape it. A gentleman where I happened to be last night, fell into a discourse which I thought showed a good discerning in him: he took notice that whenever men have looked into their heart for the idea of true excellence in human nature, they have found it to consist in suffering after a right manner, and with a good grace. Heroes are always drawn bearing sorrows, struggling with adversities, undergoing all kinds of hardships, and having in the service of mankind a kind of appetite to difficulties and dangers. The gentleman went on to observe, that it is from this secret sense of the high merit which there is in patience under calamities that the writers of romances, when they attempt to furnish out characters of *the highest excellence*, ransack nature for things

terrible; they raise a new creation of monsters, dragons and giants; where the danger ends, the hero ceases; when he has won an empire, or gained his mistress, the rest of his story is not worth relating. My friend carried his discourse so far as to say, that it was for higher beings than men to join happiness and greatness in the same idea; but that in our condition we have no conception of superlative excellence or heroism, but as it is surrounded with a shade of distress.

It is certainly the proper education we should give ourselves, to be prepared for the ill events and accidents we are to meet with in a life sentenced to be a scene of sorrow: but instead of this expectation, we soften ourselves with prospects of constant delight, and destroy in our minds the seeds of fortitude and virtue, which should support us in hours of anguish. The constant pursuit of pleasure has in it something insolent and improper for our being. There is a pretty sober liveliness in the ode of Horace to Delius, where he tells him, loud mirth or immoderate sorrow, inequality of behaviour either in prosperity or adversity, are alike ungraceful in man that is born to die. Moderation in both circumstances is peculiar to generous minds; men of that sort ever taste the gratifications of health, and all other advantages of life, as if they were liable to part with them, and when bereft of them, resign them with a greatness of mind which shows they know their value and duration. The contempt of pleasure is a certain preparatory for the contempt of pain; without this, the mind is as it were taken suddenly by an unforeseen event; but he that has always, during health and pros-

perity, been abstinent in his satisfactions, enjoys, in the worst of difficulties, the reflection that his anguish is not aggravated with the comparison of past pleasures which upbraid his present condition. Tully tells us a story after Pompey which gives us a good taste of the pleasant manner the men of wit and philosophy had in old times, of alleviating the distresses of life by the force of reason and philosophy. Pompey, when he came to Rhodes, had a curiosity to visit the famous philosopher Possidonius; but finding him in his sick-bed, he bewailed the misfortune that he should not hear a discourse from him; but you may, answered Possidonius; and immediately entered into the point of Stoical philosophy, which says pain is not an evil. During the discourse, upon every puncture he felt from his distemper, he smiled and cried out, 'Pain, pain, be as impertinent and troublesome as you please, I shall never own that thou art an evil.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'Having seen in several of your papers, a concern for the honour of the clergy, and their doing every thing as becomes their character, and particularly performing the public service with a due zeal and devotion, I am the more encouraged to lay before them, by your means, several expressions used by some of them in their prayers before sermon, which I am not well satisfied in: as their giving some titles and epithets to great men, which are indeed due to them in their several ranks and stations, but not properly used, I think, in our prayers. Is it not contradiction to say, illustrious, right reverend, and right

honourable poor sinners? These distinctions are suited only to our state here, and have no place in heaven: we see they are omitted in the liturgy; which I think the clergy should take for their pattern in their own forms of devotion.* There is another expression which I would not mention, but that I have heard it several times before a learned congregation, to bring in the last petition of the prayer in these words, "O let not the Lord be angry and I will speak but this once;" as if there was no difference between Abraham's interceding for Sodom, for which he had no warrant as we can find, and our asking those things which we are required to pray for: they would therefore have much more reason to fear his anger if they did not make such petitions to him. There is another pretty fancy: when a young man has a mind to let us know who gave him his scarf, he speaks a parenthesis to the Almighty, "bless, as I am in duty bound to pray, the right honourable the Countess;" is not that as much as to say, "bless her, for thou knowest I am her chaplain?"

‘Your humble servant,

‘J. O.’

T.

STEELE.

* The following passage stood in the original folio edition: ‘Another expression, which I take to be improper, is the *whole race* of mankind,’ when they pray for all men; for race signifies lineage or descent; and if the race of mankind may be used for the present generation, though I think not very fitly, the whole race takes in all from the beginning to the end of the world.

No. 313. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28.

*Exigite ut mores teneros seu pollice ducat,
Ut si quis cerâ vultum facit.* JUV. SAT.

Bid him besides his daily pains employ
To form the tender manners of the boy,
And work him like a waxen babe, with art,
To perfect symmetry in every part. CH. DRYDEN.

I SHALL give the following letter no other recommendation, than by telling my readers that it comes from the same hand with that of last Thursday.

‘SIR,

‘I send you, according to my promise, some farther thoughts on the education of youth, in which I intend to discuss that famous question, “whether the education at a public school, or under a private tutor, is to be preferred?” (See Nos. 307, 337.)

‘As some of the greatest men in most ages have been of very different opinions in this matter, I shall give a short account of what I think may be best urged on both sides, and afterwards leave every person to determine for himself.

‘It is certain from Suetonius, that the Romans thought the education of their children a business properly belonging to the parents themselves; and Plutarch, in the life of Marcus Cato, tells us, that as soon as his son was capable of learning, *Cato* would suffer nobody to teach him but himself, though he had a servant named Chilo, who

was an excellent grammarian, and who taught a great many other youths.

‘ On the contrary, the Greeks seemed more inclined to public schools and seminaries.

‘ A private education promises, in the first place, virtue and good breeding; a public school, manly assurance, and an early knowledge in the ways of the world.

‘ Mr. Locke, in his celebrated treatise of education, confesses that there are inconveniences to be feared on both sides: “ If,” says he, “ I keep my son at home, he is in danger of becoming my young master; if I send him abroad, it is scarce possible to keep him from the reigning contagion of rudeness and vice. He will perhaps be more innocent at home, but more ignorant of the world, and more sheepish when he comes abroad.” However, as this learned author asserts, “ That virtue is much more difficult to be obtained than a knowledge of the world; and that vice is a more stubborn, as well as a more dangerous fault than sheepishness, he is altogether for a private education; and the more so, because he does not see why a youth, with right management, might not attain the same assurance in his father’s house as at a public school. To this end he advises parents to accustom their sons to whatever strange faces come to the house; to take them with them when they visit their neighbours, and to engage them in conversation with men of parts and breeding.”

‘ It may be objected to this method, that conversation is not the only thing necessary; but that unless it be a conversation with such as are in some measure their equals in parts and years,

there can be no room for emulation, contention, and several of the most lively passions of the mind; which, without being sometimes moved by these means, may possibly contract a dullness and insensibility.

‘One of the greatest writers our nation ever produced observes, that a boy who forms parties, and makes himself popular in a school or a college, would act the same part with equal ease in a senate or a privy-council: and Mr. Osburn, speaking like a man versed in the ways of the world, affirms, that the well-laying and carrying on of a design to rob an orchard, trains up a youth insensibly to caution, secrecy and circumspection, and fits him for matters of greater importance.

• In short, a private education seems the most natural method for the forming of a virtuous man; a public education, for making a man of business. The first would furnish out a good subject for Plato’s republic; the latter, a member for a company over-run with artifice and corruption.

‘It must however be confessed, that a person at the head of a public school has sometimes so many boys under his direction, that it is impossible he should extend a due proportion of his care to each of them.—This is however in reality the fault of the age: in which we often see twenty parents, who, though each expects his son should be made a scholar, are not contented altogether to make it worth while for any man of a liberal education to take upon him the care of their instruction.

‘In our great schools indeed this fault has been of late years rectified; so that we have at present

not only ingenious men for the chief masters, but such as have proper ushers and assistants under them. I must nevertheless own, that for the want of the same encouragement in the country, we have many a promising genius spoiled and abused in those little seminaries.

‘I am the more inclined to this opinion, having myself experienced the usage of two rural masters, each of them very unfit for the trust they took upon them to discharge. The first imposed much more upon me than my parts, though none of the weakest, could endure; and used me barbarously for not performing impossibilities. The latter was of quite another temper; and a boy who would run upon his errands, wash his coffee-pot, or ring the bell, might have as little conversation with any of the classics as he thought fit. I have known a lad at this place excused his exercise for assisting the cook-maid; and remember a neighbouring gentleman’s son was among us five years, most of which time he employed in airing and watering our master’s gray pad. I scorned to compound for my faults by doing any of these elegant offices, and was accordingly the best scholar, and the worst used of any boy in the school.

‘I shall conclude this discourse with an advantage mentioned by Quintilian, as accompanying a public way of education, which I have not yet taken notice of: namely, that we very often contract such friendships at school as are of service to us all the following parts of our lives.

‘I shall give you under this head a story very well known to several persons, and which you may depend upon as real truth.

‘Every one who is acquainted with Westminster school knows that there is a curtain which used to be drawn across the room, to separate the upper school from the lower. A youth happened, by some mischance, to tear the above-mentioned curtain; the severity of the master was too well known for the criminal to expect any pardon for such a fault; so that the boy, who was of a meek temper, was terrified to death at the thoughts of his appearance; when his friend, who sat next to him, bade him be of good cheer, for that he would take the fault on himself. He kept his word accordingly. As soon as they were grown up to be men, the civil war broke out, in which our two friends took the opposite sides; one of them followed the parliament, the other the royal party.

‘As their tempers were different, the youth who had torn the curtain endeavoured to raise himself on the civil list, and the other who had borne the blame of it on the military: the first succeeded so well, that he was in a short time made a judge under the protector. The other was engaged in the unhappy enterprise of Penruddock and Grove in the west. I suppose, sir, I need not acquaint you with the event of that undertaking. Every one knows that the royal party was routed, and all the heads of them, among whom was the curtain champion, imprisoned at Exeter. It happened to be his friend’s lot at that time to go the western circuit: the trial of the rebels, as they were then called, was very short, and nothing now remained but to pass sentence on them; when the judge, hearing *the name* of his old friend, and observing his face

more attentively, which he had not seen for many years, asked him if he was not formerly a Westminster scholar; by the answer he was soon convinced that it was his former generous friend; and without saying any thing more at that time, made the best of his way to London, where, employing all his power and interest with the protector, he saved his friend from the fate of his unhappy associates.

‘The gentleman whose life was thus preserved by the gratitude of his school-fellow, was afterwards the father of a son whom he lived to see promoted in the church, and who still deservedly fills one of the highest stations in it.’*

BUDGELL.

X.



No. 314. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 29.

Tandem desine matrem

Tempestiva sequi viro.

HOR.

Attend thy mother's heels no more,

Now grown mature for man, and ripe for joy. CREECH.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

Feb. 7, 1712.

‘I AM a young man about eighteen years of age, and have been in love with a young woman

* The gentleman whose life was preserved in the civil war by the gratitude of his school-fellow, was the father of archbishop Wake, as we are informed by Dr. Grey, in his edition of Hudibras, vol. i. p. 392; and there is little doubt that judge Nicholas was the judge, as he tried Penruddock. See State Trials, vol. ii. p. 260. Every reader must be pleased with knowing who Erskine and Freeport were.

of the same age about this half year. I go to see her six days in the week, but never could have the happiness of being with her alone. If any of her friends are at home she will see me in their company; but if they be not in the way, she flies to her chamber. I can discover no signs of her aversion; but either a fear of falling into the toils of matrimony, or a childish timidity, deprives us of an interview apart, and drives us upon the difficulty of languishing out our lives in fruitless expectation. Now, Mr. Spectator, if you think us ripe for economy, persuade the dear creature, that to pine away into barrenness and deformity, under a mother's shade, is not so honourable, nor does she appear so amiable as she would in full bloom.'

[There is a great deal left out before he concludes.]

' Mr. Spectator,

' Your humble servant,

' BOB HARMLESS.'

If this gentleman be really no more than eighteen, I must do him the justice to say, he is the most knowing infant I have yet met with. He does not, I fear, yet understand, that all he thinks of is another woman; therefore, until he has given a further account of himself, the young lady is hereby directed to keep close to her mother.

THE SPECTATOR.

I can not comply with the request in Mr. Trot's letter; but let it go just as it came to my hands, for being so familiar with the old gentleman, as rough as he is to him. Since Mr. Trot has an ambition to make him his father-in-law,

he ought to treat him with more respect; besides, his style to me might have been more distant than he has thought fit to afford me: moreover, his mistress shall continue in her confinement till he has found out which word in his letter is not rightly spelt.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I shall ever own myself your obliged humble servant for the advice you gave me concerning my dancing, which unluckily came too late; for, as I said, I would not leave off capering till I had your opinion of the matter. I was at our famous assembly the day before I received your papers, and there was observed by an old gentleman, who was informed I had a respect for his daughter; he told me I was an insignificant little fellow, and said that for the future he would take care of his child, so that he did not doubt but to cross my amorous inclinations. The lady is confined to her chamber, and for my part, I am ready to hang myself with the thoughts that I have danced myself out of favour with her father. I hope you will pardon the trouble I give; but shall take it for a mighty favour, if you will give me a little more of your advice to put me in a right way to cheat the old dragon and obtain my mistress. I am once more, sir,

‘Your obliged humble servant,

‘JOHN TROT.’

York, Feb. 23, 1712.

‘Let me desire you to make what alterations you please, and insert this as soon as possible. Pardon mistakes by haste.’

I NEVER do pardon mistakes by haste.

THE SPECTATOR.

‘SIR,

Feb. 27, 1712

‘Pray be so kind as to let me know what you esteem to be the chief qualification of a good poet, especially of one who writes plays; and you will very much oblige, sir,

‘Your very humble servant, N. B.’

To be a very well bred man.

THE SPECTATOR.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘You are to know that I am naturally brave, and love fighting as well as any man in England. This gallant temper of mine makes me extremely delighted with battles on the stage. I give you this trouble to complain to you, that Nicolini refused to gratify me in that part of the opera for which I have most taste. I observe it has become a custom, that whenever any gentlemen are particularly pleased with a song at their crying out *encore* or *altro volto*, the performer is so obliging as to sing it over again. I was at the opera the last time *Hydaspes* was performed. At that part of it where the hero engages with the lion, the graceful manner with which he put that terrible monster to death, gave me so great a pleasure, and at the same time so just a sense of that gentleman’s intrepidity and conduct, that I could not forbear desiring a repetition of it, by crying out *altro volto* in a very audible voice; and my friends flatter me, that I pronounced those words *with a tolerable good accent*, considering that was

but the third opera I had ever seen in my life. Yet, notwithstanding all this, there was so little regard had to me, that the lion was carried off, and went to bed without being killed any more that night. Now, sir, pray consider that I did not understand a word of what Mr. Nicolini said to this cruel creature, besides I have no ear for music: so that during the long dispute between them the whole entertainment I had was from my eyes. Why then have not I as much right to have a graceful action repeated as another has a pleasing sound, since he only hears, as I only see, and we neither of us know that there is any reasonable thing a-doing? Pray, sir, settle the business of this claim in the audience, and let us know when we may cry '*altro volto,*' *Anglicè,* 'again, again,' for the future. I am an Englishman, and expect some reason or other to be given me, and perhaps an ordinary one may serve; but I expect your answer. I am, sir,

‘Your most humble servant,
‘TOBY RENTFREE.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘You must give me leave, amongst the rest of your female correspondents, to address you about an affair which has already given you many a speculation; and which I know, I need not tell you, has had a very happy influence over the adult part of our sex; but as many of us as are either too old to learn, or too obstinate in the pursuit of the vanities which have been bred up with us from our infancy, and all of us quitting the stage whilst you are prompting us to act our part well; you ought, methinks, rather to turn

your instructions for the benefit of that part of our sex who are yet in their native innocence, and ignorant of the vices and that variety of unhappinesses that reign amongst us.

‘I must tell you, Mr. Spectator, that it is as much a part of your office to oversee the education of the female part of the nation as of the male; and to convince the world you are not partial, pray proceed to detect the mal-administration of governesses as successfully as you have exposed that of pedagogues; and rescue our sex from the prejudice and tyranny of education, as well as that of your own, who, without your seasonable interposition, are like to improve upon the vices that are now in vogue.

‘I, who know the dignity of your post as Spectator, and the authority a skilful eye ought to bear in the female world, could not forbear consulting you, and beg your advice in so critical a point as is that of the education of young gentlewomen.—Having already provided myself with a very convenient house in a good air, I am not without hope but that you will promote this generous design. I must farther tell you, sir, that all who shall be committed to my conduct, besides the usual accomplishments of the needle, dancing, and the French tongue, shall not fail to be your constant readers. It is therefore my humble petition, that you will entertain the town on this important subject, and so far oblige a stranger, as to raise a curiosity and inquiry in my behalf, by publishing the following advertisement. I am, sir,

‘Your constant admirer,

‘M. W.’

ADVERTISEMENT.

‘The boarding school for young gentlewomen, which was formerly kept on Mile-End-Green, being laid down, there is now one set up almost opposite to it, at the two Golden Balls, and much more convenient in every respect, where, besides the common instructions given to young gentlewomen, they will be taught the whole art of pastry and preserving, with whatever may render them accomplished. Those who please to make trial of the vigilance and ability of the persons concerned, may inquire at the two Golden Balls on Mile-End-Green, near Stepney, where they will receive further satisfaction.’

‘This is to give notice, that the Spectator has taken upon him to be visitant of all boarding-schools where young women are educated; and designs to proceed in the said office after the same manner that the visitants of colleges do in the two famous universities of this land.’

‘All lovers who write to the Spectator, are desired to forbear one expression which is in most of the letters to him, either out of laziness or want of invention, and is true of not above two thousand women in the whole world, viz. ‘She has in her all that is valuable in woman.’

STEELE.

T.

No. 315. SATURDAY, MARCH 1.

*Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit*——

HOR. ARS. POET.

Never presume to make a god appear,
But for a business worthy of a god. ROSCOMMON.

HORACE advises a poet to consider thoroughly the nature and force of his genius. Milton seems to have known perfectly well wherein his strength lay, and has therefore chosen a subject entirely conformable to those talents of which he was master. As his genius was wonderfully turned to the sublime, his subject is the noblest that could have entered into the thoughts of man. Every thing that is truly great and astonishing has a place in it; the whole system of the intellectual world, the chaos, and the creation, heaven, earth, and hell, enter into the constitution of his poem.

Having in the first and second books represented the infernal world with all its horrors, the thread of his fable naturally leads him into the opposite regions of bliss and glory.

If Milton's majesty forsakes him any where it is in those parts of his poem where the divine persons are introduced as speakers. One may, I think, observe that the author proceeds with a kind of fear and trembling whilst he describes the sentiments of the Almighty: he dares not give his imagination its full play, but chooses to confine himself to such thoughts as are drawn from the books of the most orthodox divines, and to such expressions as may be met with in *scripture*.—The beauties, therefore, which we

are to look for in these speeches are not of a poetical nature, nor so proper to fill the mind with sentiments of grandeur as with thoughts of devotion. The passions which they are designed to raise, are a divine love and religious fear. The particular beauty of the speeches in the third book consists in that shortness and perspicuity of style, in which the poet has couched the greatest mysteries of Christianity, and drawn together, in a regular scheme, the whole dispensation of Providence with respect to man. He has represented all the abstruse doctrines of predestination, free will, and grace, as also the great points of incarnation and redemption, which naturally grow up in a poem that treats of the fall of man, with great energy of expression, and in a clearer and stronger light than I ever met with in any other writer. As these points are dry in themselves to the generality of readers, the concise and clear manner in which he has treated them is very much to be admired, as is likewise that particular art which he has made use of in the interspersing of all those graces of poetry which the subject was capable of receiving.

The survey of the whole creation, and of every thing that is transacted in it, is a prospect worthy of Omniscience, and as much above that in which Virgil has drawn his Jupiter, as the Christian idea of the Supreme Being is more rational and sublime than that of the heathen. The particular objects on which he is described to have cast his eye are represented in the most beautiful and lively manner.

Now had the Almighty Father from above,
From the pure empyrean where he sits

High thron'd above all height, bent down his eye,
His own works and their works at once to view.
About him all the sanctities of heaven
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd
Beatitude past utterance: on his right
The radiant image of his glory sat,
His only Son. On earth he first beheld
Our two first parents, yet the only two
Of mankind, in the happy garden placed,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love:
Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love,
In blissful solitude. He then survey'd
Hell, and the gulf between, and Satan there
Coasting the wall of heaven on this side night,
In the dun air sublime; and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
Firm land imbosom'd without firmament,
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air:
Him God beholding from his prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future, he beholds,
Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake.

Satan's approach to the confines of the creation is finely imaged in the beginning of the speech which immediately follows. The effects of this speech in the blessed spirits, and in the divine person to whom it was addressed, can not but fill the mind of the reader with a secret pleasure and complacency.

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
All heaven, and in the bless'd spirits elect
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd.
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious; in him all his Father shone
Substantially express'd, and in his face
Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without measure grace.

I need not point out the beauty of that circumstance wherein the whole host of angels are represented as standing mute; nor show how proper the occasion was to produce such a silence in heaven. The close of this divine colloquy, with the hymn of angels that follows upon it, are so wonderfully beautiful and poetical, that I should not forbear inserting the whole passage, if the bounds of my paper would give me leave.

No sooner had the Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of angels with a shout,
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy, heaven rung
With jubilee, and loud hosannas fill'd
Th' eternal regions, &c. &c.——

Satan's walk upon the outside of the universe, which, at a distance appeared to him of a globular form, but upon his nearer approach, looked like an unbounded plain, is natural and noble; as his roaming upon the frontiers of the creation, between that mass of matter which was wrought into a world, and that shapeless unformed heap of materials which still lay in chaos and confusion, strikes the imagination with something astonishingly great and wild. I have before spoken of the limbo of vanity, which the poet places upon this outermost surface of the universe, and shall here explain myself more at large on that and other parts of the poem which are of the same shadowy nature.

Aristotle observes, that the fable of an epic poem should abound in circumstances that are both credible and astonishing; or as the French critics choose to phrase it, the fable should be filled

with the probable and the marvellous. This rule is as fine and just as any in Aristotle's whole art of poetry.

If the fable is only probable, it differs nothing from a true history: if it is only marvellous, it is no better than a romance. The great secret, therefore, of heroic poetry, is to relate such circumstances as may produce in the reader at the same time both belief and astonishment. This is brought to pass, in a well-chosen fable, by the account of such things as have really happened, or, at least, of such things as have happened according to the received opinions of mankind. Milton's fable is a masterpiece of this nature; as the war in heaven, the condition of the fallen angels, the state of innocence, the temptation of the serpent, and the fall of man, though they are very astonishing in themselves, are not only credible but actual points of faith.

The next method of reconciling miraeles with credibility is by a happy invention of the poet; as in particular, when he introduces agents of a superior nature, who are capable of effecting what is wonderful, and what is not to be met with in the ordinary course of things. Ulysses's ship being turned into a rock, and Æneas's fleet into a shoal of water-nymphs, though they are very surprising accidents, are nevertheless probable, when we are told that they were the gods who thus transformed them. It is this kind of machinery which fills the poems both of Homer and Virgil with such circumstances as are wonderful, but not impossible, and so frequently produce in the reader the most pleasing passion that can rise in the mind of man, which is admiration. If

there be any instance in the *Æneid* liable to exception upon this account, it is in the beginning of the third book, where *Æneas* is represented as tearing up the myrtle that dropped blood. To qualify this wonderful circumstance, Polydorus tells a story from the root of the myrtle, that the barbarous inhabitants of the country, having pierced him with spears and arrows, the wood which was left in his body took root in his wounds, and gave birth to that bleeding tree. This circumstance seems to have the marvellous without the probable, because it is represented as proceeding from natural causes, without the interposition of any god or other supernatural power capable of producing it. The spears and arrows grew of themselves, without so much as the modern help of enchantment. If we look into the fiction of Milton's fable, though we find it full of surprising incidents, they are generally suited to our notions of the things and persons described, and tempered with a due measure of probability. I must only make an exception to the *limbo of vanity*, with his episode of Sin and Death, and some of the imaginary persons in his chaos. These passages are astonishing, but not credible; the reader can not so far impose upon himself as to see a possibility in them; they are the descriptions of dreams and shadows, not of things or persons. I know that many critics look upon the stories of Circe, Polypheme, the Sirens, nay, the whole *Odyssey* and *Iliad*, to be allegories: but allowing this to be true, they are fables which, considering the opinions of mankind that prevailed in the age of the poet, might possibly have been according to the letter. The persons are

such as might have acted what is ascribed to them, as the circumstances in which they are represented might possibly have been truths and realities. This appearance of probability is so absolutely requisite in the greater kinds of poetry, that Aristotle observes, the ancient tragic writers made use of the names of such great men as had actually lived in the world, though the tragedy proceeded upon adventures they were never engaged in, on purpose to make the subject more credible. In a word, besides the hidden meaning of an epic allegory, the plain literal sense ought to appear probable: the story should be such as an ordinary reader may acquiesce in, whatever natural, moral, or political truth may be discovered in it by men of greater penetration.

Satan, after having long wandered upon the surface or outmost wall of the universe, discovers at last a wide gap in it, which led into the creation, and is described as the opening through which the angels pass to and fro into the lower world upon their errands to mankind. His sitting upon the brink of this passage, and taking a survey of the whole face of nature, that appeared to him new and fresh in all its beauties, with the simile illustrating this circumstance, fills the mind of the reader with as surprising and glorious an idea as any that arises in the whole poem. He looks down into that vast hollow of the universe with the eye, or, as Milton calls it in his first book, with the ken of an angel: he surveys all the wonders in this immense amphitheatre that lie between both the poles of heaven, and takes in at one view the whole round of the creation.

His flight between the several worlds that

shined on every side of him, with the particular description of the sun, are set forth in all the wantonness of a luxuriant imagination. His shape, speech, and behaviour, upon his transforming himself into an angel of light, are touched with exquisite beauty. The poet's thought of directing Satan to the sun, which, in the vulgar opinion of mankind, is the most conspicuous part of the creation, and the placing in it an angel, is a circumstance very finely contrived; and the more adjusted to a poetical probability, as it was a received doctrine among the most famous philosophers, that every orb had its intelligence; and as an apostle in sacred writ is said to have seen such an angel in the sun. In the answer which this angel returns to the disguised evil spirit, there is such a becoming majesty as is altogether suitable to a superior being. The part of it in which he represents himself as present at the creation is very noble in itself, and not only proper where it is introduced, but requisite to prepare the reader for what follows in the seventh book.

I saw when at his word the formless mass,
This world's material mould, came to a heap;
Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar
Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd;
Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
Light shone, &c.

In the following part of the speech he points out the earth with such circumstances, that the reader can scarce forbear fancying himself employed on the same distant view of it.

Look downward on the globe whose hither side
With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;

That place is earth, the seat of man, that light
His day, &c.

I must not conclude my reflections upon this third book of *Paradise Lost*, without taking notice of that celebrated complaint of Milton with which it opens, and which certainly deserves all the praises that have been given it; though, as I have before hinted, it may rather be looked upon as an excrescence than as an essential part of the poem. The same observation might be applied to that beautiful digression upon hypocrisy in the same book.

ADDISON.

L.



No. 316. MONDAY, MARCH 3

Libertas, quæ sera, tamen respexit inertem. VIRG.

Freedom, which came at length, though slow to come.

DRYDEN.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘If you ever read a letter which is sent with the more pleasure for the reality of its complaints, this may have reason to hope for a favourable acceptance; and, if time be the most irretrievable loss, the regrets which follow will be thought, I hope, the most justifiable. The regaining of my liberty from a long state of indolence and inactivity, and the desire of resisting the farther encroachment of idleness, make me apply to you; and the uneasiness with which I recollect the past years, and the apprehensions with which I expect the future, soon determined me to it.

‘Idleness is so general a distemper, that I can not but imagine a speculation on this subject will be of universal use. There is hardly any one person without some allay of it; and thousands besides myself spend more time in an idle uncertainty which to begin first of two affairs, than would have been sufficient to have ended them both. The occasion of this seems to be the want of some necessary employment to put the spirits in motion, and awaken them out of their lethargy. If I had less leisure, I should have more; for I should then find my time distinguished into portions, some for business, and others for the indulging of pleasures; but now one face of indolence overspreads the whole, and I have no landmark to direct myself by. Were one’s time a little straitened by business, like water inclosed in its banks, it would have some determined course; but unless it be put into some channel, it has no current, but becomes a deluge without either use or motion.

‘When Scanderbeg, prince of Epirus was dead, the Turks, who had but too often felt the force of his arm in the battles he had won from them, imagined that, by wearing a piece of his bones near their heart, they should be animated with a vigour and force like to that which inspired him when living. As I am like to be of little use while I live, I am resolved to do what good I can after my decease, and have accordingly ordered my bones to be disposed of in this manner for the good of my countrymen, who are troubled with too exorbitant a degree of fire. All fox-hunters, upon wearing me, would, in a short time, be brought to endure their beds in a morning, and

perhaps even quit them with regret at ten: instead of hurrying away to tease a poor animal, and run away from their own thoughts, a chair or a chariot would be thought the most desirable means of performing a remove from one place to another. I should be a cure for the unnatural desire of John Trot for dancing, and a specific to lessen the inclination Mrs. Fidget has to motion, and cause her always to give her approbation to the present place she is in. In fine, no Egyptian mummy was ever half so useful in physic as I should be to these feverish constitutions, to repress the violent sallies of youth, and give each action its proper weight and repose.

‘ I can stifle any violent inclination, and oppose a torrent of anger, or the solicitations of revenge, with success. But indolence is a stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the foundation of every virtue. A vice of a more lively nature were a more desirable tyrant than this rust of the mind, which gives a tincture of its nature to every action of one’s life. It were as little hazard to be tost in a storm, as to lie thus perpetually becalmed; and it is to no purpose to have within one the seeds of a thousand good qualities, if we want the vigour and resolution necessary for the exerting them. Death brings all persons back to an equality; and this image of it, this slumber of the mind, leaves no difference between the greatest genius and the meanest understanding: a faculty of doing things remarkably praiseworthy, thus concealed, is of no more use to the owner than a heap of gold to the man who dares not use it.

‘ To-morrow is still the fatal time when all is to

be rectified: to-morrow comes, it goes, and still I please myself with the shadow, whilst I lose the reality; unmindful that the present time alone is ours, the future is yet unborn, and the past is dead, and can only live (as parents in their children) in the actions it has produced.

‘The time we live ought not to be computed by the number of years, but by the use that has been made of it: thus it is not the extent of ground, but the yearly rent which gives the value to the estate. Wretched and thoughtless creatures! in the only place where covetousness were a virtue we turn prodigals. Nothing lies upon our hands with such uneasiness, nor has there been so many devices for any one thing, as to make it slide away imperceptibly, and to no purpose. A shilling shall be hoarded up with care, whilst that which is above the price of an estate is flung away with disregard and contempt. There is nothing now-a-days so much avoided as a solicitous improvement of every part of time. It is a report must be shunned as one tenders the name of a wit and a fine genius, and as one fears the dreadful character of a laborious plodder: but, notwithstanding this, the greatest wits any age has produced thought far otherwise; for who can think either Socrates or Demosthenes lost any reputation by their continual pains both in overcoming the defects and improving the gifts of nature? All are acquainted with the labour and assiduity with which Tully acquired his eloquence. Seneca in his letters to Lucilius assures him, there was not a day in which he did not either write something, or read and epitomize some good author; and, I remember, Pliny in one of his letters, where he gives an ac

count of the various methods he used to fill up every vacancy of time, after several employments which he enumerates. Sometimes, says he, I hunt; but even then I carry with me a pocket-book, that, whilst my servants are busied in disposing of the nets and other matters, I may be employed in something that may be useful to me in my studies; and that, if I miss of my game, I may at the least bring home some of my own thoughts with me, and not have the mortification of having caught nothing all day.

‘ Thus, sir, you see how many examples I recall to mind, and what arguments I use with myself to regain my liberty; but as I am afraid it is no ordinary persuasion that will be of service, I shall expect your thoughts on this subject with the greatest impatience, especially since the good will not be confined to me alone, but will be of universal use. For there is no hopes of amendment where men are pleased with their ruin, and whilst they think laziness is a desirable character, whether it be that they like the state itself, or that they think it gives them a new lustre when they do exert themselves, seemingly to be able to do that without labour and application which others attain to but with the greatest diligence.

‘ I am, sir,

‘ Your most obliged humble servant,

‘ SAMUEL SLACK.’

CLYTANDER TO CLEONE.

‘ MADAM,

‘ Permission to love you is all that I desire to conquer all the difficulties those about you place

in my way, to surmount and acquire all those qualifications you expect in him who pretends to the honour of being, madam,

‘Your most humble servant,

‘CLYTANDER.’

Z.*



No. 317. TUESDAY, MARCH 4.

—*Fruges consumere nati.* HOR.

Born to drink and eat. CREECH.

AUGUSTUS, a few moments before his death, asked his friends who stood about him, if they thought he had acted his part well; and upon receiving such an answer as was due to his extraordinary merit; ‘Let me then,’ says he, ‘go off the stage with your applause;’ using the expression with which the Roman actors made their exit at the conclusion of a dramatic piece. I could wish that men, while they are in health, would consider well the nature of the part they are engaged in and what figure it will make in the minds of those they leave behind them; whether it was worth coming into the world for, whether it be suitable to a reasonable being; in short, whether it appears graceful in this life, or will turn to advantage in the next. Let the sycophant or buffoon, the satirist or the good companion, consider with himself, when his body shall be laid

* It is not known with certainty who was the author of the papers signed Z. They have been attributed to Mr. Carey of New College, Oxford, and to Mr. Parker of Merton College. See Johnson’s Lives, art. Smith Edmon.

in the grave, and his soul pass into another state of existence, how much it would redound to his praise to have it said of him, that no man in England ate better, that he had an admirable talent at turning his friends into ridicule, that nobody outdid him at an ill-natured jest, or that he never went to bed before he had despatched his third bottle. These are, however, very common funeral orations and eulogiums on deceased persons who have acted among mankind with some figure and reputation.

But if we look into the bulk of our species, they are such as are not likely to be remembered a moment after their disappearance: they leave behind them no traces of their existence, but are forgotten as though they had never been; they are neither wanted by the poor, regretted by the rich, nor celebrated by the learned; they are neither missed in the commonwealth, nor lamented by private persons: their actions are of no significance to mankind, and might have been performed by creatures of much less dignity than those who are distinguished by the faculty of reason. An eminent French author speaks somewhere to the following purpose:—I have often seen from my chamber-window two noble creatures, both of them of an erect countenance and endowed with reason. These two intellectual beings are employed from morning to night in rubbing two smooth stones one upon another: that is, as the vulgar phrase is, in polishing marble.

My friend, Sir Andrew Freeport, as we were sitting in the club last night, gave us an account of a sober citizen who died a few days since. *This honest man being of greater consequence in*

his own thoughts than in the eye of the world, had for some years past kept a journal of his life. Sir Andrew showed us one week of it. Since the occurrences set down in it mark out such a road of action as that I have been speaking of, I shall present my reader with a faithful copy of it, after having first informed him, that the deceased person had in his youth been bred to trade, but finding himself not so well turned for business, he had for several years last past lived altogether upon a moderate annuity.*

Monday, eight o'clock. I put on my clothes, and walked into the parlour.

Nine o'clock ditto. Tied my knee-strings and washed my hands.

Hours, ten, eleven and twelve. Smoked three pipes of Virginia. Read the Supplement and Daily Courant. Things go ill in the north. Mr. Nisby's opinion thereupon.

One o'clock in the afternoon. Chid Ralph for mislaying my tobacco-box.

Two o'clock. Sat down to dinner. Mem. Too many plums and no suet.

From three to four. Took my afternoon's nap.

From four to six. Walked into the fields.—Wind, S. S. E.

From six to ten. At the club. Mr. Nisby's opinion about the peace.

Ten o'clock. Went to bed, slept sound.

* Some think this journal genuine, others that it was published to ridicule a gentleman of some note, but whose name we can not give.

Tuesday, being holiday, eight o'clock. Rose as usual.

Nine o'clock. Washed hands and face, shaved, put on my double-soled shoes.

Ten, eleven, twelve. Took a walk to Islington.

One. Took a pot of Mother Cob's mild.

Between two and three. Returned, dined on a knuckle of veal and bacon. Mem. Sprouts wanting.

Three. Nap as usual.

From four to six. Coffee-house. Read the news. A dish of twist. Grand Vizier strangled.

From six to ten. At the club. Mr. Nisby's account of the Great Turk.

Ten. Dream of the Grand Vizier. Broken sleep.

Wednesday, eight o'clock. Tongue of my shoe-buckle broke. Hands, but not face.

Nine. Paid off the butcher's bill. Mem. To be allowed for the last leg of mutton.

Ten, eleven. At the coffee-house. More work in the north. Stranger in a black wig asked me how stocks went.

From twelve to one. Walked in the fields.—Wind to the south.

From one to two. Smoked a pipe and a half.

Two. Dined as usual. Stomach good.

Three. Nap broke by the falling of a pewter dish. Mem. Cook-maid in love, and grown careless.

From four to six. At the coffee-house. Advice from Smyrna, that the Grand Vizier was first of all strangled and afterwards beheaded.

Six o'clock in the evening. Was half an hour

in the club before any body else came. Mr. Nisby of opinion that the Grand Vizier was not strangled the sixth instant.

Ten at night. Went to bed. Slept without waking till nine the next morning.

Thursday, nine o'clock. Staid within till two o'clock for Sir Timothy; who did not bring me my annuity according to his promise.

Two in the afternoon. Sat down to dinner.—Loss of appetite. Small beer sour. Beef over-corned.

Three. Could not take my nap.

Four and five. Gave Ralph a box on the ear. Turned off my cook-maid. Sent a messenger to Sir Timothy. Mem. I did not go to the club to-night. Went to bed at nine o'clock.

Friday. Passed the morning in meditation upon Sir Timothy, who was with me a quarter before twelve.

Twelve o'clock. Bought a new head to my cane and a tongue to my buckle. Drank a glass of purl to recover appetite.

Two and three. Dined and slept well.

From four to six. Went to the coffee-house. Met Mr. Nisby there. Smoked several pipes.—Mr. Nisby of opinion that laced coffee is bad for the head.

Six o'clock. At the club as steward. Sat late.

Twelve o'clock. Went to bed, dreamed that I drank small beer with the Grand Vizier.

Saturday. Waked at eleven, walked in the fields, wind N. E.

Twelve. Caught in a shower.

One in the afternoon. Returned home and dried myself.

Two. Mr. Nisby dined with me. First course, marrow-bones; second, ox-cheek, with a bottle of Brooks and Hellier.

Three o'clock. Overslept myself.

Six. Went to the club. Like to have fallen into a gutter. Grand Vizier certainly dead, &c.

I question not but the reader will be surprised to find the abovementioned journalist taking so much care of a life that was filled with such inconsiderable actions, and received so very small improvements; and yet, if we look into the behaviour of many whom we daily converse with, we shall find that most of our hours are taken up in those three important articles of eating, drinking, and sleeping. I do not suppose that a man loses his time who is not engaged in public affairs, or in an illustrious course of action. On the contrary, I believe our hours may very often be more profitably laid out in such transactions as make no figure in the world, than in such as are apt to draw upon them the attention of mankind. One may become wiser and better by several methods of employing one's self in secrecy and silence, and do what is laudable without noise or ostentation. I would, however, recommend to every one of my readers the keeping a journal of their lives for one week, and setting down punctually their whole series of employments during that space of time. This kind of self-examination would give them a true state of themselves, and incline them to consider seriously what they are

about. One day would rectify the omissions of another, and make a man weigh all those indifferent actions which, though they are easily forgotten, must certainly be accounted for.

ADDISON.

L.



No. 318. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5.

— *Non omnia possumus omnes.* VIRG.

— With different talents form'd, we variously excel.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘A CERTAIN vice which you have lately attacked has not yet been considered by you as growing so deep in the heart of man, that the affectation outlives the practice of it. You must have observed that men who have been bred in arms, preserve to the most extreme and feeble old age a certain daring in their aspect: in like manner, they who have passed their time in gallantry and adventure, keep up, as well as they can, the appearance of it, and carry a petulant inclination to their last moments. Let this serve for a preface to a relation I am going to give you of an old beau in town, that has not only been amorous and a follower of women in general, but also, in spite of the admonition of gray hairs, been from his sixty-third year, to his present seventieth, in an actual pursuit of a young lady, the wife of his friend, and a man of merit. The gay old Escalus has wit, good health, and is perfectly well bred; but from the fashion and manners of the court when he was in his bloom, has such a natural ten-

dency to amorous adventure, that he thought it would be an endless reproach to him to make no use of a familiarity he was allowed at a gentleman's house, whose good humour and confidence exposed his wife to the addresses of any who should take it in their head to do him the good office. It is not impossible that Escalus might also resent that the husband was particularly negligent of him; and though he gave many intimations of a passion towards the wife, the husband either did not see them, or put him to the contempt of overlooking them. In the mean time Isabella, for so we shall call our heroine, saw his passion, and rejoiced in it as a foundation for much diversion, and an opportunity of indulging herself in the dear delight of being admired, addressed to and flattered, with no ill consequence to her reputation. This lady is of a free and disengaged behaviour, ever in good humour, such as is the image of innocence with those who are innocent, and an encouragement to vice with those who are abandoned. From this kind of carriage, and an apparent approbation of his gallantry, Escalus had frequent opportunities of laying amorous epistles in her way, of fixing his eyes attentively upon her actions, of performing a thousand little offices which are neglected by the unconcerned; but are so many approaches towards happiness with the enamoured. It was now, as is above hinted, almost the end of the seventh year of his passion, when Escalus, from general terms, and the ambiguous respect which criminal lovers retain in their addresses, began to bewail that his passion grew too violent for him to answer any longer *for his behaviour towards her*; and that he hoped

she would have consideration for his long and patient respect, to excuse the emotions of a heart now no longer under the direction of the unhappy owner of it. Such for some months had been the language of Escalus, both in his talk and his letters to Isabella; who returned all the profusion of kind things which had been the collection of fifty years, with 'I must not hear you; you will make me forget that you are a gentleman; I would not willingly lose you as a friend;' and the like expressions, which the skilful interpret to their own advantage, as well knowing that a feeble denial is a modest assent. I should have told you, that Isabella, during the whole progress of this amour, communicated it to her husband; and that an account of Escalus's love was their usual entertainment after half a day's absence; Isabella, therefore, upon her lover's late more open assaults, with a smile told her husband she could hold out no longer, but that his fate was now come to a crisis. After she had explained herself a little further, with her husband's approbation, she proceeded in the following manner. The next time that Escalus was alone with her, and repeated his importunity, the crafty Isabella looked on her fan with an air of great attention, as considering of what importance such a secret was to her; and upon the repetition of a warm expression, she looked at him with an eye of fondness, and told him he was past that time of life, which could make her fear he would boast of a lady's favour; then turned away her head with a very well acted confusion, which favoured the escape of the aged Escalus. This adventure was matter of great pleasantry to Isabella and her

spouse, and they had enjoyed it two days before Escalus could recollect himself enough to form the following letter.

‘MADAM,

‘What happened the other day gives me a lively image of the inconsistency of human passions and inclinations. We pursue what we are denied, and place our affections on what is absent, though we neglected it when present. As long as you refused my love, your refusal did so strongly excite my passion, that I had not once the leisure to think of recalling my reason to aid me against the design upon your virtue. But when that virtue began to comply in my favour, my reason made an effort over my love, and let me see the baseness of my behaviour in attempting a woman of honour. I own to you, it was not without the most violent struggle, that I gained this victory over myself; nay, I will confess my shame, and acknowledge I could not have prevailed but by flight. However, madam, I beg that you will believe a moment’s weakness has not destroyed the esteem I had for you, which was confirmed by so many years of obstinate virtue. You have reason to rejoice that this did not happen within the observation of one of the young fellows, who would have exposed your weakness and gloried in his own brutish inclinations.

‘I am, madam,

‘Your most devoted humble servant.’

Isabella, with the help of her husband, returned the following answer.

'SIR,

'I can not but account myself a very happy woman in having a man for a lover that can write so well, and give so good a turn to a disappointment. Another excellence you have above all other pretenders I ever heard of; on occasions where the most reasonable men lose all their reason, you have yours most powerful. We have each of us to thank our genius, that the passion of one abated in proportion as that of the other grew violent. Does it not yet come into your head to imagine that I knew my compliance was the greatest cruelty I could be guilty of towards you? In return for your long and faithful passion, I must let you know that you are old enough to become a little more gravity; but if you will leave me, and coquette it any where else, may your mistress yield.

ISABELLA.
T.

STEELE.



No. 319. THURSDAY, MARCH 6.

Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo? HOR. EP.

What chain can hold this varying Proteus fast. CREECH.

I HAVE endeavoured, in the course of my papers to do justice to the age, and have taken care as much as possible, to keep myself a neuter between both sexes. I have neither spared the ladies out of complaisance, nor the men out of partiality; but notwithstanding the great integrity with which I have acted in this particular, I

find myself taxed with an inclination to favour my own half of the species. Whether it be that the women afford a more fruitful field for speculation, or whether they run more in my head than the men I can not tell; but I shall set down the charge as it is laid against me in the following letter.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I always make one among a company of young females who peruse your speculations every morning. I am at present commissioned by our whole assembly, to let you know, that we fear you are a little inclined to be partial towards your own sex. We must, however, acknowledge, with all due gratitude, that in some cases you have given us our revenge on the men, and done us justice. We could not easily have forgiven you several strokes in the dissection of the coquette’s heart, if you had not much about the same time made a sacrifice to us of a beau’s skull. (Nos. 275, 281.)

‘You may further, sir, please to remember, that not long since you attacked our hoods and commodores in such manner as, to use your own expression, made very many of us ashamed to show our heads. (No. 265.) We must, therefore, beg leave to represent to you, that we are in hopes, if you would please to make a due inquiry, the men in all ages would be found to have been little less whimsical in adorning that part than ourselves. The different forms of their wigs, together with the various cocks of their hats, all flatter us in this opinion.

‘I had an humble servant last summer, who,

the first time he declared himself, was in a full-bottomed wig; but the day after, to my no small surprise, he accosted me in a thin natural one. I received him, at this our second interview, as a perfect stranger, but was extremely confounded when his speech discovered who he was. I resolved, therefore, to fix his face in my memory for the future; but as I was walking in the Park the same evening, he appeared to me in one of those wigs that I think you call a night-cap, which had altered him more effectually than before. He afterwards played a couple of black riding wigs upon me with the same success; and, in short, assumed a new face almost every day in the first month of his courtship.

‘I observed afterwards, that the variety of cocks into which he moulded his hat had not a little contributed to his impositions upon me.

‘Yet, as if all these ways were not sufficient to distinguish their heads, you must, doubtless, sir, have observed, that great numbers of young fellows have, for several months last past, taken upon them to wear feathers.

‘We hope, therefore, that these may, with as much justice, be called Indian princes, as you have styled a woman in a coloured hood an Indian queen; and that you will, in due time, take these airy gentlemen into consideration.

‘We the more earnestly beg that you would put a stop to this practice, since it has already lost us one of the most agreeable members of our society, who, after having refused several good estates, and two titles, was allured from us last week by a mixed feather.

‘ I am ordered to present you with the respects
of our whole company, and am, sir,

‘ Your very humble servant,

‘ DORINDA.

‘ *Note.* The person wearing the feather, though
our friend took him for an officer in the guards,
has proved to be an arrant linen draper.’

I am not now at leisure to give my opinion
upon the hat and feather: however, to wipe off
the present imputation, and gratify my female
correspondent, I shall here print a letter which I
lately received from a man of mode, who seems
to have a very extraordinary genius in his way.

‘ SIR,

‘ I presume I need not inform you that among
men of dress it is a common phrase to say, “ Mr.
Such-a-one has struck a bold stroke;” by which
we understand that he is the first man who has
had courage enough to lead up a fashion. Ac-
cordingly, when our tailors take measure of us,
they always demand “ whether we will have
a plain suit, or strike a bold stroke.” I think I
may without vanity say, that I have struck some
of the boldest and most successful strokes of any
man in Great Britain. I was the first that struck
the long pocket about two years since; I was
likewise the author of the frosted button, which
when I saw the town came readily into, being
resolved to strike while the iron was hot, I pro-
duced much about the same time the scallop flap,
the knotted cravat, and made a fair push for the
silver-clocked stocking.

‘A few months after I brought up the *mod-ish jacket*, or the coat with close sleeves. I struck this at first in a plain Doily; but that failing, I struck it a second time in blue camblet, and repeated the stroke in several kinds of cloth, until at last it took effect. There are two or three young fellows at the other end of the town, who have always their eye upon me, and answer me stroke for stroke. I was once so unwary as to mention my fancy in relation to a new-fashioned *surtout* before one of these gentlemen, who was disingenuous enough to steal my thought, and by that means prevented my intended stroke.

‘I have a design this spring to make very considerable innovations in the waistcoat, and have already begun with a *coup d’essai* upon the sleeves, which has succeeded very well.

‘I must further inform you, if you will promise to encourage, or at least to connive at me, that it is my design to strike such a stroke the beginning of the next month as shall surprise the whole town.

‘I do not think it prudent to acquaint you with all the particulars of my intended dress: out will only tell you, as a sample of it, that I shall very speedily appear at White’s in a cherry-coloured hat. I took this hint from the ladies’ hoods, which I look upon as the boldest stroke that sex has struck for these hundred years last past.

‘I am, Sir,

‘Your most obedient,

‘Most humble servant,

‘WILL SPRIGHTLY.’

I have not time at present to make any reflections on this letter, but must not however omit, that having shown it to Will Honeycomb, he desires to be acquainted with the gentleman who writ it.

BUDGELL.

X.

END OF VOL. VI.

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MAY 1 1962